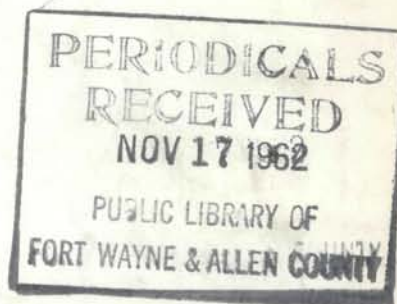


January 1963, 75 cents

THE

Atlantic



Atlantic Extra

IRELAND'S HUNGER

ENGLAND'S FAULT?

by **CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH**

author of "THE REASON WHY"

EDGAR SNOW IN RED CHINA

by **JOHN K. FAIRBANK**



Insulated and rigidized for extra comfort. Up to 39% more insulation goes into rigidized Ford-built floors. There is a triple layer of floor insulation — thick insulation on top, to keep out cold, heat and



Extra guards against rust—Zn primer is sprayed on critical body areas. Galvanized steel resists rust 2 to 3 times longer than ordinary steel is used in other underbody parts.



A finish that shines through seasons. Ford-built cars stay beautiful with minimum care. Two coats of primer are baked to the steel. Then, two outer coats of smooth, tougher enamel.

Built to resist time and weather better... further proof of Ford-built quality

Every car built by Ford Motor Company is *weatherproofed* to stay newer longer and protect your investment. For instance, galvanized steel is used for underbody parts most subject to rust. Then, there's a more durable, four-coat finish with two outer coats of baked enamel — not lacquer. And all body openings of Ford-built cars are tightly sealed to block out wind and moisture. Great care is given even the smallest items . . . stainless steel screws, for example, at all exposed points. Even the factory-installed coolant which provides anti-rust and anti-freeze protection is good for 36,000 miles or two years. Wherever you look, you'll find the marks of quality that make Ford-built cars last longer, need less care, and keep their value better.

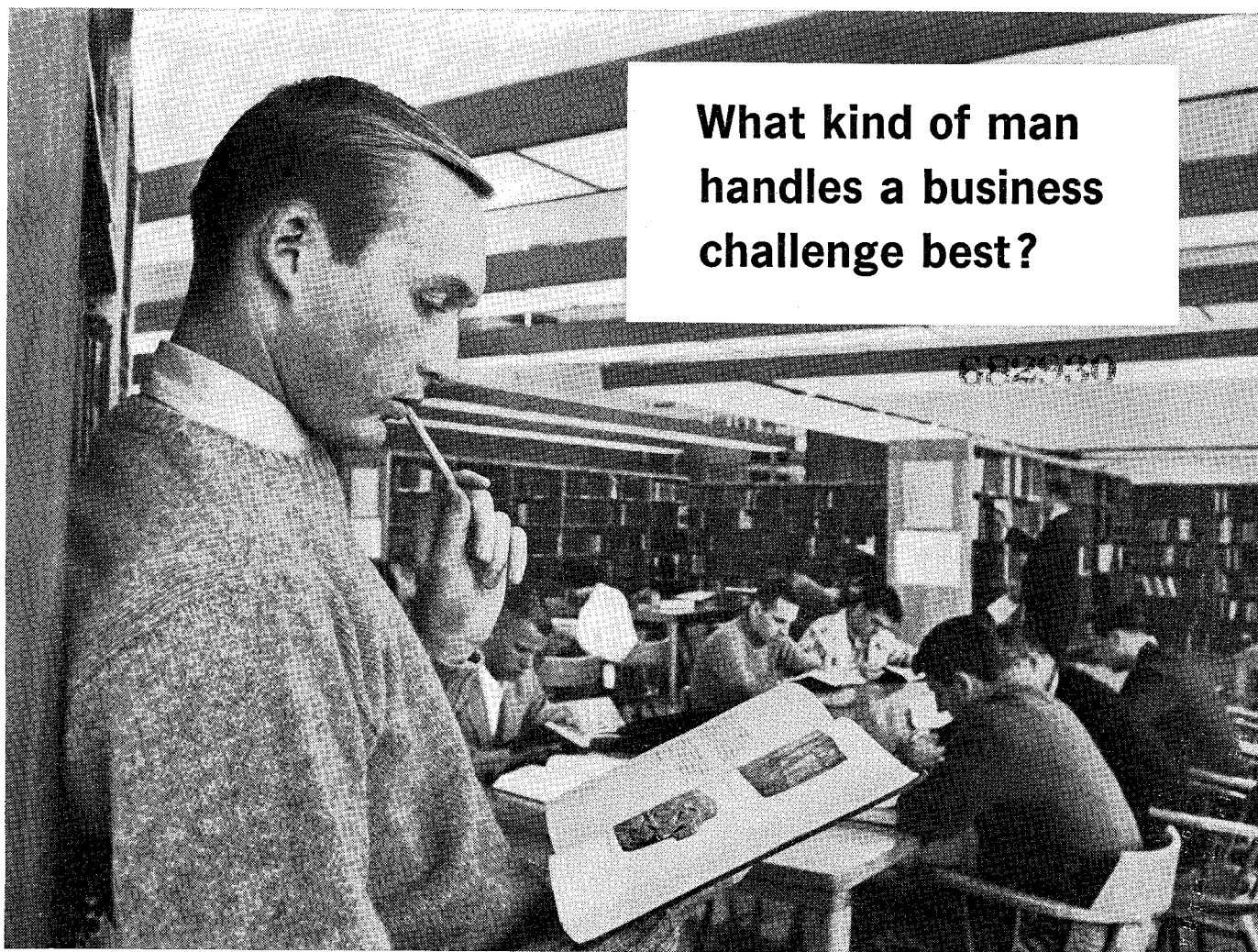
FORD: Falcon, Fairlane, Galaxie, **THUNDERBOLT**, **MERCURY:** Comet, Meteor, Monterey, **LINCOLN CONTINENTAL**

FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTION



MOTOR COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**What kind of man
handles a business
challenge best?**

A board chairman talks about tomorrow's executives...

The Bell System has always sought men who could keep telephone service constantly improving. Men with exceptional engineering talent, men with equally outstanding managerial potential. Such men are widely sought on college campuses across the United States. And with the future of communications unfolding so rapidly, the search has intensified.

But still there is the old question to be answered, "What kind of man handles a business challenge best?" A midwestern college audience recently heard these comments in a talk by A.T.&T. Board Chairman, Frederick R. Kappel:

"...We took the records of 17,000 college men in the business who could fairly be compared with each other, and, examining their records, sought the answer to the question: 'To what extent does success in college predict success in the Bell System?'..."

"...The results..."

"...The single most reliable predictive indicator of a college graduate's success in the Bell System is his rank in his graduating class."

"A far greater proportion of high-ranking than low-ranking students have qualified for the large responsibil-

ities....While a relationship does exist between college quality and salary, rank in class is more significant..."

"...What about extracurricular achievement?...Men who were campus leaders reached our top salary third in slightly greater proportion than those who were not. But it is only real campus *achievement* that seems to have any significance. Mere participation in extracurricular goings-on does not..."

"...What we have here, as I said before, are some hints—rather strong hints—about where to spend the most time looking for the men we do want, the men with intelligence *plus* those other attributes that give you the feel, the sense, the reasonable confidence that they will make things move and move well....They want to excel and they are determined to work at it..."

"...Business should aspire to greatness, and search diligently for men who will make and keep it great..."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, *Chairman of the Board*
American Telephone and Telegraph Company



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS	A Rough Map of Greece: The Road to Pylos	27
JOHN K. FAIRBANK	Edgar Snow in Red China	34
SALLIE BINGHAM	The Banks of the Ohio — A STORY	37
MURRAY FRIEDMAN	The White Liberal's Retreat	42
GERARD BRUCKER	New Year's Eve — AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"	47
JOHN DOE	The Coming Tax Reform	53
CLARENCE RANDALL	When You Fire Him	58
ROBERT GRAVES	After the Flood — A POEM	60
C. G. JUNG	Jung's View of Christianity	61

ATLANTIC EXTRA

CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH	Ireland's Hunger, England's Fault?	67-93
---------------------	------------------------------------	-------

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington — London — Chile	4
-----------------------------	---

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON — ROBERT FONTAINE — B. F. SYLVESTER — ALEX PAGE —	
ROBERT NYE	96
R. J. SIEGLER	Winter on Monhegan 102
HERBERT KUPFERBERG	Recordings: English or Not? 105

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer 108
WILLIAM BARRETT	Reader's Choice 110
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri 115

COVER DESIGN BY GYORGY KEPES

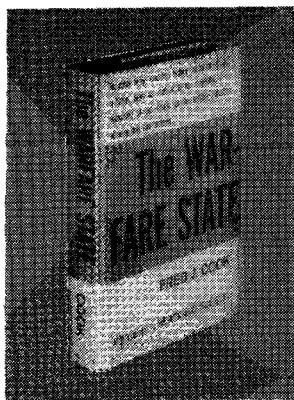
1 YEAR \$8.50 2 YEARS \$16.00 3 YEARS \$23.00

ABOVE PRICES FOR UNITED STATES, UNITED STATES POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA ONLY

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, January, 1963, Vol. 211, No. 1. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. This issue is published in National and Special editions. 75 cents a copy, \$8.50 a year in the United States, United States Possessions, and Canada; \$9.00 a year elsewhere. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N. H. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright © 1962, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention.

POSTMASTER: Change-of-address notices, Form 3579, orders for subscriptions, and other items are to be sent to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

THE WARFARE STATE, Fred J. Cook. Preface by Bertrand Russell. Retail \$4.95. Member's price \$3.95.



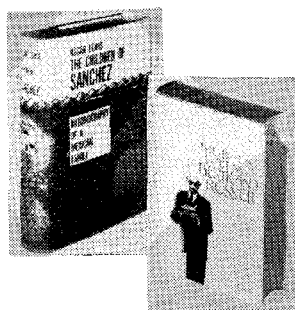
THE FATE OF MAN, edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Sophocles, Aquinas, Nietzsche, Engels, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Kluckhohn, Shapley, Rosenberg, Huxley, and more. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$4.95.



PALE FIRE, Vladimir Nabokov, the author of *Invitation of a Beheading*. "One of the very great works of art of this century."—Mary McCarthy. "Monstrous, witty, intricately entertaining."—*Time*. **LETTERS OF JAMES AGEE TO FATHER FLYE**. "A fascinating autobiographical document that makes Agee perhaps more accessible as a person than any of his other books."—*Harper's*. Combined retail \$10.00. Member's price for both \$5.95.

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY, John K. Galbraith. Retail \$5.00. Member's price \$3.50.

THE CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ: Autobiography of a Mexican Family, Oscar Lewis. One of the most moving personal documents of our times; the stories of five lives in the brutal lower depths of Mexican society. "Brilliant and of singular significance."—*N. Y. Times*. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$5.50.



THE BASIC WRITINGS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, eds. Egner, Denonn. Over a half century of Russell's most brilliant writings. Nearly 800 pages. Retail \$10.00. Member's price \$5.95.

A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS, Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. From the dawn of history to the Kinsey Report. Illus. Retail \$5.95. Member's price \$4.50.

Any 3 Books FREE

WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION
SAVINGS UP TO \$36.00

SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE!

Here are some of the selections that The Book Find Club has offered to its members at substantial savings. The selections of The Book Find Club are different. You will recognize them as books of current importance and lasting value. These are only a few from the list of more than 100 outstanding books that The Book Find Club will make available to you as a member if you join now.

CONVENIENCE

Membership in The Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Each month you will receive The Book Find News, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of the many other books available at special members' prices. You need choose only the books you want.

SAVINGS

As a member you will regularly enjoy average savings of 40% on the books you take. On some selections your savings will even reach 50%. Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to as much as \$36.00.

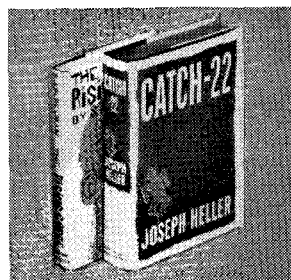
BONUS BOOKS

When your introductory agreement has been completed, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your choice after every third selection that you take.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

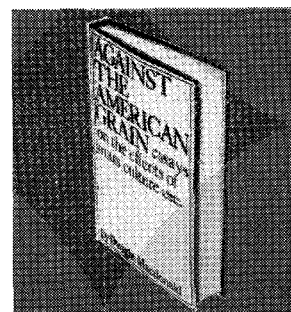
To acquaint you with the benefits of membership, we invite you to choose any three of the selections listed above free with your first selection. Since several are dual selections, you may acquire as many as seven books in this way.

A dual selection, counts as one:
CATCH-22, Joseph Heller. "Wildly original, brilliantly comic, brutally gruesome."—*N. Y. Times*.
THE RISING GORGE, S. J. Perelman. 34 Sparkling pieces by the master humorist. Combined retail price \$10.45. Member's price \$5.95.



IDENTITY AND ANXIETY: Survival of the Person in Mass Society. A massive compendium of studies by Mead, May, Orwell, Rosenberg, Richards, Gorer, Howe, Jaspers, Mills and more. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$4.95.

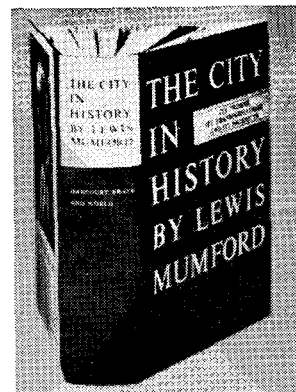
LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN, text by James Agee, photographs by Walker Evans. New, enlarged edition of a celebrated work of American literature and photography. Retail \$6.50. Member's price \$4.95.



AGAINST THE AMERICAN GRAIN: Essays on the Effects of Mass Culture, Dwight Macdonald. Retail \$6.50. Member's price \$4.95.

LETTING GO, Philip Roth. A major, new novel by the winner of the National Book Award. "Morbidly fascinating . . . Its emotional tension is nerve-racking."—*N. Y. Times*. Retail \$5.95. Member's price \$4.95.

IMAGES OF MAN: The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking, edited by C. Wright Mills. Penetrating studies of man by Lippmann, Spencer Weber, Marx, Engels, Veblen, and many others. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$4.95.



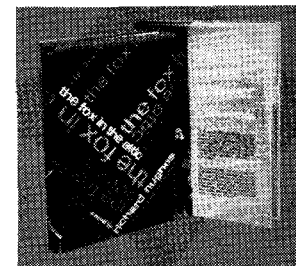
THE CITY IN HISTORY, Lewis Mumford. "Should last as long as books last."—*N. Y. Times*. National Book Award winner. 784 pp. 156 illus. Retail \$11.50. Member's price \$6.95.

MASKS OF GOD. ORIENTAL MYTHOLOGY, Joseph Campbell. "A work of such great scholarship which reads like a novel and sings like a poem is a rarity indeed."—Alan Watts. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$5.50.

MASKS OF GOD: PRIMITIVE MYTHOLOGY, Joseph Campbell. "A monument of learning, wonder, and wisdom, daringly conceived and brilliantly written."—Henry A. Murray. Retail \$6.00. Member's price \$4.50.

THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail \$6.95. Member's price \$4.95.

A dual selection, counts as one:
THE FOX IN THE ATTIC, Richard Hughes. Hailed as one of the great novels of our time. "A dazzling performance."—*N. Y. Times*. "A work of genius."—Glenway Wescott.
THE HIDDEN REMNANT, Gerald Sykes. The modern schools of psychology—Freud, Jung, Adler, Rank, Horney, Sullivan, Fromm, Benoit, Sheldon, the Existentialists — and what they offer modern man. Combined retail price \$8.95. Member's price \$5.95.



THE BOOK FIND CLUB

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of The Book Find Club and send me 3 books free and my first selection at the special members' price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy at least four additional selections or alternates at members' prices during the next 12 months. After this introductory agreement has been completed I will be entitled to a free bonus book of my choice after every third selection or alternate that I take. If I do not want a monthly selection or if I prefer another book from among those offered, I may simply return the instruction card sent with The Book Find News each month. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing four additional selections or alternates.

FIRST SELECTION _____

FREE BOOKS

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

MR.
MRS.
MISS

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

In Canada address: 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

WHETHER members of the House of Representatives should continue to be elected for two-year terms, as the Constitution prescribes, or for four-year terms running concurrently with a presidential term is an old argument among politicians and political scientists. It is safe to assume that there will be no change. But it is useful, in looking back at the last election and forward to the new 88th Congress, to consider the House.

The Founding Fathers created the House as the body closest to the people. Senators originally were elected indirectly through state legislatures. Election of House members every two years was decreed to keep them close to the electorate, and in many ways it has. Of course, a House member is barely in his seat after one election before he must begin plotting the next, or so many of them contend. As a general rule, the first session of each Congress — that is, the first year of each two-year term — is more relaxed than the second. In the second year, as 1962 demonstrated, representatives are very conscious of both primary and general elections and are more sensitive to the possible effect on the voters of legislation they have under consideration than they are in the first year.

The new Congress will not differ from its recent predecessors in these or other respects. In 1963 the President will send up a program of leftovers from the previous Congress, matters like medical care for the aged and aid to public education in one form or another. These will be fought over once again, with a degree of success it would be rash to forecast. There will be new issues, such as the promised tax cut and the related tax reform. Again, there is likely to be a struggle of great intensity and of considerable importance.

Yet the outcome of the 1962 congressional election, especially of the election of House members,

was such that the pace of progress, as the President sees progress, in domestic affairs is not going to be materially increased. One can read the election returns, as the Administration does, as showing more demand for medicare than resistance to it, but the net change in votes was not very great.

On the more crucial issue of speeding up the national rate of economic development, the election returns offered little enlightenment. Those who want a spending cut with a tax cut doubtless will contend that they were sustained by the voters, and so will those who argue that only a tax cut with continued spending can boost the economy. The fact is that the conventional wisdom of the former position is still very strong, perhaps stronger in the Congress than in the country, and therefore it will take a combination of education and pressure by the President to put through a tax cut without a big cut in spending, which would defeat his purpose of recharging the economy.

The margins for or against the President's domestic programs in the new 88th Congress will probably be about as close as they were the past two years. A rundown of the new members, man by man, does show reason to expect a few more pro-Kennedy votes from the same number of non-Southern Democrats, chiefly because of the big infusion of New Frontiersmen from the expanded California delegation. Every vote will be needed.

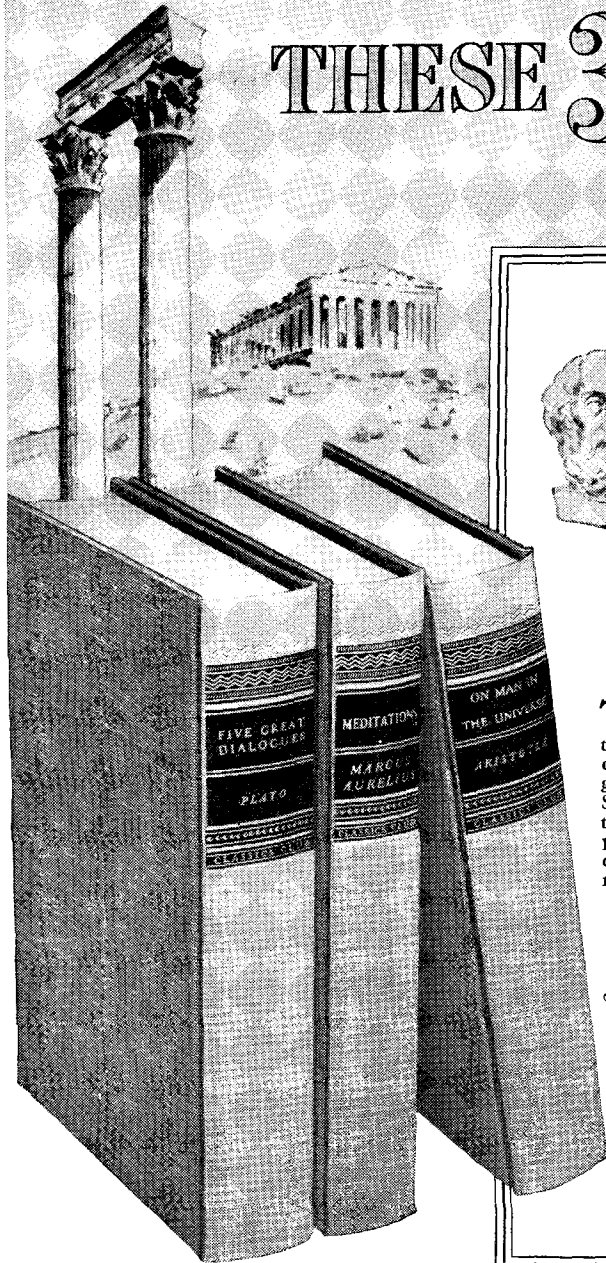
Not much change in Congress

The initial battle in January will be the same as it was two years ago — the power of the House Rules Committee. In the 1961 showdown, it took all of the formidable influence of the late Speaker Rayburn plus the glow of the new President's election after eight Republican years of White House occupancy to squeeze out a bare five-vote margin to trim the Rules Committee's autocratic

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

THESE 3 beautifully bound classics

FOR ONLY \$1.00 AS A NEW MEMBER



PLATO FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES



NOTHING short of amazing is the way this great classic (written more than two thousand years ago) hits so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, is the pure essence of how to get the best out of life — whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds.

This beautiful edition contains the five great dialogues. In these conversations between friends — fresh, spontaneous, humorous, informal — you have "philosophy brought down from heaven to earth."

MARCUS AURELIUS MEDITATIONS

THROUGH these writings, you gaze as if through a powerful telescope at the Rome of eighteen centuries ago. You will be struck by resemblances to our own era as you read the wise *Meditations* of the great emperor-philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic who found peace in traditional customs... the witty arguments of Lucian, the Skeptic, who punctured so many beliefs... the impassioned words of Justin, the Christian, willing to die for the new religion.



ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

Included is the essence of his five celebrated essays. You will be amazed, as you read them, how this great philosopher discovered by pure reason so many truths upon which modern scientists and thinkers have only recently agreed.



Why The Classics Club Offers You This Superb Value

WILL YOU ADD these three volumes to your library — as an introductory offer made only to new members of The Classics Club? You are invited to join today... and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first books will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. The low introductory price for these THREE beautiful volumes cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

THE CLASSICS CLUB Roslyn, L. I., New York

HY

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the THREE beautiful Classics Club Editions of PLATO, ARISTOTLE and MARCUS AURELIUS pictured above, which I may keep for only \$1.00 plus a few cents mailing charges — the special new-member introductory price for ALL THREE volumes. If not completely satisfied after seven days' examination, I may return all 3 books and owe nothing.

As a member, I am not obligated to take any specific number of books, and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each future Club volume I decide to keep I will send you the low price of only \$3.39 plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. } (Please Print Plainly)
Miss }

Address.....

City..... Zone No.
(if any) ... State.....

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB now invites new members to choose from

The Greatest Classical Recordings

"Quite possibly the greatest piano recording yet made."—*HiFi Review*

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ



VLADIMIR HOROWITZ
Chopin · Liszt
Rachmaninoff
Schumann
COLUMBIA

269. "Horowitz can play the piano with a strength and seething air of controlled violence that no other pianist can match."—*Time*

"A spectacular news event in the history of music."—*N. Y. World-Tele.*

TCHAIKOVSKY SYMPHONY No. 7



TCHAIKOVSKY
Symphony No. 7
World
Premiere
Recording
COLUMBIA
ORMANDY
PHILADELPHIA ORCH.

242. "... shot through with appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—*Life*. "A melodious addition to the repertoire."—*N. Y. Post*

A complete documentary in words, music and pictures of the opening of

LINCOLN CENTER

FIRST PERFORMANCE
Lincoln Center
PHILHARMONIC HALL
SEPT. 23, 1962
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
N. Y. PHILHARMONIC



477-478. **Deluxe 2-Record Set**—a handsome book *plus* opening night program—by Beethoven, Copland, Vaughan Williams and Mahler.

PROKOFIEV: Alexander Nevsky COLUMBIA THOMAS SCHIPPERS N. Y. PHILHARMONIC 230	Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 "EROICA" COLUMBIA ORMANDY PHILADELPHIA ORCH. 231	CARNIVAL IN VIENNA Eugene Ormandy Philadelphia Orch. COLUMBIA 253	TCHAIKOVSKY PATHEIQUE SYMPHONY (No. 9) Philadelphia Orch. ORMANDY COLUMBIA 244	MAHLER Symphony No. 9 IN MEMORIAM BRUNO WALTER COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCH. 282-283 Two-Record Set	BRAHMS PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 SERKIN ORMANDY Philadelphia Orch. COLUMBIA 278	EDGAR VARESE Music of Robert Craft conducting Woodwinds, Brass and Percussion COLUMBIA 264	
GRIEG: SCHUMANN: Piano Concertos LEON FLEISHER SZELL: CLEVELAND ORCH. 450	A Concert at the White House November 13, 1961 PABLO CASALS SCHNEIDER · HORSZOWSKI COLUMBIA 289 Regular Only	BEETHOVEN Violin Concerto ISAAC STERN New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, Cond. COLUMBIA 233	TCHAIKOVSKY The SLEEPING BEAUTY Ballet Suite PHILADELPHIA ORCH. EUGENE ORMANDY COLUMBIA 457	CLAIR de LUNE A Debussy Piano Recital by PHILIPPE ENTREMONT COLUMBIA 246	BACH: The Art of the Fugue Glenn Gould AT THE ORGAN COLUMBIA 280	BERLIOZ Symphonie Fantastique ORMANDY Philadelphia Orch. COLUMBIA 238	CHOPIN The 24 Preludes BRAJOWSKI Pianist COLUMBIA 295
STRAVINSKY conducts The "FIREBIRD" COMPLETE BALLET COLUMBIA 254	Stravinsky conducts LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS "THE RITE OF SPRING" COLUMBIA 255	DEBUSSY: AFTERNOON OF A FAUN NOCTURNES—CLOUDS and FESTIVALS · JEUX LEONARD BERNSTEIN NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC COLUMBIA 247	ZINO FRANCESCATI LALO: Symphonie Espagnole WALTON: Violin Concerto COLUMBIA 262	Rhapsody in Blue An American in Paris Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin COLUMBIA 265	LORD'S PRAYER MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR COLUMBIA 258	Robert & Gaby CASADESUS RAVEL: Concerto for Left Hand ORMANDY Philadelphia Orchestra COLUMBIA 249	OSCAR LEVANT AT THE PIANO Music of CHOPIN-RAVEL DEBUSSY COLUMBIA 277
RAVEL: Bolero · La Valse Rapsodie Espagnole LEONARD BERNSTEIN N. Y. PHILHARMONIC COLUMBIA 294	Beethoven MISSA SOLEMNIS Leonard Bernstein New York Philharmonic Westminster Choir COLUMBIA 236-237 Two-Record Set	FINLANDIA PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA · MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR plus—Valse Triste Swedish Rhapsody Peer Gynt Suite No. 1 COLUMBIA 266	MEDELSSOHN and BRUCH VIOLIN CONCERTO COLUMBIA 263	FOUR VIVALDI CONCERTI for Two Violins and Orchestra ISAAC STERN DAVID OISTRACH EUGENE ORMANDY PHILADELPHIA ORCH. COLUMBIA 260	VIVALDI The Seasons Philadelphia Orchestra Eugene Ormandy COLUMBIA 453	BACH BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 5 THREE CHORALE PRELUDES STOKOWSKI Philadelphia Orch. COLUMBIA 452	
CHOPIN: The 14 Waltzes Brailowsky COLUMBIA 284	A FESTIVAL OF FRENCH ORGAN MUSIC COLUMBIA E. POWER BIGGS 267	SZELL conducts WAGNER Tristan und Isolde Die Meistersinger Tannhauser THE CLEVELAND ORCH. COLUMBIA 273	BERNSTEIN CONDUCTS COPLAND El Salon Mexico Appalachian Spring N. Y. Philharmonic COLUMBIA 274	MOZART: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik COLUMBIA BRUNO WALTER Columbia Symphony Orch. 270	HANDEL: MESSIAH LEONARD BERNSTEIN N. Y. PHILHARMONIC COLUMBIA 291-292 Two-Record Set	TORROBA: CONCIERTO de CASTILLA and others RENATA TARRAGO COLUMBIA 261	
LAUDATE dominum Gregorian Chants BY THE Trappist Monks of Gethsemani COLUMBIA 447 Regular Only	SCHUBERT: Symphonies Nos. 5 and 8 ("UNFINISHED") BRUNO WALTER conducting COLUMBIA 287	Saint-Saens: CARNIVAL OF ANIMALS COLUMBIA Conducted and Narrated by LEONARD BERNSTEIN N. Y. Philharmonic 259	GRAND CANYON SUITE COLUMBIA PHILADELPHIA ORCH. ORMANDY 286	THOMAS SCHIPPERS conducts OPERA OVERTURES COLUMBIA 275	RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No. 2 BERNSTEIN-ENTREMONT COLUMBIA 251	EILEEN FARRELL COLUMBIA Wagner: Immolation Scene Leonard Bernstein N. Y. Philharmonic 272	FLAMENCO PURO SABICAS COLUMBIA 285

this superb selection of
of our day!

"Recommended . . . the prodigious sounds are quite overwhelming."
—N. Y. Times

E. POWER BIGGS
New England Brass Ensemble



HEROIC MUSIC
for Organ, Brass and Percussion
E. POWER BIGGS
COLUMBIA

268. "The entire record is delightful!—*Musical America*. A program of joyous melodies by Handel, Purcell, Telemann, etc.

As a new member you may have

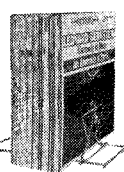
ANY SIX

of these long-playing records—in your choice of

REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY or STEREO

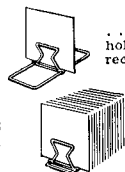
FOR ONLY **\$1.99**

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 6 selections from the more than 400 to be made available during the coming 12 months



FREE IF YOU JOIN NOW
**Adjustable
RECORD RACK**

A brass-finished rack whose capacity grows as your collection grows. Holds from one to 60 records . . . folds flat when not in use.



... will hold one record ...
... or as many as sixty ...

HERE IS A TRULY WONDERFUL SELECTION OF CLASSICAL RECORDINGS that belong in any record collection! By joining the Columbia Record Club now, you may have ANY SIX of these superb records for only \$1.99. What's more, you'll also receive an adjustable record rack — free!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS FOR ONLY \$1.99 — simply fill in and mail the coupon below. Be sure to indicate whether you want your six records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding classical recordings — as well as records from other fields of music—and these selections are fully described in the Club's music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly Classical selection . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine . . . or take no record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase 6 records from the more than 400 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the list price of \$4.98 (Popular, \$3.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY to take advantage of this offer.

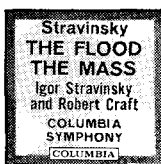
NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.



232



451



256



458 Regular Only



293



465



234-235 Two-Record Set



455



279



241



252



281



456 (Stereo version is electronically re-channelled)

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
Terre Haute, Ind.

SEND NO MONEY — Just mail this coupon to receive 6 records for only \$1.99

**COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 207-8
Terre Haute, Indiana**

I accept your special offer and have written in the boxes at the right the numbers of the six records I wish to receive for \$1.99, plus small mailing and handling charge. I will also receive an adjustable record rack—FREE. Enroll me in the Classical Division, with the understanding that I may select any of the other records offered. I agree to purchase six selections from the more than 400 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at the list price plus small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a 12" record of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer
CANADA: prices slightly higher; 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ont.
If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in:

Dealer's Name.....338
and Address.....

**BE SURE TO COMPLETE
BOTH ITEMS BELOW:**

**1 SEND ME THESE SIX RECORDS
(fill in numbers below)**

**2 SEND MY SIX RECORDS AND
ALL FUTURE SELECTIONS IN
(check one)**

☐ Regular high-fidelity
☐ Stereo

43-3Y

© Columbia Records Distribution Corp., 1963

Report on Washington



power. Just how the issue will be put will be a matter of discussion until shortly before Congress convenes on January 9. The outcome, however the issue is put, will be crucial in that it will set the tone for the two years of the 88th Congress' life. If Kennedy can win this time by a few more than five votes, he hopes to squeeze through some of the domestic programs which fell by the wayside the past two years.

Essentially, however, a look at the election returns shows that the nation voted for moderation. The extremists of both right and left — and those of the right were much noisier and better financed — did not get very far in 1962. But moderation does not mean stagnation; it means progress in the field of human welfare — of the welfare state, if you like — but at a moderate pace.

The new governors

Most of the attention in the various races for governor last fall was focused on those Republicans from whose number could come the 1964 presidential nominee — Rockefeller, Romney, Scranton, and Nixon, perhaps Hatfield. The view in Washington is that with Nixon's elimination, Rockefeller is the man to stop, and it will be very difficult to stop him. But the real meaning of the 1962 gubernatorial elections is to be found in something other than presidential-ticket dreaming. A look across the nation reveals extensive ticket splitting by the American voter, with a predilection for throwing out incumbent governors regardless of parties. It seems apparent that the voters, at least those in the more populous and more urbanized states, are dissatisfied with the kind of state government they have been getting. In many states tax increases played havoc with an incumbent's chances for re-election.

From this viewpoint, it is remarkable that Rockefeller won so handily, though he did not quite reach his plurality of four years earlier. For Rockefeller had increased taxes and had done a great deal to modernize state government services.

Scranton in Pennsylvania and Romney in Michigan both, in effect, campaigned on a pledge to do what Rockefeller had done — revive state government. Their success or failure in this venture quite likely will have a lot to do with the future of state

government. Nixon's defeat by Brown in California doubtless was compounded of many factors, but surely one of them was a feeling by many that Brown, in his own way, had at least run a responsible government responsive to the major problems of his state.

It is of more than passing interest, too, that while Scranton won, his GOP senatorial running mate, Van Zandt, lost, and that while Romney won, his congressman-at-large running mate, Bentley, also lost, there being no Senate race in Michigan. The voters voted the man, quite clearly, and they separated state issues from national issues.

The effect of the Cuban crisis

Politicians are going to argue into the indefinite future as to the effect last November 6 of the Cuban crisis. For one thing, it probably did bring out a larger total vote than was otherwise indicated by the pre-crisis signs of general voter apathy. But which candidate was helped? Here again, one must come back to moderation.

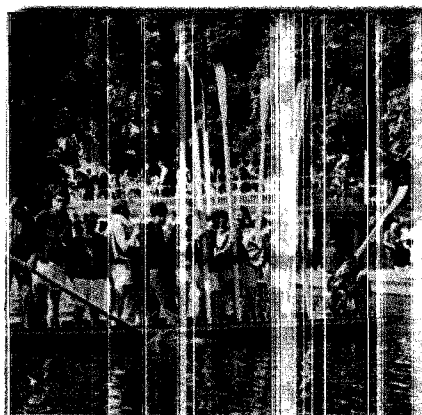
President Kennedy, when he did act, acted with both speed and determination. But in retrospect, he was not reckless; he did not demand of Khrushchev an unconditional surrender, which no major opponent could grant short of military defeat. Probably the defeat of veteran Republican Senator Capehart in Indiana did more to silence the war hawks in the United States than any other single election result. That men such as Bentley, Judd, and Van Zandt (who had called his opponent, Senator Clark, a coward over Cuba) went beyond the moderation the public wanted, whereas the President stuck to it, now seems evident.

The Cuban crisis, of course, also demonstrated once again that in foreign affairs it is only the Chief Executive who can act. The Congress can advise, it can hamper or heckle, but it cannot lead. And if the President leads firmly, as he did in the events of October, the Congress will quickly fall in behind him.

Central to American foreign policy is the growth of what Kennedy has called the "Atlantic partnership." Here psychological problems are very important, and the strong but not bellicose Kennedy stand on Cuba has strengthened the power of America's word in its commitments to Berlin. But the nuclear-weapons issue is still unresolved, and is likely to remain so for some time.

Disunity in the Communist bloc

It could well turn out, however, that the biggest decisions of 1963 affecting all mankind will be made not in the West but in the East. Indeed, the most spectacular long-term development this past



SKYLARKING. These Oxford students are whooping it up at the night's Week races. In May, young men's fancies turn to boating and skylarking. Spring temperatures are ideal for both.

Have fun in Britain in the sparkling Spring

*(Only 6½ hours or 5 lovely sea-days
from New York)*



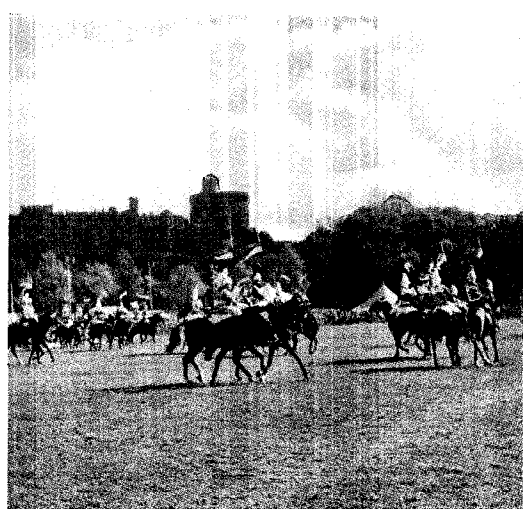
FESTIVALS GALORE. The Shakespeare season at Stratford-upon-Avon begins early in April. The drama festival at Pitlochry in Scotland on April 13. London is a festival all year round.



ART AND PANCAKES. Spring is a heady time in Britain. Even the Royal Academy can't wait to unveil its *Summer* Exhibition. Opening day is May 4. In Olney, housewives run a *pancake* race!



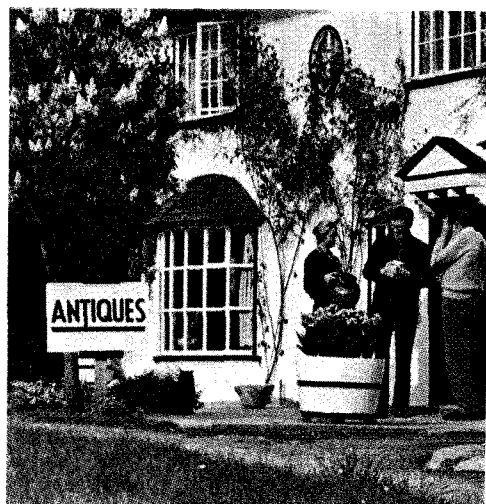
FLOWERS. Primroses pop in sunny Devon in January. By April, flowers bloom in every garden. They're preening themselves for their annual convention—London's Chelsea Flower Show.



ROYAL SPECTACLES. Our photo shows the Life Guards' musical ride at the Royal Windsor Horse Show in May. Backcloth is the Queen's castle. Go to London for the Changing of the Guard.



FOLK DANCING. Villagers of Thaxted greet the Spring with Morris dancing (above). Cornishmen dance a Flora Dance. Vicars, dukes and blacksmiths play cricket on village greens.



TREASURE TROVE. Browse around the antique shops in Britain's pretty villages. You can find marvelous bargains there. Highlight of Spring for collectors is the Chelsea Antiques Fair.



FRIENDLY INNS. There are 60,000 of them, and many reduce their bed and breakfast rates in Spring. Complete your trip by March 31st and you can save up to \$136 on transatlantic fares.

For free illustrated booklet, "Britain's Pageant of Spring," see your travel agent or write Box 434, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. La Salle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.



Sam Woodham and family. He lives 10 minutes from the beach and he works 10 minutes from the beach—in Puerto Rico. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

Winter sport—for International Paper's man in Puerto Rico

OUR photograph could have been taken in June or at Christmas. The larger of the two fishermen runs a plant for the International Paper Company in Puerto Rico. His name is Sam Woodham. He enjoys Puerto Rico's sun and sea 12 months a year.

Sam manages a plant in Arecibo where 300 people make 200 miles of paper every day. His firm's second plant on the island makes this paper into boxes. Demand is so heavy both

plants are now working 24 hours a day.

These plants are a part of Puerto Rico's *Operation Bootstrap*. You've probably read about this self-help program. In 10 years it has attracted over 770 U.S. factories to Puerto Rico, providing work for over 60,000 people. Today, two new U.S. plants are opening in Puerto Rico every week.

You should know something else about this Commonwealth. It is itself a billion-dollar market. And it is get-

ting more prosperous every day.

Look around when you visit there. You'll see all of the material signs of prosperity. New houses, schools, factories, supermarkets.

But go to the theatres, ballets, museums, operas, and concerts—and you will see something more. You will see prosperity put to work to serve man's spirit. For information, write to the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 1A, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19.

Report on Washington

year was not the movement, however halting, toward unity in the Atlantic alliance but the increasing disunity in the Communist bloc. Differences which began in low key back in 1958 broke into open thunder by 1960, and by the time of the Cuban crisis and the Chinese attack on India in late 1962, were at an all-time high.

What occurs in the West, of course, directly bears on relations within the Communist bloc. Thus, as the State Department's intelligence chief, Roger Hilsman, recently pointed out: "Behind his [Mao Tse-tung's] picturesque phrase, 'East Wind prevails over West Wind,' is Mao's insistence that Moscow should be the one to push the West around. In fact, if you look back on the Chinese Communist position in every crisis you will find Peiping has urged Moscow to "go for broke"—in 1958, it was Lebanon; in 1959, Berlin; in 1960, the Congo; in 1961, Berlin again; and now in 1962, Cuba." This indeed is true, and hence Cuba has been of the utmost importance.

Cuba, Americans quickly learned, was not just an issue involving Fidel Castro but a direct confrontation between the United States and the U.S.S.R., the two nuclear giants. But it was something more—an additional strain on Soviet-Chinese relationships, which led the Chinese to cry out aloud that Khrushchev was acting the man of Munich in pulling his missiles out of Cuba.

The crisis in Communist bloc relationships is marked by what has come to be a personal dislike of Khrushchev for Mao and vice versa. But it has grown far bigger than the two men, and the death or disappearance of either or both would do no more than temporarily mitigate the rift between the two key Communist nations, and especially between the Party hierarchies which run each of them.

It is still true, as American officials constantly warn, that, in Hilsman's words, "the Communist ideology, with its goal of world revolution, still provides an overall basis for unity between Peiping and Mos-

cow." But things have reached such a state that a break between the two of at least the proportions of the 1948 Soviet-Yugoslav break is now a definite possibility; indeed, some consider it inevitable. If such a schism comes, it would be of monumental importance, though its ultimate results would be most dangerous to guess.

Furthermore, the Chinese attack on India is likely in the long run to have an almost equally important result in destroying the illusion that somehow knowledgeable men of goodwill can be neutral between Communism and democracy. Of course, it will not resolve the problems of the democracies, but it already is blunting the penetration of Asia, Africa, and Latin America by Communist ideology.

Mood of the Capital

In the Cuban crisis Kennedy found himself, and the Kennedy Administration passed the critical test of its ability to perform under fire. After Kennedy's 1961 meeting with Khrushchev in Vienna, the President was so shocked by the Soviet leader that he felt he must decide in his own mind whether in a final showdown over Berlin he could accept nuclear war. His associates reported that he had come to the decision that he could and would, if there were no honorable way out.

Cuba suddenly and unexpectedly tested that determination. Happily for Kennedy and the world, the United States did not have to go to war, nuclear war. But there appears to be no doubt that the President was ready and willing. While the major developments of the October crisis are on the public record, a good many facets will remain hidden until the historians get at the documents years hence. Yet enough hints and bits of information are available to let it be said that preparations for the worst had been made, along with the decision to face it if necessary.

Cuba was a quick crisis; there was little time to philosophize; there was time only for bold decision and quick but not reckless action. The air of confidence, but fortunately not of overconfidence, which has resulted should help see the Administration through new crises, be they over Berlin or something else.

WANTS SATISFIED

"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife."

We dislike taking exception to any statement by Jane Austen, especially the very first sentence of her best-known book. But it is our heartfelt belief that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a stockbroker. And being stockbrokers ourselves, we are always in want of customers, be they single men in possession of good fortunes or anyone else with the money and the inclination to invest.

Mind you, we do our best to give value for the money, "the money" being commission charges averaging less than 2% on brokerage orders actually executed, with no added service charges. Our staff is as experienced, our facilities are as efficient, our service is as fast and accurate as we're able to make them. And beyond those essentials, we offer investment information for both novices and sophisticates, portfolio reviews for those who want them, safeguarding of securities on request, and monthly statements in addition to confirmations, which help investors at income-tax time.

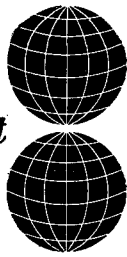
So young men named Darcy and Bingley—and all other people of any age over 21 and either sex who can afford to invest and want to do so—are cordially invited to bring their custom to us. No introduction necessary.



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER
PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK



AFTER eleven years of uninterrupted power, the longest spell of continuous party government for some fifty years, the Tories in Britain find themselves faced with probably the most difficult and certainly the most fateful political decision since the time of Lord North. Throughout Europe, behind the facade of words and hopes, the real question is this: Are Britain's need for Europe and Europe's for Britain now so imperative that the United Kingdom ought to join the Common Market on the best terms it can get, however stiff they prove to be, and as soon as possible?

During the winter it became clear that Macmillan himself had become convinced that the right answer is yes. The Cuban crisis reinforced the strength of that conviction. Economic arguments apart, for reasons of power alone Macmillan found the case for British entry into Europe overwhelming. But is entry now politically possible?

The power argument, as Macmillan sees it, is the familiar one: the most significant thing about the Cuban situation was not that Kennedy ignored Europe but that Khrushchev did. The Russians are realists. Europe divided has no power. United, Europe could be as powerful in most ways as either the Soviet Union or the United States. It would not represent a third force but, relatively, the tripling of the free world's strength.

The shock of Cuba

The Cuban affair shocked Great Britain, and to good effect. The first response was one of fear mingled with dismay, as if Britain were threatened with annihilation without consultation. Second thoughts produced the usual doubts about American maturity. But the final result has been to increase in British thought the stature of President Kennedy and his Washington advisers, and then to turn Britain itself to an extremely agonizing reappraisal of Western Europe's role in the world and Britain's role in Western Europe.

There may be a residue of uneasiness about America's intentions regarding Cuba, and this is the product of British experiences in hostile foreign

parts where it once had vital interests and even military bases; but regarding the question of Soviet missile bases in the western hemisphere, there now is no doubt. Instead, there is a united appreciation for the President's combination of moderation and firmness. Britain is greatly reassured.

A secondary effect has been the reduction in prestige of official unilateralists and nuclear disarmers in Britain. They are now branded as sympathizers, first of all, with Communism, and only secondly with peace. They saw nothing wrong in the secret Russian arming of Cuba with nuclear missiles, but they regarded the Kennedy quarantine as an "act of war."

The third effect of the Cuban affair has been the reconsideration of the meaning and future of Europe. In this newly powerful Europe, Britain could expect to exert the predominant influence. Inside the Six, it already has the sympathy and support of Belgium, the Netherlands, and Italy, and of at least the economic section of the West German administration; it would also bring in with it Denmark, Norway, and the Republic of Ireland; it would be the patron of the neutrals (who are linked to Britain in the European Free Trade Association); and Britain would add to Europe a currency that, while not the strongest in the world, is the second most useful.

The talks at Brussels

This argument of power is so convincing that as soon as Edward Heath returned to Brussels to take up the negotiations for Britain's entry into the Common Market, France moved fast to defend its own "leadership of Europe." France opened the talks by asking the total surrender of the British position on agriculture. It followed up by demanding an almost total surrender of the British position on reasonable access to Europe for the farmers of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand — who, whatever happens, are to lose their free, and in many cases protected, market in Britain.

At the same time, the Common Market Commission, under Dr. Hallstein, sought to strengthen



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Fleisch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

Inquiries are now being invited regarding

A serious 'workshop' course under the direction of these 12 famous writers

About two years ago, the Famous Writers School invited readers of this publication to take the School's Talent Test.

The Test was designed by these twelve famous writers to sift from the flood of inquiries those which showed writing talent worth developing.

Not surprisingly, readers of this magazine have done exceptionally well on the Test each time it has been offered. A gratifying percentage have passed and decided to enroll in the School.

Therefore we are especially pleased once again to offer the Talent Test to the readers of this publication.

Those who pass the Test and are accepted for training may have three years to complete the Course, though it is possible to finish sooner. You set your own rate of progress. This Course is not for hobbyists but for people who are determined to achieve professional success in writing, part-time or full-time. It does not offer any magic formula for success. It does, however, offer three distinct advantages not commonly found in any other area of professional writing instruction:

1. The quality of instruction. Ordinarily, top authors are simply too busy to teach. A school of writing is usually proud to have just one well-known author on its staff. But as a student of the Famous Writers School, you benefit from the hard-

won knowledge and experience of all twelve of the celebrated authors shown above. To pass on to you their valuable secrets of professional success, they have developed a remarkable series of textbooks, lessons, and writing assignments. In addition, they take time out from their own busy careers to supervise the School's training methods.

2. The unique method. Not only do you learn the writing principles which brought success to these twelve famous writers; in learning to apply these principles, you are given individual professional advice and supervision by mail. Every assignment you complete and mail to the School is carefully edited and revised by your instructor, himself a professional writer supervised by the School's Guiding Faculty.

3. The personal attention. The School's instructors work with the students by mail just as magazine and book editors work with many of their established authors. And just as editors do, the instructors develop over a period of time increasingly warm relationships with the writers whose talent they are nurturing.

Early students
already achieving publication

The Famous Writers School is less than two years old. Its first students are not due to graduate until late next year. Yet, dozens of these men and women — still in

their training — are already tasting success.

"I've done it! I've made my first sale!" wrote Lillian Maas of Zumbrota, Minn., to her instructors recently. "My first little fledgling, on its first trip out of the nest, has sent back a check for \$150 from *Better Homes & Gardens*. And really, you get all the credit. I couldn't possibly have done it without the course. You can have all the glory. I'll keep the check."

Other early students are selling their writing to such varied publications as: *Dallas Times Herald*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Popular Science*, *The Reader's Digest*, *Emporia Gazette*, *True Story* and *All-Florida Magazine*.

Search continues
for talent worth developing

The twelve famous writers feel a sincere obligation to discover and encourage new talent in their field. To select people with writing talent worth developing, they created the revealing Talent Test that is once again available to you. The coupon below will bring you a copy of the test along with a descriptive brochure.

If the results of your Test indicate writing talent, you are then eligible to enroll in the School. You are, however, under absolutely no obligation to do so.

Famous Writers School

Dept. 6201, Westport, Connecticut

I am interested in finding out whether I have writing talent worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, a copy of the Famous Writers Talent Test and descriptive brochure.

Mr.
Mrs. Age....
Miss
Street.....

City..... Zone....

County..... State.....

The Famous Writers School is accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council, a nationally recognized accrediting agency.

Where strangers are honored guests

India's legends and true-life stories are rich with anecdotes of hospitality—wholeheartedly given and gracefully accepted. When a stranger stood at the threshold, he became an honored guest of the house. The tradition of centuries is even stronger today. The people of India wish to welcome visitors from other lands, and to share with them, even if briefly, the Indian way of life. To make it easier for you to meet them a special program has been developed.

The idea is simple and gracious—and, of course, costs nothing. Let's say you are a businessman, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or just a person who wishes to meet Indians with interests similar to your own. Before you leave for India, call upon the Government of India Tourist Office at 19 East 49th Street in New York City; 685 Market Street in San Francisco; 177 King Street W. in Toronto. Or after you arrive in India, upon the Government of India Tourist Offices in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta or Madras. Tell them your likes, your hobbies, your special interest in India. They will be happy to help you choose your Indian friends from a list of persons who will be looking forward to welcoming you in their homes, and to making your visit as full and as rewarding as they can.

Once in India, meet with your new friends, accept their invitation to tea or a meal with them in their home. There you will meet other members of their family, exchange ideas and glimpse their particular brand of humor. You may enjoy seeing the local sights with your new friends, or playing a round of golf at an elegant country club. Perhaps a day at a sunny beach or a cricket match, the cinema or a dance recital. Simple delights which heighten in pleasure when you enjoy them in the company of your Indian friends.

The people of India are very much like you, proud of their country and their traditions. They have a lively interest in knowing more about *your* country, how *you* feel about today's world and everything in it. Come to India—maybe this year, maybe the next—your Indian friends will wait for you.

Report on London

its own position too. It announced a plan to speed up the completion of the Common Market and then to merge the monetary sovereignty of all the members by 1970, thus underlining its power not only to administer policy but to initiate it. It was also made plain in Brussels that Britain will have to decide on its own case without prior assurance that its EFTA partners will get equal treatment. None of this has made British entry impossible. It remains true that Britain just has to say yes and it is in. However, to say yes at these prices might be political suicide.

Facing the dilemma

For the Conservatives, the dilemma is excruciating. They believe entry is imperative. They have stressed that the alternative is an inevitable decline for Britain in power, influence, and wealth. They cannot now say no to Europe and then triumphantly choose that alternative. Nor can they join the rest of Europe in triumph, trailing broken promises.

More light is shed on this dilemma by the apparently contradictory results of two polls. One has shown a popular majority in favor of joining Europe. The other has pointed out that if there were an election today, the majority would probably vote for Gaitskell and the Labor Party. Labor's left wing is, of course, opposed to entry on any terms at all, probably because the popular democratic socialism of Europe's parties is nothing like the British idea of socialism, and so England's Labor Party can see that, after entry, its own influence in Europe, and in Britain, would be minimal. Gaitskell, however, is not against entry in principle. He opposes terms that he believes would immediately lower the real wages of British and Commonwealth wage earners through higher prices in Britain and lower sales in the Commonwealth, and could at the same time produce a deflationary payments crisis in Britain.

If the Conservatives were to bring Britain into Europe and there were later a public outcry of almost revolutionary proportions, followed by an election that put Labor into

office, Gaitskell would consider repudiating membership. But such a serious and dangerous step could only be taken in response to overwhelming pressure. Were public opinion, on the other hand, still fairly evenly divided, and not particularly aroused, Gaitskell would certainly let things be.

The knowledge of this by anyone with as strong a sense of historic duty and such a feeling for power as Macmillan has provided another incentive toward reaching agreement at Brussels, come what may. The public is not excited. It is calmly perplexed.

The Liberal revival

The riddle of British public opinion at this moment cannot be read with certainty by any of the party political managers. The Liberal Party, under Jo Grimond, was swept off-balance by its great successes at by-elections earlier in the year. It saw itself taking over from Labor as the second party and presenting the electors, in another five years, with a new alternative government to the perennial Tories. In a fervor of radicalism, it turned decisively left at what was certainly its most lively party conference for thirty years, at Llandudno in September. It was a party on the march, it declared.

But to the public the Liberals now seem to stand for high taxes, greatly extended welfare services, centralized planning, a form of partnership in industry that is close to guild socialism, and the ending of Britain's nuclear independence. On the last day of their conference, an emergency resolution had to be proposed and passed categorically stating that the party "is not in favor of the nationalisation of the land," because the tenor of the debate on the subject the previous day led most news commentators to conclude that it was.

This new kind of liberal socialism has a great appeal for young intellectuals and science graduates. The Liberal Party today presents a picture of youthful vigor. But it was not for this that the middle-class suburban voters, mainly young themselves, were deserting the Conservatives earlier in the year. Perhaps it was simply because they wished to protest against a govern-

To those people who
take uncommon pleasure
in good books, music, and
other works of art...
an uncommon offer

**A \$79.50 VALUE FOR \$24.95
WHEN YOU BECOME A CHARTER MEMBER
OF THE COLLECTOR'S BOOK SOCIETY**

The first three volumes in the magnificent Council of Europe Series PLUS a year's subscription to a new periodical, the Collector's Quarterly Report, priced at \$6.00.

THE ROCOCO AGE by Arno Schönberger and Halldor Soehner. 394 pages, 316 black and white illustrations, 49 color plates, 10½" by 13½". Publisher's price \$23.50. A huge, lavishly illustrated study of the 18th century in France, Italy, Austria, Spain, and Germany, which covers all the arts of the period. "A majestic piece of publishing." *The Reporter*.

ROMANTIC ART by Marcel Brion. 240 pages, 166 gravure plates, 64 color plates, 11½" by 13½". Publisher's price \$25.00. The first book to assess the whole of the romantic phenomenon in all its aspects—painting, sculpture, and architecture. "...excellently written, as precise as it is provocative, as clear as it is scholarly." Emily Genauer, N.Y. *Herald Tribune*.

GATEWAY TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY by Cassou, Langui, and Pevsner. 362 pages, 332 black and white illustrations, 52 color plates, 10½" by 13½". Publisher's price \$25.00. Brings together all the disparate forces which ultimately exploded into modern art as it is today. "Probably never before have these pioneer efforts been brought together so comprehensively nor interpreted so conscientiously." *S. F. Chronicle*.



You are invited to become a Charter Member of the Collector's Book Society by accepting the introductory offer shown here, which represents a saving of \$54.55, and demonstrates the service the Society can provide for you.

The books offered are the first three volumes in an extraordinary series originating in major international art exhibitions sponsored by the Council of Europe. Although each of them has been lavishly praised, the series as a whole has been little publicized. Here, then, is a good example of how the Collector's Book Society aims to serve its members—by calling attention to projects like this one which result in today's major cultural products.

The Collector's Quarterly Report, a unique cultural information service covering all the arts, is sent to members four times a year. In it, the Society provides a careful and critical compilation of recent projects and products that merit special attention. Books and series of books, original print editions, records, and sculpture—all of these come within its compass. And all are available for purchase through the Society, often at substantial savings.

In format, the Report is a handsome, 32-page magazine with a wealth of color illustration. Its editorial range is considerable. Forthcoming issues

will contain articles on collectors and collecting, a superb new group of demountable picture frames, a little-known collection of baroque recordings, and a series of children's books printed today from woodblocks cut in 1870. Major fine arts publications of the preceding three months will be regularly described and often illustrated.

The Quarterly Choice. Each issue of the Quarterly Report will highlight one product which is felt to be of special interest to members. Most often, this Quarterly Choice will be a book or a series of books relating to art. Members have the option of receiving the Quarterly Choice for examination without any obligation. They may return it within ten days if it fails to meet with their approval.

No Minimum Purchase Requirements. At no time are members required to make purchases. They may order what they want—and when—often at sizeable savings, and almost always with bonus credit which may be applied to additional acquisitions.

Initial supplies of the Council of Europe volumes are limited. To take advantage of this Charter Membership offer, fill out the membership coupon at the right. You may pay now and receive the special gift book or, if you wish, the Society will bill you.

COLLECTOR'S BOOK SOCIETY

327 West 41st Street, New York 36, New York

YOU MAY ENROLL ME as a Charter Member of the Collector's Book Society; enter my one-year subscription to the Collector's Quarterly Report (Value \$6.00) beginning with the Winter 1962 issue; and send me the three volumes: *The Rococo Age*, *Romantic Art* and *Gateway to the Twentieth Century* (Value \$73.50)—all for \$24.95. In accepting the Charter Membership offer, I understand that I am under no obligation to purchase anything more from the Society during my membership. Purchases I do make will earn special bonus credit which can be applied to selected books, records, prints, etc. Each quarter, I will receive the Quarterly Choice for examination and approval unless I decline in advance by means of a convenient reply card. If I decide not to keep the Quarterly Choice I may return it within ten days with no obligation. If I am not satisfied with my first copy of the Collector's Quarterly Report or the three Council of Europe volumes, I may return them for a full refund and my membership will be cancelled automatically.

Note: Enclose Payment Now... and receive a copy of "Portrait + Atelier" (Value \$4.95) as a gift!

☐ I enclose \$24.95 in payment. ☐ Please bill me \$24.95 (We pay postage and handling.) plus postage and handling. (New York City residents please add 3% sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

You can subscribe to the COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY REPORT at \$6.00 annually without reference to this special Charter Member offer. To enter your subscription, fill in name and address above, mark coupon "subscription only," and enclose check or money order for \$6.00.

A-13

NI-1A

The Mutual Benefit Life guaranteed monthly incomes are unusually high. For example, if you are a man age 65, you are guaranteed for the rest of your life a monthly check for \$6.32 for every \$1,000 of proceeds. Such a guarantee is of particular significance to business and professional people who must provide their own retirement incomes. For more information about this and other important Mutual Benefit Life features, just write for "Seven Significant Benefits."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845



We're moving to Phoenix

The news nearly floored us when we heard the entire company operation was relocating. The traffic department selected North American Van Lines to move us, and we are sure happy about it. Everything is going so smoothly. Their people have been very helpful in suggesting ways to make the move easier, and they'll even help us get settled in our new home. How about that for service.



NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES

the GENTLEmen of the moving industry

ment grown complacent. Or it may have been to protest against a society of privilege from which they derive no benefit. The owners of property and industry, on the one hand, are privileged to live richly on tax-free capital profits and speculative gains, while a large part of the working class, on the other hand, is privileged to live a life of subsidized comfort and convenience.

Labor's chances

Insofar as it has had any permanent effect, the Liberal revival has mainly restored the relative power of the Laborites, as reflected in the November by-elections when the Tories lost two seats to the Labor Party. The division of electoral opinion in Britain probably goes like this: 18 percent Liberal, 40 percent Tory, and 42 percent Labor. It is even possible that Hugh Gaitskell now looks to the middle-class floating voter to be a safer man than Jo Grimond.

Some right-wing commentators came to the conclusion that Gaitskell had made himself the prisoner of the Marxist left when he came out "against" the Common Market. But by declaring against the terms proposed for entry rather than against the principle of entry, he assured himself, for a little while, of left-wing support. He also brought in many waverers from the right, some of whom perhaps felt it more respectable to oppose membership in this way than to appear anti-European.

The Labor Party remains essentially a class party, with its roots in socialist trade unionism. This is why it finds such difficulty in becoming a popular majority party. But with Gaitskell in command and with Harold Wilson coming up, it is no longer so frightening as it was. It has an air of solid common sense, and though, if it came to power, it would renationalize steel and road transport and perhaps nationalize land, it might be able to break through the trade union barrier that is now holding back British productivity.

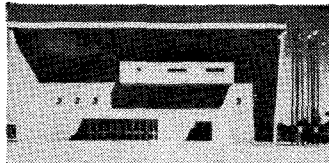
Full employment, rising wages, steady prices, lower taxes, better houses, better education, a modern roads system, and manifest economic justice between man and

Makers of Contemporary Architecture **FREE**

All 5 Volumes RETAIL \$24.75



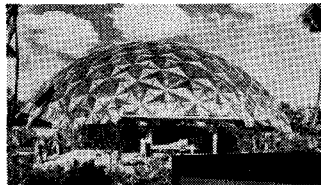
JOHNSON



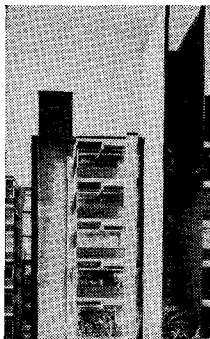
TANGE



SAARINEN



FULLER



KAHN

The five lavishly illustrated volumes that comprise **MAKERS OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE** present the careers and full range of achievements of those men who are setting the major architectural trends of our time.

These are serious art books, combining revealing evaluations by authorities in the field with statements by the individual architects themselves—and with more than 500 photographs, drawings, and plans. They are intended for the general public, as well as professionals and students of art history.

In this exciting new series, answers are provided to such questions as: *Who is he? What is the scope of his influence on modern architecture? What is the social significance of his work? Why, as with Kahn and Saarinen, have his structures become headline news? What is his place in the history of world architecture?*

If you act immediately you may have all five volumes of **MAKERS OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE** (published at a retail price of \$24.75) as a free introductory gift, with membership in The Seven Arts Book Society.

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER. John McHale reveals contemporary architecture's most controversial innovator, because of structures like his geodesic domes, as an exciting and sympathetic artist.

PHILIP JOHNSON. A penetrating study by John M. Jacobus, Jr. of an architect whose homes and public buildings are among the most elegant structures of our day.

EERO SAARINEN. Allan Temko's superb evaluation of this great architect demonstrates why his daring achievements—like the TWA Terminal at Idlewild, and New York's forthcoming CBS skyscraper—have earned for him international acclaim.

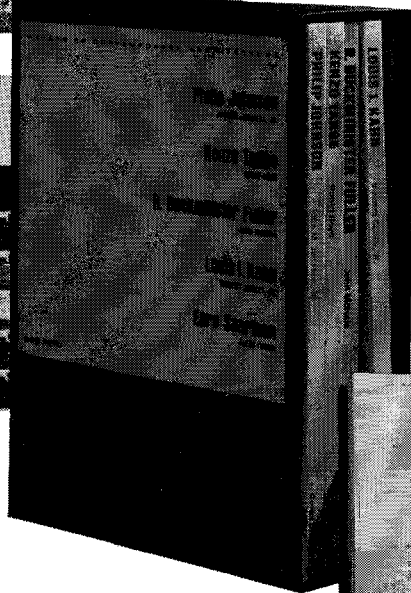
LOUIS I. KAHN. By Vincent Scully, Jr. Until several years ago "an architect's architect," the name Louis Kahn is already being widely coupled with Frank Lloyd Wright because of his accomplishments in urban development, and such masterful buildings as the Richards Medical Research Building in Philadelphia.

KENZO TANGE. Robin Boyd combines his searching analysis of this major Japanese architect with a discussion of Japanese architecture and design, to show how Tange retains the finest elements of the Japanese tradition in a style that is both modern and international.

5 volumes, handsomely boxed — Each 7¼" x 10" volume contains: a 12,000 word authoritative text, a selection of the architect's own writings, over 500 illustrations, plus a chronology, bibliography, and index.

The seven arts book society offers you the opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls"—to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts—at substantial savings. The selections of The Seven Arts Book Society—like those listed below—are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 30% and more. Why not discover the many advantages of belonging to this unique organization today?

You may begin membership with any one of the books listed below at the special member's price. And receive **MAKERS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE**—itself a selection of The Seven Arts Book Society, and typical of the high quality of books members regularly receive—as your introductory gift.



Begin your membership with any of these outstanding selections at the special members' price

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE GODS, André Malraux. 400 pp., 7½ x 9, 294 illus. (31 in full color, 8 sepia, and 4 fold-out plates.) Retail \$20.00. Member's price \$12.95.

THE ETERNAL PRESENT: The Beginnings of Art, Sigfried Giedion. 588 pp., 7½ x 10, over 500 illus. (20 in color.) Retail \$12.50. Member's price \$9.95.

ABSTRACT PAINTING, Michel Seuphor. 320 pp., 9¼ x 10½. 534 repros., including 385 in full color. Retail \$20.00. Member's price \$15.95.

MASTERS OF MODERN DRAMA, edited by Haskell M. Block and Robert G. Shedd. 1198 pp., 8¼ x 11, 86 illus. 45 complete dramas ranging from Ibsen, Strindberg, and Pirandello to Sartre, Beckett, Williams, Osborne and Frisch. Retail \$14.95. Member's price \$9.95.

PABLO PICASSO, Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartés. 606 reproductions (44 in full color), 524 pages, 8½ x 12. Retail \$20.00. Member's price \$14.95.

REMBRANDT, Ludwig Münz. 50 tipped-in color reproductions, 21 etchings, 17 drawings, 22 text illustrations; 160 pp., 9¾ x 12¼. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$11.95.

MONET, by William C. Seitz. 9¼ x 12¼, 133 illustrations (48 in full color, tipped-in). Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$11.95.

THE CITY IN HISTORY, Lewis Mumford. **THE ARCHITECTURE OF AMERICA**, A Social and Cultural History, John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown. A dual selection. Combined retail price \$26.50. Member's price (for both books) \$14.95.

THE DRAWINGS OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, Arthur Drexler. 328 pp., 9 x 12, 302 illus., with 270 full-page drawings. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$10.95.

ART AND ILLUSION, E. H. Gombrich. 466 pp., 7½ x 10. Over 300 illus. with 18 in full color. Retail \$10.00. Member's price \$8.95.

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

S63-12

You may enter my name as a member and send me the 5-volume boxed set **MAKERS OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE** as my free introductory gift. I am indicating below my first selection as a member which will be sent to me at the special members' price (plus postage and handling). I agree to take as few as four additional selections within the next twelve months at special member's prices. I am to receive each month without charge the Seven Arts News containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of the other books available to me at member's prices. If I do not want the selection or if I want another book(s), I will return the card sent with the News with proper instructions. I may cancel my membership at any time after making the four additional purchases.

1st Selection _____
Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ please print full name
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Toshiko

Japan Air Lines hostess Toshiko Izawa learned her excellent English and Western manners at Spanish Catholic High School in Tokyo. She augmented her modern education with classic studies in *ikebana*, the art of flower arranging, and *chanoyu*, the traditional tea ceremony. Toshiko's sprightly conversation ranges from contemporary music to the traditional *Noh* plays of Japan. * Toshiko's awareness of the traditions of two worlds is typical of every hostess aboard JAL DC-8 Jet Couriers. Their gracious hospitality is the most memorable highlight of an Orient trip when you fly JAL - "amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."



JAPAN AIR LINES

See your travel agent for jet reservations -
San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu to
Japan, the Orient and on to Europe.

Report on London

man and family and family appear to comprise the public's idea of a popular political program. The Conservatives' loss of support may be attributed to a failure to achieve the promised combination of these necessities.

New government programs

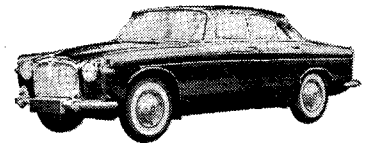
The new government of younger men that Macmillan put into office last summer has promised to "double or treble" the rate of slum clearance. (There are probably three million houses and tenements nearly a century old due for demolition. The biggest cities, at the present rate, could not possibly clear away their slums before the year 2000.) It has promised the biggest-ever housing drive and the release of more agricultural land for building, to put a brake on runaway building costs. It has a new schools program and a new roads program. But its major work has received little public attention yet.

This work is a reconsideration of the financial problem of private affluence and public squalor. The basic conclusion of it might be put this way: there is a limit to taxation beyond which a popular government cannot go. Within that limit, whenever the government runs enterprises that could be profitable but are not, it thereby impoverishes other public services.

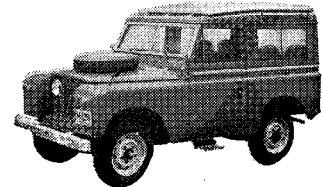
Britain's nationalized railways, for instance, have been losing up to \$450 million a year. This means not only that railway men have to accept almost the lowest wages in the country, but, indirectly, that teachers and nurses are also underpaid, and perhaps that the British Army of the Rhine is seriously under-strength. Railways, then, must pay or vanish.

The present national tax income is almost \$20 billion. The standard rate of income tax is 38 percent of income. Sales tax on a car, though recently cut almost in half, still stands at 25 percent. Thirty-five percent of the tax income goes to social and community services. But even that does not represent all the tax money put to those services, for local taxes provide a great deal

GET YOUR ROVER OVERSEAS



ROVER 3-LITRE, one of the world's 7-best cars.



LAND-ROVER, world's best 4-wheel drive vehicle.

BOTH delivered overseas at substantial savings.

ROVER

For full details, write: The Rover Motor Company of North America Limited, 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17, New York: YUkon 6-0220

William Faulkner: early prose and poetry

Edited by CARVEL COLLINS. The apprenticeship of a great literary talent is revealed through the late Nobel Prize winner's writings published during his college days. The first work of fiction Faulkner is known to have published is included along with several other prose pieces, sixteen poems, and sixteen of his pen and ink drawings.

\$3.75 Paperback \$2.25

At all bookstores

**Atlantic-
Little, Brown**

more. In the case of education, local taxes provide five times as much as the national revenue. The National Health Service costs \$2.5 billion a year, half as much as national defense and overseas aid combined, and yet it is in danger of running down through lack of adequate funds.

Support of industry and transport, including railway subsidies, costs more than \$1 billion. Price supports for farmers cost another \$1 billion. Housing subsidies and town planning cost the country about \$400 million.

The idea that those enterprises that can pay ought to pay, and that people who can afford to do so ought to pay the economic cost of the goods and services they enjoy, stretches now to include food. Up until now, Britain has run a system providing low prices in the shops but high prices to British farmers, the state making up the difference through taxation. The system has become so costly that it has to be changed, with the consumer paying the higher prices in the shop. Entry into the Common Market could provide a most convenient reason for making the change. So it has not been the European system that Britain has balked at but the proposal that the switch should be sharp and sudden, and with the consumer paying not just the economic price for food but supporting Europe's farmers by paying a more than economic price.

There is also one further economic consideration. Reginald Maudling, who as President of the Board of Trade did not believe that signing the Treaty of Rome was possible, now as Chancellor of the Exchequer has cause to think that Britain must join Europe. From a monetary angle, it is clear that what has been holding back British economic growth has been the effort of running the world's second great reserve currency from too narrow a base of reserves.

The Common Market Commission's plan for a common reserve in Europe and virtually common currency thus has great attractions for Britain. Without a larger reserve, British growth will continue to be inhibited. And the public greatly cares about growth.



Get out from under those heavy blankets...
enjoy the incredibly light

Shillcraft CELLULAR THERMAL BLANKET

(warms with air—instead of weight)

Not available in stores. Order by mail only, direct from importer.

You've probably heard about thermal underwear, and how it keeps people comfortably warm in cold weather, without heavy materials.

Now you can enjoy the same thermal principle when you sleep. From England, we bring you a unique kind of blanket, honey-combed with thousands of breathing spaces, which works much as thermal underwear does. It weighs less than ordinary blankets, yet is far more efficient at retaining body heat, and thus keeping you warm. It's a new experience in bedtime comfort, since you're obviously comfortable, relaxed, warm, yet you hardly know you're under a blanket.

Here's how it works: The "honey-comb" weave traps quiet air, warmed by your body, in thousands of little breathing cells. Result: A remarkable insulator, which keeps you snug and warm, comfortable and relaxed, with a minimum of weight. If your feet resent the pressure of blanket bulk, you're a particular candidate for Shillcraft Cellular Blankets. Many of our

comfortable customers tell us that these blankets also serve as wonderful *bedspreads*.

Choose 100% wool or cotton. Both are suitable for summer and winter (no storage problem). Both are made only of finest natural fibers.

Want the soft downy touch? Choose wool, satin-edged and luxurious. Retains thermal properties through all cleanings.

Allergy or other reasons? Choose cotton, guaranteed machine-washable—may even be sterilized, with no loss of thermal qualities. This has been proved through years of use in English hospitals. Now also in leading U. S. hospitals.

Colors: White, Pink, Blue, Green, Peach, Lilac or Yellow. All the popular sizes, at popular prices. See coupon.

Buy direct-from-importer and save. For yourself, for ideal gifts, order now. Mail coupon to Shillcraft, Dept. AM, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore 1, Md.

Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed or money refunded.



SHILLCRAFT, Dept. AM, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore 1, Maryland.

Please send the following Shillcraft Cellular Blankets, postage paid, on an unconditional money-back guarantee.

Quan.	100% WOOL (Satin Edged)	Color	Quan.	100% COTTON	Color
	Crib 36" x 54" \$7.75			Crib 36" x 54" \$4.95	
	Twin 72" x 90" 18.75			Twin 72" x 96" 12.95	
	Double 80" x 100" 22.75			Double 80" x 100" 14.95	
	King Size 90" x 100" 25.75			King Size 90" x 100" 16.95	

Maryland Residents only add 3% Sales Tax.

NAME.....
(please print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

I am enclosing

☐ Check for \$.....

☐ Money Order for \$.....

☐ \$1.00 Deposit. Send C.O.D.

The Atlantic Report CHILE



FOR nearly four years, from January 27, 1959, to October 10, 1962, the Chilean escudo (the new name for 1000 pesos) remained pegged at 1.053 to the dollar — the longest period of stability in living memory. The abandonment of the pegged rate, with its sequence of rising prices, speculation, and social agitation, is the biggest issue in Chile today and somewhat obscures both the progress achieved during stabilization and the fundamental economic and social problems yet to be faced.

The stabilization program instituted by President Alessandri on taking office was the classic one propounded by the International Monetary Fund, and it was quite remarkably successful at the domestic level. Chile in the fifties had one of the highest rates of inflation in the world, after Bolivia. During the first year of the program, the cost of living rose 38 percent as the price structure adapted to the new conditions. In 1960, however, it rose 12 percent, and in 1961 only 8 percent. What was more important still, the per-capita growth rate in real terms, which had been stationary or even negative, rose in 1961 to 2.4 percent, nearly as high as the goal of 2.5 percent set by the Alliance for Progress.

This was perhaps not prosperity, but after the lean uncertain years it looked very good. There was, too, a new honesty and seriousness in government under President Jorge Alessandri which gave Chileans confidence in themselves and in their country. Savings accounts, which had been understandably low in an inflationary country, began to rise rapidly; in their first year of existence, savings and loan societies received an average of \$625 from some 20,000 members, a good record in a country of 7 million inhabitants with an average per-capita income of less than \$400.

Dollar crisis

It was a tremendous shock, therefore, when in the last days of 1961 the country was informed that the dollar reserves were exhausted and that henceforth only the most essential imports would be allowed in at the pegged rate; everything else would be bought at a free rate.

The country was stunned, and recriminations began to fly. How had it happened that as competent an administrator as President Alessandri and his cabinet of managers had allowed matters to get so much out of hand? One of the first scapegoats was the United States. Many dollars had been promised, it was said — \$100 million for the reconstruction of the earthquake zone alone — but very few had actually arrived in Chile. The United States replied that the money had been granted to finance specific projects and that until proper accounts had been presented and approved, no money could be forthcoming.

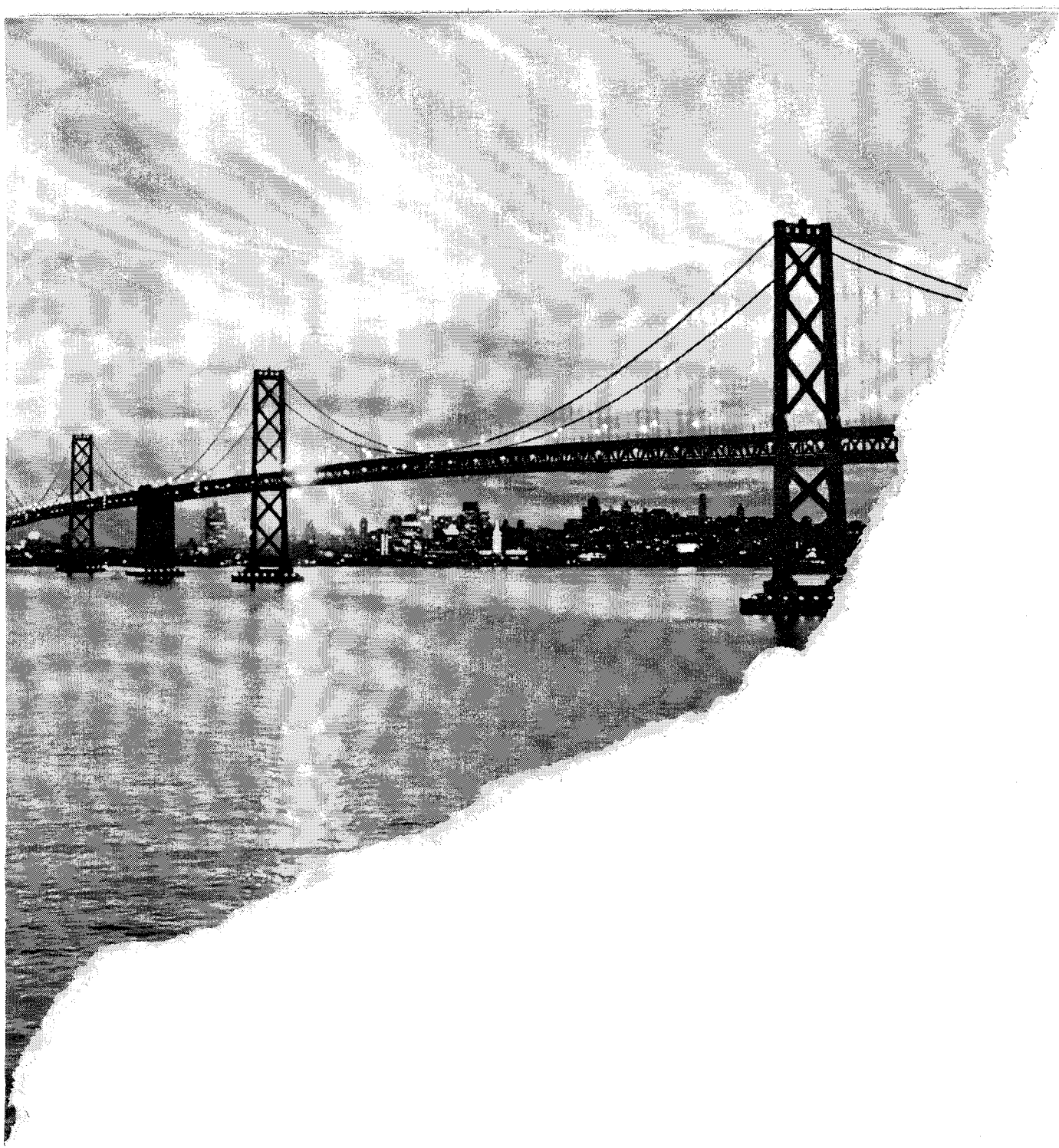
Another target for criticism was the I.M.F. It was supposed to be riding herd on the Chilean economy; why had it not sounded the alarm? The I.M.F. is very sparing of public remarks, particularly in controversial matters, but it does seem to have been rather late in scenting the danger.

Drains on the economy

Now that some of the dust has settled, it is possible to see more clearly what happened. According to many experts, the escudo was overvalued in the first place; 1.053 was a political figure, not a financial reality. As a reduced inflation gnawed away at the escudo's buying power, the dollar became "the cheapest commodity in Chile." Manufacturers found it advantageous to use foreign sources of supply, and to import high-cost automated machinery rather than use local labor.

Another drain on the currency was the free ports in the far north at Arica and in the far south at Punta Arenas — one in the hot, dusty desert, the other a frigid, windy outpost on the Straits. They had been established primarily to fix a remote frontier that might eventually be coveted by Peru and Argentina and to bring some sort of prosperity to a depressed region. In Arica, assembly plants, particularly of Citroën cars, did spring up and provide employment, but chiefly the town became an emporium for imported luxuries.

Furthermore, Chilean exports became overpriced on world markets. The deficit in the bal-



ou can't get the whole picture in just a day or two.

ing San Francisco by the clock can be strating. For instance, will you lunch freshly-caught cracked crab at famed erman's Wharf? Or will you travel to the edge of town to a surfside resant specializing in Abalone Meuniere a view of the Pacific? At night, which you have—an evening at the Symony? Dinner and dancing on Nob Hill? a tour of North Beach night spots, ere Italian waiters sing operatic arias l the sidewalk cafes remind you of is. In the daytime, choose your stroll:

through Chinatown (the world's largest Oriental city outside Asia), across the Golden Gate Bridge high above the sailboats, or over to Mission Dolores where the original adobe walls still stand.

These are just a few of the choices you will have to make as a 2-day visitor to San Francisco. If they seem too difficult, may we make a suggestion: *spend the week!*

SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau
Department A, 1375 Market Street
San Francisco 3, California

Please send your 24-page, illustrated guide telling where to go, what to see in America's enchanted city.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____



2 WAYS TO SAVE MONEY ON YOUR TRIP TO EUROPE

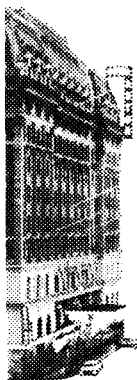
You cut travel costs and save up to \$500* on the U.S. price when you order your new HILLMAN, SUNBEAM ALPINE or HUMBER here for delivery overseas!

Besides, it's so much more fun to tour Europe in your own car! Choose from 13 models of Rootes-made cars: sedans, convertibles, sports cars and station wagons. All backed by a world-wide organization with delivery and service facilities in 163 countries. Liberal trade-in allowance and financing plan. See your travel agent or Hillman-Sunbeam dealer today! *Depending on which car you select

— For details mail coupon today! —

ROOTES MOTORS, INC. Dept. TA-1
505 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. or
9830 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me full details of Rootes
Overseas Car Delivery Plan.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

the famous

Astor
HOTEL
on times square, n.y.

Gaiety and excitement—find them at the Astor! Ideally located next door to leading Broadway theatres . . . steps from New York's famed department stores, shops and business districts . . . close to all terminals and transportation facilities.

750 delightful air-conditioned rooms with free TV . . . and a courteous multi-lingual staff to serve you—more reasons why the Astor is the first choice of knowledgeable travelers.

Singles from \$9.00 Doubles from \$14.00
Cable: ASTOTEL

Anthony M. Rey
Vice President and General Manager

Report on Chile

ance of trade went from bad to worse, in spite of notable efforts to create new export industries — fish meal, pulp and paper, iron ore, and steel, which now exports 30 percent of its production.

On the domestic front, another deficit weighed heavily on the economy. President Alessandri, a former Minister of Finance who had once balanced the budget, campaigned on the promise to do so again. However, he has been obliged to limit this to balancing the administrative budget alone, and to resort to credit of various sorts for the investment budget. But even the administrative budget now shows a deficit. The investment budget received a terrible blow with the earthquakes of 1960, which devastated the south.

In such a situation, what is surprising is not that the escudo weakened but that it could be maintained so long. After the first dramatic indication of trouble at the end of 1961, it was ten months before the official decision to devalue was reached. The blessings of stabilization had become so apparent that no one wished to sanction devaluation.

The President acts

Finally, President Alessandri on October 10 courageously, if belatedly, announced that the escudo would no longer be supported. There are now two exchange rates: one, the bank rate, for all visible imports and exports; the other, obtainable through money changers, for what are known as invisible transactions (tourism and other private transfers). Both fluctuate freely; for the first time in thirty years, Chile has a completely free exchange rate. The financiers do not intend to be caught napping again.

The government promptly took several measures to mitigate the social impact of what was, in fact, an admission of defeat. It immediately requested Congress for a 15 percent increase in wages and salaries, with a further raise promised at the end of the year. It announced, in an unprecedented move, that all savings accounts would be readjusted. Severe measures were prom-

ised against speculators; banks are required to reveal all large exchange transactions previous to devaluation but importers with legitimate dollar debts will be compensated. There thus a determined effort to regain as much as possible of the confidence so carefully nurtured during twenty years of stability.

Aside from the financial disaster, however, there are many things the credit of this administrative Industrial production is some percent higher than in 1958. Unemployment, which in greater Santiago had reached 9.5 percent in 1959, has been reduced to 5.7 percent. Real wages have risen significantly in the last three years, indicating a better distribution of the national income.

For the first time in several decades, the housing deficit is being reduced; the housing consultant of the Agency for International Development firmly predicts that Chile will build 50,000 dwellings in 1962 a tremendous effort for a small country. In the last two years, 89 kilometers of paved roads have been built, compared with an average of 89 a year during the previous administration. In the last three years more than twice the number of schools have been built as during the previous three years.

Land and tax reform

In the two areas on which the Alliance for Progress places much emphasis, tax reform and agrarian reform, Chile has already done more than most other countries. The new land-reform law, written by the present conservative government, not, of course, a revolutionary one. It breaks up the big estates in so far as it can be proved that they are not being farmed efficiently. But with the help of much more stringent taxation and one of the most complete surveys ever undertaken in Latin America, it should at least eliminate abuses. It also makes an effort to regroup the *minifundi* which in Chile are as much an evil as the large estates. Above all, it sets up machinery to provide credit and technical advice.

The productivity of Chilean agriculture is notably low. The country, which once exported foodstuffs, must now import something like

\$100 million of goods a year — one of the important reasons for the balance-of-payments difficulties and for the close relationship between the exchange value of the escudo and the cost of living.

Tax reform has been in the planning stage for a number of years and was presented to Congress as a rider to the 1963 budget. The simplification of tax schedules, more realistic rates, expert collection techniques, coupled with prison terms for evaders — an unheard-of phenomenon in Latin America — will, it is confidently hoped, make it possible to recuperate enough lost taxes to balance the budget by next year.

This sort of progress has been made possible, to a great extent, because of Chile's political stability. Chile is one of the few functioning democracies on the continent; the courts are honest, and so are the police. The armed forces stay out of politics, although they are making an increasing effort to carve out a social role for themselves. They advisedly recruit illiterates, for instance, in order to educate them; trade schools figure largely in their training; they engage in road building and other public works.

Marxist but not Communist

Many people are worried because Chile has the best-organized Marxist party on the continent, a popular front of Socialists and Communists known as FRAP. It came within a hairbreadth of winning the 1958 presidential elections and shows no sign of losing strength.

Faced with this threat, the two rightist parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals, have formed a democratic front with the center radicals and promise to present a union candidate in the 1964 elections. The coalition had a successful trial run in a by-election in Santiago in September and is an unusual phenomenon in Latin America, where personal rivalries and small doctrinal divergencies tend to split normal political groupings.

Another new and encouraging factor on the Chilean political scene is the growing strength of the young Christian Democrats. This party is definitely leftist but non-Communist and is threatening the Marxist left

in its own field; it now controls nearly a third of the trade unions and all of the student federations. While the Christian Democrats firmly maintain that theirs is not a "confessional" movement, since there are Protestants and atheists among them, their hand has undoubtedly been strengthened by the recent activities of the Catholic Church.

The Church's stand

The government may be proceeding prudently in the matter of agrarian reform, but the Church's program is radical; it has purely and simply handed over all its lands to the people working on them, setting up cooperatives and providing technical assistance and even credit.

A pastoral letter issued on September 18 and signed by all the bishops protests against a situation where the minority owns the majority of arable land; where one tenth of the population receives half of the national income; where, particularly in the countryside, there is hunger, a lack of decent housing, and, above all, a lack of opportunity for education and self-betterment.

Charity is not enough, say the bishops. Christians should support real institutional reform, an authentic land-reform program, tax reform, administrative reform. But a redistribution of the national wealth is not enough either, they say: "it is the duty of a Christian to increase his productive capacity, be he laborer, employee, technician or employer." Capital should not be left idle, or employed in the satisfaction of frivolous desires. After a long and careful study of why Communism and Christianity are incompatible, the bishops also condemn the "abuses of capitalist liberalism."

This letter, with its combination of economic, political, and moral instructions, is almost a revolution in itself. It thoroughly disconcerted Chile's well-to-do, who had hitherto regarded the Church as a bulwark against social revolution, and it reinforced the directives of the Alliance for Progress. In Chile there is the cheering spectacle of a conservative government honestly trying to carry out the directives. Without these brave beginnings, the bishops might not have been moved to speak out so strongly.



NOW!

Spend a Maharajah Holiday in Greece!

(Including Rome and Paris)

\$795

from

17 days—all expenses paid
including economy jet excursion fare

Μεγαλοπρεπής! (And practically irresistible!) These three exciting new tours of Greece are offered exclusively by AIR-INDIA at a truly remarkable value; your tour price includes *not only air fare, but all transportation, hotels, many meals, and even tips!* One tour takes you to Paris, Athens, Delphi, Rome and on a Mediterranean cruise; another adds Venice and Yugoslavia to your itinerary; and the third includes Cyprus, Israel, and the isle of Rhodes. Besides these colorful itineraries, you enjoy the delights of being pampered like a Maharajah aboard AIR-INDIA's sleek Boeing 707 Jets! And every step of the way you're guided and greeted like a visiting potentate. Tours leave October 5 through March 15. Send coupon now for full details—or see your travel agent.

Special rates available
for eligible groups of 25 or more.

A-4

AIR-INDIA

410 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Please send me FREE brochure on your
17-day "Maharajah Holidays in Greece."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES.

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

and gain? And let's not talk about nonprofit organizations.

E. J. GOLIK
Oyster Bay, N. Y.

SIR:

I agree with Dr. Middleton. Four years of medical school and seven months with the VA hardly make one a VA expert. Nor did I claim to be; but may I point out that I used official VA statistics, averages of all VA hospitals. The Hoover Commission in 1955 made criticisms and recommendations regarding the VA similar to mine. My article had been revised before publication because of advice from several VA doctors, two ex-VA advisers in Washington, D.C., my own professors in medical school, and the Blue Cross. Finally, it is not my purpose to destroy but to improve the VA patient care programs.

RICHARD S. DILLON, M.D.

The city vote versus rural

SIR:

The statement of facts in "The City Vote and the Rural Monopoly" by Helen Hill Miller in the October *Atlantic* I found interesting and true. However, I thought I detected a slight bias in favor of newly populated suburban communities.

How would you like to live in the new First Congressional District of Kansas? Do you think one man can adequately represent 58 counties, with over half a million people?

Kansas is treated like a stepchild in the matter of locating federally subsidized industries and installations. During Democratic regimes,

we are on the outside because we are Republican, and when the Republicans are in, the theory is that this state is Republican anyway, so why spend any money here.

Exporting food and oil is fine. We do a good job of it, but I bitterly resent having our bright young men and women leave home and move to those same suburban communities Mrs. Miller writes of, all because they cannot find jobs here. Our lack of congressional representation, our strong Republican convictions keep us from attracting our fair share of federally subsidized industry, apparently.

This is how it feels to be a citizen of one big rural congressional district. I wouldn't ever move.

MOLLIE MADDEN
Hays, Kan.

Persianity

SIR:

The article "Persianity" by John White in the March, 1962, issue of the *Atlantic* is a total fabrication. If the Iranian Embassy in the United States, the American Embassy in Teheran, or the United States Information Service in Teheran will corroborate the description of the Persian bathroom as given by Mr. White, I shall withdraw my charge and apologize both to you and to the author. Otherwise, I believe the author should be asked to account for his article.

MRS. E. HAZRATI
Teheran, Iran

SIR:

I was in Persia for a total of ten months during the years 1959-1960,

Bureaucratic medicine

SIR:

Your article "Bureaucratic Medicine" by Richard S. Dillon, M.D. (November *Atlantic*), contains a vast amount of misinformation.

Although we welcome informed criticism in our constant effort to do an ever better job, I am afraid the author of this article hardly qualifies as an expert on Veterans Administration hospitals.

The author's experience with VA was limited to several months' duty as a resident shortly after his graduation from medical school, and this brief service was rendered at only one of VA's 169 hospitals. Yet, with only this limited exposure, he feels qualified to make such broad recommendations as virtual elimination of the veterans' medical care program.

Despite allegations of "waste and inefficiency" — which are not sustained by the facts — the author does, I note, salute VA's professional personnel and the excellent medical research and training programs, and concludes that VA patients do get good medical care.

WILLIAM S. MIDDLETON, M.D.
*Chief Medical Director
Veterans Administration
Washington, D. C.*

SIR:

Dr. Dillon is obviously more interested in so-called statistics than he is in medicine. By what twist of logic does he speak of the veteran as though the veteran was not a taxpayer? Also, is there a doctor connected with a private hospital who would dare criticize in a public article the administration policy of profit

and in that time had occasion to bathe in five establishments — four in Shiraz, one in Teheran. Of those five, four had bathtubs (the other had only a shower). And of those four bathtubs, only one was drained to the floor.

The Teheran house was the residence of an American Embassy official who had then been in Iran nearly four years. One of the Shiraz houses was the residence of a U.S. government official, another was the University Club.

"Total fabrication?"

I liked Persia very much. I still do.

JOHN WHITE
Cambridge, Mass.

A museum in Ghent

SIR:

In the July, 1962, issue of your well-known monthly review, I read the article entitled "American Ghosts in Ghent" by Professor Henry F. May.

I am very glad to let you know that our Board of Burgomaster and Aldermen has approved the institution of a museum devoted to the War of 1812-1814 and the Treaty of Ghent, signed on December 24, 1814. This museum will be set up in an eighteenth-century house opposite the hotel where Louis XVIII stayed during Napoleon's Hundred Days.

Much historical material has been brought together. Nevertheless, the town authorities would be grateful to all American citizens for procuring or calling our attention to any relevant item or document.

EM. CLAEYS
Burgomaster of Ghent
Ghent, Belgium

Reading rapidly

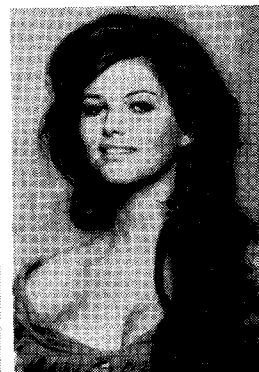
SIR:

HRH FR YR MR. FNTN ("Read Any Good Books Lately — Rapidly?" by Robert Fontaine, September *Atlantic*). I NJYD HS RTCLE VR MGH. FR YRS I HV WTD FR SMNE T BLST TH PRPNTS V SPD RDNG. Z SCHLTCHR FR FV YRS I WS FRCD T TCH NDLSS GLSSS V SPD RDNG. V CRS BNG VR NTLGNT I WS ABL T SCPE TH PTFLLS V SCH DVLSH MCHNTNS, BT M TRLY FRGHTND ABT TH FFECT T TH YNGR GNRTIONS. BS T PRV WHT BNCH V CMNSTS R N TH EVNMT. I RLLY THNK SPD RDRS R LLRGHT N THR PLC; IT JST THT I WDNT WNT M SSRT T MRRY 1.

JMS LTTLJHN
Florence, S. C.

HORIZON

A MAGAZINE WHOSE FIELD IS THE WHOLE OF CULTURE—PAST AND PRESENT



Three Subjects, One Object

Xerxes (left), Claudia Cardinale (top), and Blaise Pascal (below) all fit comfortably inside the hard book covers of the latest issue of HORIZON. (It's that kind of a magazine, and there simply aren't any others like it.)

All are here because, as one reader put it, "HORIZON says what civilization is." You meet Xerxes in the richly caparisoned story of Persia's 2,500 years and 90 kings — her glory, her art, her astounding endurance. You meet Claudia because this sought-after Italian-French-Tunisian actress personifies, very nicely, the new films on the international market. And you meet Pascal because this is the 300th anniversary of the death of the timeless genius who, in his 39 short and tortured years, laid the foundation for the Age of Reason.

For HORIZON's single object is to make a wide-ranging, perceptive exploration of man's long cultural adventure. This can be wonderfully stimulating for anyone who likes to keep his sheepskin pliable and his eye for culture sharpened. In all, 22 articles and pictorial features gather in good company to make up the January HORIZON. There's a look at a mysterious cipher manuscript that has defied the code-breakers for 400 years; a preview of what's next in art, from "flat realism" to "the New American Sign Painters." You'll examine the ingenious design of Boston's new City Hall, perhaps a turning point in American architecture. And there's much more.

HORIZON is different. It's a magazine that comes in book form — hard covers, no advertising. It's big (9 1/4" x 12 1/4", with more than 120 pages). And it's strikingly beautiful — with at least 100 illustrations, more than a third in fine color. Everything is elegantly done — in lively fashion — to engage your mind and delight your eye.

We invite you to try HORIZON for a year (six issues, published in odd-numbered months) at an attractive price, via the coupon below. Return it promptly, please, if you're to start with the January issue. There's only a single printing.

HORIZON SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE, 379 WEST CENTER STREET, MARION, OHIO



Please send me the January issue of HORIZON as the first of my one-year (six issue) subscription. The charge is \$16.95 (regular prices: \$21 a year; \$4.50 a copy) under the terms checked below. I may cancel at any time without penalty.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me \$16.95
☐ Bill me in 3 monthly installments: \$4.95 to start, then two of \$6 each (no service charge)

PRINT NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

N5533

HORIZON — A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE



DANGER

Sometimes a danger is hard to recognize even though a warning lamp is lighted. The loss of freedom is one such danger. And the steady growth of government-in-business is one such danger signal.

In the last 30 years the federal government has come to own many

thousands of businesses, from cement mixing plants to ice cream factories. In the field of electricity alone it now has an investment of 5½ billion dollars in power plants and lines. And the advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

When government owns business it has in its hands both political *and* economic powers—the means of controlling goods and jobs. In such a state it can become difficult indeed for individuals to keep their basic freedoms.

Is this a risk you want to take?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies... *Serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation*
Sponsors' names on request through this magazine



A ROUGH MAP OF GREECE

The Road to Pylos

BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

A member of the editorial staff of the ATLANTIC and a Connecticut Yankee, PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS last spring conducted a one-woman exploration of the Greek mainland and the islands, with findings that will make others wish to go and do likewise. Miss Adams is a graduate of Radcliffe and a student of the classics.

RENTING a car in Athens is no more complicated than renting one in Miami Beach. The only requirements are an American driver's license and fifty dollars down. The rental fee is less than three dollars a day, to which is added a mileage fee and the cost of the gasoline. I hired a Volkswagen, and the expense worked out to a neat ten dollars per hundred kilometers. It would have been less, no doubt, if I had adopted the Greek habit of turning off the engine on downgrades.

A Greek highway is a two-lane macadam affair which proceeds by a series of short, steep grades and hairpin turns, for the country is extremely hilly. The hills are trivial compared with the Andes, but when four or five ridges of them are crammed into a fifteen-mile square, the result is a succession of spectacularly precipitous slopes. In fact, the territory stands on edge like plates in a dish drainer. Except in the neighborhood of large towns and during the height of the tourist season, one vehicle every two miles is about all a driver need expect to meet.

Because of these conditions, Greeks drive in the forthright old-fashioned style — straight down the middle and toot on the turns.

The system works well most of the time. Its weakness is that it makes no allowance for mountain winds and foreigners who don't understand

it. Occasionally a stiff breeze will carry the blast of the horn off in the wrong direction, and if the car coming the other way happens to be driven by a tourist who doesn't sound his horn at all, in the misguided belief that it is sufficient merely to stay on his own side of the road, fenders are bashed.

An Athenian friend kindly offered to guide me out of the city. I was very grateful because Athens has a rich collection of one-way streets, and they are something that only a local resident can foresee. At nine o'clock in the morning we proceeded through a busy market district. The street was thick with bicycles, motor scooters, pedestrians leaping for their lives, trucks unloading in the traffic lane, buses letting out passengers who were either very late for work or very eager for it, pushcarts, trolleys, and a donkey who had stopped in the middle of everything to tell the world that he was the poor, abused, overloaded servant of a wicked scoundrel. The wicked scoundrel alternately consoled his animal and shrugged helplessly at the traffic jam.

The further end of this gauntlet landed us in a reasonably quiet rotary where my friend announced, grinning, that he had "selected the worst way because, after that, you can drive through anything." It was true. Memories of edging between the tailgate of a truck and the teeth of the

Copyright © 1962, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

indignant donkey encouraged me all the way to Andritsana, over a road that is internationally infamous.

The old inland route from Athens to Korinth, which I foolishly took instead of the shore route, is wide, flat, dotted with factory districts, and in the process of being improved. The road builders had naturally taken down a couple of signs, and I became convinced that I had missed the turn and was on the way to Delphi. A policeman appeared, presumably by magic, standing under an umbrella waiting for some traffic to direct. He drew a magnificent map in the air, putting in all the landmarks surrounding the Delphi-Korinth junction, which I had not passed at all.

Once this turn is made, it is impossible to get lost in the Peloponnese unless one has a real genius for such things. The highway is well marked, in English as well as Greek, and it runs in a great loop connecting the principal cities. Most villages lie off to the side, usually on dirt roads. Those that straddle the highway are one-street affairs giving no temptation to wander. Besides, there are perfectly good maps available.

BYOND Korinth, the hills began, the traffic thinned away, and I discovered the conversational character of Greek driving. It goes like this: Coming around a turn so narrow that I run through the engine noise the Volks just left behind it, I find myself in back of a truck. The truck is in the middle of the road, cutting off the view ahead, and it is waddling along briskly but not briskly enough for me. So I poke the horn moderately, meaning, "Gentlemen, I want to pass."

The truck bleats hideously in reply, a long and obviously negative blast. Nothing else happens. I become impatient and sound the horn again, somewhat louder, asking, "Why not?"

The truck produces a series of frantic bellows, clearly meaning, "Do nothing of the sort, absolutely out of the question," and at the same time scoots into the right lane to permit the passage of a bus which is traveling like one well behind schedule. When the bus is out of the way, a brown hand appears from the truck cab to make courteous beckoning gestures and the horn sounds, "All clear ahead." I pass, tooting thank you; the truck toots you're welcome. A couple of turns farther up the mountain, a truck coming down toots a greeting, apparently out of sheer garrulous good humor. I then hear the two of them below me on the road, braying back and forth like donkeys at sundown. Since the fellow coming up has first right to the turn, they must be just chatting.

Near the top of the first ridge I came on a soft-

drink stand consisting of a table with a red-and-white checked cloth, four chairs, a tree, and room to pull off the road. The tree overhung a seventy-degree slope, where the road I had just traveled snaked down in even, narrow loops through low brush, gold grass, and boulders until it faded into dusty green plush at the base of the hills. This green had been a belt of trees when I drove through it. The Gulf of Korinth glittered like silver beyond the shrunken trees, and across it to the north higher hills rolled up into a clear sky. A ship bound for the canal dragged a slow scratch across the shining water.

Two cheerful, dusty children, a boy about nine and his tagalong sister, popped out of the house across the road to take my order. The little girl ran to fetch the lemonade, and her brother, after wiping his nose on the back of his wrist, opened the bottle with the flourish of a wine steward. The gesture was somewhat marred by his mother, who glanced out the door in time to see the nose-wiping and spoke strongly about it.

Greek bottled soda is tart enough to satisfy a thirst instead of merely aggravating it. I sat in the breeze, hung my feet over the Gulf of Korinth, and began to feel cool. The children wanted to know if I spoke Greek. Well, truthfully, no. They were not defeated. The boy pointed to the car. Athenas? Yes. Korinthos? Yes. He turned and pointed south, where the great cloud castles of the Peloponnese already floated high beyond the hills. Nauplion? No, Mycenae. Both children were scandalized. Nauplion and Epidaurus were much better. There is a theater at Epidaurus, they explained, very old, very wonderful. "You can hear everything — everything — even a falling leaf." The boy whisked one off the tree and dropped it, gesturing graciously toward the back row. A large car came down the road and drove right through the orchestra, shocking all of us.

In spite of the good advice, I went to Mycenae. The Peloponnese is rather like a misshapen hand, almost cut off at the wrist by the Gulf of Korinth. The stubby thumb points east, a peninsula lying between the gulfs of Saronikos and Argolikos. The three surviving fingers point south toward Crete. Mycenae lies on the southeastern side of the pass (it appeared as a plain on my map) which cuts north and south across the base of the thumb. It is the obvious route connecting the Peloponnese with Attica and all the northern continent. Atreus' old citadel was placed to control that pass, by the look of it, for the country is too steep for good farming and the water supply is poor even by Greek standards. The staff at Mycenae can see a corner of the Bay of Nauplion, at the head of Argolikos, but it is too far away to go swim-

ming. When I asked if there was any possible way to make an artificial pool, they groaned. "Last summer we had to bring in drinking water." But a little energy with runners and beacons would have kept the kings of Mycenae well informed of what was going on in all three gulfs.

THERE is no modern town of Mycenae. A well-marked side road ambles east across the railroad tracks and climbs in easy curves to a bevy of small hotels and restaurants. The first one has a harmless title on the order of the Mycenae Arms. The second is called *La Belle Hélène*. The back of the Arms sign, placed where customers in the garden of the *Hélène* can enjoy it, is labeled "Iphigenia auf Aulis."

Beyond this cultural battleground the road is new and beautiful and flanked by pink oleander hedges. It curlicues up to the parking lot and the government tourist pavilion and stops, facing a wall of mountains which run down, at road level, into a peculiar salient of lion-yellow rock.

A path leads to the salient, and a ticket collector's little booth perches on the path. It is clearly an enterprise doing nothing in the midst of nowhere. There is no room on that cliff for a decent ruin. Then the eye adjusts to the Cyclopean scale. The cliff is the ruin. That pile of dull yellow stone, shimmering in the treeless heat, has been cut and shaped and rises out of the yellow hills like part of them. It is enormous and alarming, as though the mountain had moved of its own will.

Ruins ought to be merely various styles of rock carving, but they have oddly definite characters of their own. The Acropolis at Athens swaggers with triumph and gaiety, although, to be sure, it swaggers in a well-bred way. Poseidon's Temple crouches on the salt-swept Cape of Sounion, dogged, wary, and dutiful. There is something drunken in the high, sharp air of Delphi. Mycenae, bald as only a well-dug archaeological site can be, lies empty under the antiseptic sun and smells of blood and fear.

The lion gate is on the southwest side of the fortress, but faces north northwest, maddening amateur photographers. Dust has settled in the hollows where the great doors pivoted on their boss hinges, and wispy grass rustles at the threshold. The whole place is dry as an old bone. To the right beyond the gate a double row of low stone slabs marks the edge of the great oval pit where Schliemann found what he thought was the gold death mask of Agamemnon.

The remains of the citadel, stairs, terraces, floors, broken walls, muddle their way to the top of the hill which is the actual base of all this mam-

moth masonry. The spring which once supposedly provided water for Mycenae lay at the bottom of a long rock shaft. The steps are dusty, and the spring, like everything else, is dry. Beyond the commoner's gate in the north wall is the narrow, rough-walled, ankle-twisting tunnel through which local legend says Orestes crept on his way to murder Clytemnestra.

Local legend is a matter of general interest at Mycenae. Official guides are at hand to do the thing formally with dates, authorities, and references, but anybody who happens to be doing nothing much at one of the restaurants is likely to trail along with the tourist simply for the fun of showing off the local marvel. These young fellows all have antique names — Menelaus, Diomedes, Laertes — and talk about Homeric wars as though their own grandfathers had sailed for Troy with Agamemnon. They also know the weak spots in the fence designed to keep visitors from pocketing potsherds and happily connive at minor pilfering. Mycenae is far from completely dug out even now.

The only breeze on that boiling day blew straight through the lion gate. I sat down in the shadow — the lintel is some six feet thick — and panted. A silent man in shirt sleeves, evidently some sort of caretaker, panted on the other end of the threshold. Outside, in the shade of the western wall, a long, thin wooden bench was occupied by a very long, very thin, very old gentleman whose Panama hat kept falling off because the owner's head nodded. Each time the hat fell, the man snapped awake and retrieved it. Finally the hat rolled, and in catching it, which he did very deftly with his cane, he noticed me. He bowed, settled hat and cane on the bench, sat down, and opened a conversation in good English.

"You must be American." Perfectly true.

"Why are you here?" To see Greece, naturally.

"Have you seen all of America?" Not yet.

"Have you seen the Grand Canyon?" No.

"I have. Have you been to Yellowstone? No? I have. Have you been to New Orleans? San Francisco? Carlsbad Caverns? No? What are you doing here, then? Why don't you see your own country instead of coming all the way to Greece to look at old stones?"

I protested that I like old stones, and anyway, what was he doing in the Grand Canyon? Taking a holiday from his job in a copper-smelting plant. He had worked in Colorado and in various other places about the United States, and had seen a startling amount of the country. This adventure had taken place, I gathered, about 1900; some of the landmarks he asked after are long gone, and others have been mutilated. "Is it true that they drive cars into Yellowstone Park and throw picnic papers into Old Faithful? That's terrible. Beer

cans too?" He lamented like any park ranger.

The silent fellow in shirt sleeves now spoke. He stretched, sighed, and said it was very, very hot. There is a hole in the wall just inside the lion gate, an opening that gives on a shallow, triangular space cut out of the stonework and floored by the rock of the hillside. Idly, I said that it would be cooler inside that hole if only it were big enough to get into.

"That hole is not a hole," said the old gentleman. "That is the watchdog's house." He explained the work of a watchdog in the days when the high king ruled at Mycenae. "They had sentries on the walls, high up, but they couldn't see in the dark. When the enemy came by night, silent, creeping up to the gate with a vattering ram" — he snapped his fingers, disgusted with his solitary mistake in English — "you know, battering ram, the sentries couldn't see them but the dog could smell. He barked before they reached the gates — you see there, where the holes are, they stood on pivot hinges, great bronze and wooden doors. Then the people came, threw down torches into this place between the walls, and spears, and drove the enemy away." It had not occurred to me that the walls extending outward beyond the gate were for anything but show. The old man's conjured-up raiding party, however, was having a hard time with them. Not much room to dodge and impossible to run if the comrades behind stood firm. A mean little trap there below the somber lions, full of screams and clattering bronze and falling fire.

A retired guide, I thought, and a good one. I asked if the pit inside was where Schliemann found the shaft graves with all the gold and the wonderful masks, and the question set off a tornado of information. How many graves, where in the pit, how many kilos of gold, a positive inventory of jewelry. "But he was wrong about one thing," concluded the old man, "that king was not Agamemnon. The graves are too early for him. You know what they did with all that gold?"

It was a schoolmaster's question, and I answered it. "It's in the museum at Athens. The gold mask with the sharp nose and eyes that look at you is mounted in the center of the main entrance. The first thing you see as you go in. In the afternoon, the sunset strikes it and turns it rose-colored. It looks alive. It's beautiful."

"Ah," he sighed, "they took away all the beautiful things, but we still have the city. Can't move that to Athens. Have you seen the beehive tombs? That's where Agamemnon was buried — outside the walls." He directed me to the beehive just outside the gate, at the bottom of a narrow gully.

I was at the edge of this gully when a man arrived at a trot. He spoke no English at all, but

explained in pantomime that he had been sent by my friend with the hat. He was a stone specialist who had worked on the restoration, and he pointed out, carefully and proudly, which were the old blocks and which he had helped replace. He called attention to the holes drilled in the stone and drew in air the patterns of the bronze rosettes that had originally been set in them. He was halfway between an artist showing his work and an antiquarian displaying the family Sheraton.

This kind of proprietary love for a ruin on the part of the modern inhabitants of the site seems to be peculiar to Mycenae. In other places, the guides do their job well and the officials attend soberly to their duties, their peace of mind continually menaced by picnics, portable radios, and dogs. They work at a ruin. The Mycenaeans own a ruin, and no visitor is going to miss a single feature of the splendid thing if they can help it.

At the restaurant down the road, I told the waiter that I had met a wonderful old man up at the citadel. "That's Mr. Aristotle," said the waiter. "He's a very clever man. Could have lived anywhere, done well, got rich maybe, but he came back to Mycenae because he loves it."

Could he possibly be old enough to have hung around Schliemann's diggings as a small boy? It would make him almost a hundred. The waiter didn't know. "He certainly saw the later excavations. He is very old. He's been old as long as I remember. Maybe he did. My grandfather worked up there." Everybody worked up there, it seems, full of astonished excitement at what was found and perhaps a tinge of piratical regret. All that gold just lying around, and it took a foreigner to dig it up. But no, protested the waiter, the excavation did not start the fashion for Homeric names. "We have always been called Menelaus and Helen and Ajax in this district."

It was too good a story to doubt.

SOUTH of Mycenae and the flat country around Argos, the road took to the hills again, whooping down to Tripolis like a roller coaster. It is well paved, well graded, and virtually devoid of fences. The drops are giddy but beautiful, for each turn around a spur of the hills reveals a new pattern of yellow fields and dusty green olive orchards. Threads of darker green mark invisible small watercourses, and the wind draws long silver stripes across the olives like finger marks on velvet. In the roadside villages, children wave and shout, "*Tasou*," a most useful word which seems to mean hello, good-bye, good luck, your health, and possibly, how's your Aunt Susie?

At Tripolis the road led into a square with two solid-looking small hotels on one corner. I picked the one without lace curtains, since one must decide somehow, and was given a room with a balcony overhanging the street. The town was hot and dusty, but the center of the square contained a miniature park thick with flower gardens and ornamental trees. A couple of horse-drawn cabs, full of small boys for want of paying customers, slowly circled the square. Nothing else moved.

I closed the shutters and went to sleep, waking at nine in the evening from, of all things, cold. Tripolis is flat but not low, and sundown had brought a fine cidery chill and a smell of burning charcoal, hot olive oil, garlic, flowers, leaves, and horse.

The hotel restaurant had moved out on the sidewalk. There was no reading in the waver of dim green light that fell from lamps among the trees, so the waiter carried the menu in his head. He advised veal chop, which turned out to be very young steak and excellent, allowing for the necessity of cooking all meat thoroughly because Greece lacks facilities for hanging it. Dessert was red cherries in a pewter bowl of ice water.

"Do you have cherries in America?" asked the waiter. He seemed surprised to learn that we do, and encouraged as well, since like so many other Greeks, he wants to come to the United States.

The ambition to emigrate can take unexpected forms. I met one young man who sought respectable employment as gigolo to a rich American, although gravely handicapped by his inability to tell a rich American from a poor one or to recognize a potential employer of either type. The Tripolis waiter was more orthodox. He wanted to know about New York restaurants, and we discussed them until half past eleven, when the whole town went to bed.

The sensible route to Pylos turns off through a town called Messini, the only place where a Greek road marker ever deceived me. It was a pretty little blue arrow with "Pylos" printed on it, very neat and correct, and it pointed up a road that looked no worse than anything else available. Messini is a town large enough to be held responsible for the upkeep of the highway within its territory, with the result that there is no highway, a condition not peculiar to Greece.

The blue arrow led me into an alley full of ditches and potholes, where a large pig and two goats were plainly entrenched residents. They were tethered in opposite gardens but chose to gossip in the street, and no mere wheeled vehicle was going to move them, either. Calculating that this could not be the main road, I retreated and consulted an aged and kindly Messinian. He called in his son, a friend, two passing schoolgirls,

and untold urchins. They all recommended the next alley. It landed me in a washout.

While I considered the gully, a sunburned woman came out of a nearby house and wished me good day. She observed that the road did not please the little car. I agreed. She asked if I wanted to go to Pylos. I did. She explained that the good road was over there, south, beyond that row of houses, to be reached by the first lane to the right. All this was spoken in slow, careful, simple Greek, with none of the magnificent contractions that ordinarily enliven the language. She had estimated her audience perfectly, that noble woman. I found the road on the first try.

Actually, I suspect that all westbound streets in Messini wind somewhere to the Pylos road, and the difficulties of the motorist arise from a local assumption that a car can go anywhere that a horse can. My farmer's wife fortunately knew better.

Another three ridges, more or less, and the road plunged abruptly down to Pylos and the Bay of Navarino, along garden walls overhung by clematis, roses, and orange trees drooping with fruit. On the east side, cellars overlook the road, and on the west, the road overlooks roofs and tree-tops. The bay, a great jewel-blue oval, stretches north and west in a fringe of hills. The sea side is almost closed by a string of rocks and islands, coppery-brown stone reflecting in the still water. The inevitable Turko-Franco-Venetian fortifications, which once held the ship channels under their guns, lie at opposite ends of this immense natural defense work.

THE modern town of Pylos was built yesterday, 1829 to be exact, after the battle of Navarino ended Turkish power in Greece. The French-British-Russian alliance had sent down a fleet of twenty-seven warships to reason with Ibrahim Pasha, who was holed up in Navarino with eighty-nine warships and using the place as a base for widespread and bloody depredations. The disparity in guns was by no means as large as that in ships, a mere matter of two to one, and through what His Britannic Majesty later described as a deplorable misunderstanding, the allied fleet utterly demolished the Turks. This piece of carelessness deprived London and Paris of a long and interesting diplomatic hassle, but it also left Greece independent. The boatman who takes visitors out to view the island breakwater, the fine swimming beach, and the cavern full of stalactites happily points out, on the way, the Turkish hulks rotting in the depths of the clear bay.

The French Army built modern Pylos in a

bathhtub-shaped scoop in the hills behind the fortification at the southeast harbor mouth. What would be the vertical end of the tub opens on the bay, and what would be the bottom is occupied by a pleasant, tree-shaded square surrounded by arcaded shops and scattered with overflow tables from the cafés and restaurants. A large platform at one end of the seawall serves as a turnaround for buses.

When I arrived in Pylos, one of these buses had managed to back over the wall. It was resting on its undercarriage, with the rear wheels hanging ludicrously in space, and all Pylos was drifting down to the square to observe it. Since nothing was being done, the crowd drifted off again, for Greeks are not inclined to stand about in the noonday sun on the chance that something will happen. Something did happen, however, for when I came by there again three hours later, the bus was back on all fours.

The town is charming, the bay is magnificent, but the reason for going to Pylos is Nestor's palace, lately excavated under the direction of Dr. Carl Blegen of the University of Cincinnati. The site was located, after a certain amount of study and consideration, by asking the present inhabitants of Pylos if they knew of any really strange ruins, and the answer was, in effect, "You must mean that old stuff up on So-and-so's place. The poor man is always catching pots when he plows." The pots were the real thing, and years of expert digging have brought up Nestor's capital, which proves to be the most comprehensible and delightful of the Mycenaean remains.

Nestor's town lay about halfway around the bay, some ten miles north of the present Pylos. The road to it runs through thickly planted farm country where olives, wheat, immense lemons, squash, tomatoes, and bananas scramble lushly together. A huge black sow was tethered to a tree, and across the road her six black piglets were also tethered, each to his own smaller tree. Despite the sleek pigs and the thriving crops, the houses were generally disheveled and seemed held together by makeshift repairs.

An unromantic corrugated iron roof on stilts identifies the diggings, which are located at the top of a rather mean little hill. The little hill is the last of a series — the place is on a plateau — commanding a view of the whole bay of Navarino, the encircling hills, and the open sea beyond the breakwater. Standing at his own door, Nestor could count cattle on the hillsides, shipwrights at the docks, warships and merchantmen in the bay, and finally, looking out through the channel, he could observe that the galleys coming in flew no known signal, and order out his patrol boats.

Construction of the iron roof has prevented the

weather from getting at the remains of the palace, which, although reduced to the lower two feet of its walls, presents a perfectly understandable design with bits of painted floor and the lower borders of frescoes still intact. Nestor's family, the Neleids, evidently liked space, and, having plenty of it on their airy plateau, they never developed the habit, interesting to archaeologists but villainously confusing to everyone else, of putting new buildings on top of old ones. There is an old palace to the left, storage rooms and workshops to the right and rear, and the main palace marching unmistakably down the middle.

The young Greek in charge of the place had no English and needed none. He indicated, graciously, the main door. He placed himself on one of the low square slabs that flank it, snapped to attention, and saluted an imaginary dignitary. Beyond a square court with four columns and two more sentry boxes was a narrow, crosswise room with benches. This was evidently where people awaited audience with the king, and they did so in comfort, for the little room to the left was a bar. The caretaker dived into it, drank an imaginary glass, opened an imaginary hatch, and called for orders, but the act, although hilarious, was unnecessary. The place could be nothing else in the world but a bar. There was an arrangement for cooling jugs of wine, and on the floor, exactly where they had fallen when the shelf burned out from under them, lay the fused remains of an astounding number of clay goblets. Dr. Blegen is rumored to have advised a visitor who marveled at the inventory of Nestor's drinking vessels to spend an evening in a Greek tavern and watch the glasses go. The man who told the story added, grinning, "They haven't changed a bit."

In the throne room, the round, raised hearth stands intact. Its sides are painted with a pattern of formal flames, and parts of the floor still show a giddy blue-and-red stippled pattern. There is a square marked out for the throne, and I think a tall man could have sat on it and cocked his heels on the rim of the hearth. Perhaps Nestor was too dignified for this, but he cannot have been too short. The benches outside were not constructed for little people.

The palace must have been a brilliantly handsome structure, for the fresco fragments retrieved and carried off to the local museum indicate that all the principal rooms were painted with animals, birds, people, and fish interspersed with flowers and mythical beasts, and that the building was several stories high. It was also well laid out, with rooms of a reasonable size, corridors proceeding logically from one spot to another, elaborate water and drainage systems, and a general effect of four-square common sense. The style and subject

matter of the frescoes resemble what was found at Knossos, but the clear ground plan is the absolute antithesis of the muddleheaded ramblings of Minoan buildings.

It is easy to imagine living people at Pylos — servants pattering soft-footed through the corridors, the barkeep rattling goblets, a lady-in-waiting poking her elegantly coiffured head out of the queen's doorway to ask the name and rank of the latest guest, the distant chink of metal from the armorer's quarters. The pleasant but interminable baritone rumble from the throne room would be Nestor, telling the latest promising young war chief about the siege engine Odysseus concocted at Troy. By Artemis, mourns the lady-in-waiting, retreating in a tinkle of gold bracelets, he's told it hundreds of times, and I shall never understand the thing. Madame, it's that horse again.

Played at Pylos, this silly game involves no visions of domestic murder or slave gangs sweating to move a twenty-ton lintel. Nestor's foundations consist of neat, manageable stones, and the superstructure, which began close to ground level, was carried on wood. The storage jars still lined up in the magazines are of a readily maneuverable size, about like small hogsheads. In addition to liking space, order, comfort, and a good view, Nestor did not burden his people with awkwardly outsize objects. At least, he didn't do it regularly. The museum in Athens has a wine cup from Pylos that is Gargantuan, but it is also unique.

Like Mycenae, Pylos has a defensive encircling wall, but it is not noticeable, being well away from the palace and not yet completely dug out. What can be seen of it has an odd look, somehow frivolous, as though its construction was a matter of convention rather than caution. The defense wall — this season's indispensable accessory for the truly chic stronghold. So the Neleids, nothing if not chic, had a wall which they never intended to hide behind or to defend, being sea people who expected to meet sea raiders outside the harbor and beat them, if worst came to worst, on the beach. Land defense must have been the business of Mycenae and Tiryns, those great grim piles of stone overhanging the route across the Isthmus of Corinth.

When the Dorian horde came down from the north and took Mycenae, there was no hope of holding Pylos. Perhaps the Neleids did not try, for tradition has it that despite the destruction of the other royal houses of the Mycenaean confederacy, they survived. Nestor's descendants escaped by ship to Athens, which never fell to the invaders because the Athenians withdrew to their wickedly unscalable acropolis and rode out the Dorian

flood. They bragged about it for centuries afterward, while grass took root in the charred wreckage at Pylos and dust covered the few valuables missed by the Dorian looters and finally somebody planted an olive grove, and the spot where Nestor's palace had stood was so utterly forgotten that sober scholars insisted it had never existed at all.

It did exist, though, the western marine frontier of a sprawling confederacy in which Mycenae held the central crossroads, Sparta controlled a rich supply base in the lower Peloponnese, and the far northern borders were patrolled by men like Ajax and Achilles, strong in the arm and weak in the head. It was a handsome, luxurious, highly organized and literate city, and its resurrection has provided modern Pylos with visitors and a tourist hotel to put them in. The Greek word for hotel means just that, a place to put foreigners in, or guests, since the language makes no distinction between the two.

This hotel has a fine view of the harbor and a good place to swim, and like most of its breed, it is ferociously clean, possessed of hot water and comfortable beds, and hasn't a decent reading light on the premises. The cooking is designed for northerners with a suspicion of onions, a terror of olive oil ("It's greasy"), and a conviction that dysentery rages murderously over the Greek countryside. The coffee is instant and vile, but the bottled-water supply is limitless.

I retreated to a restaurant on the square and sat under the trees while the sunset blacked out the rocks of the breakwater and a slow shadow crept around the bay. First the line of yellow beaches vanished, then the dull-red roofs of farmhouses, then the green slopes where the olive trees grow. At last only one high field shimmered on the summit of a northern hill, mother-of-pearl against the indigo sky. The final xenophobic fly went home to bed — they never seem to bite a Greek — a light chill swept in from the water, and three jukeboxes twanged into "Never on Sunday."

The waiter, a formidably efficient boy of thirteen or so, arrived to ask, "You don't eat at the tourist hotel?" He grinned with pure commercial satisfaction, a twist of his nose implying my escape from unspeakable culinary horrors, and we settled to a happy debate on red mullet versus shrimp, souvlakia versus roast, three mysterious vegetable casseroles, salad, yogurt, wine, beer, and four kinds of fruit. A couple of dim lights flickered on the far curve of the bay, and the evening star laid a long, even glimmer across the whole stretch of quiet water. In a taverna up the square, the first glass of Saturday night smashed with a fine explosive crackle. Some things haven't changed a bit.

Edgar Snow in Red China

BY JOHN K. FAIRBANK

Edgar Snow has perhaps gone further to penetrate the partitions of ignorance which separate Red China and the United States than any other living American. For an appraisal of his new book, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, we turn to JOHN K. FAIRBANK, historian, teacher, and director of the East Asian Research Center, Harvard University. During the war Mr. Fairbank served as special assistant to the American ambassador at Chungking, China, from 1942 to 1943, and as director of the United States Information Service in China from 1945 to 1946.

EDGAR SNOW was the first journalist to get into the small northwest area known as Red China in 1936 and give the story of Mao Tse-tung and his followers to the outside world. *Red Star Over China*, published in 1937, became a classic, read everywhere for its biography of Mao, its account of guerrilla tactics, its prognosis of the trend of China's revolution. Twenty-five years later Snow has discovered Red China all over again. In 1960 he spent five months touring the country, the first American reporter who had been there in the old days to do so, and thus he can give us before-and-after comparisons. *The Other Side of the River* (Random House, \$10.00) makes effective use of his background knowledge of Red China. It is a bit as if Marco Polo were playing Rip van Winkle.

Like any major work on a great and controversial problem, *The Other Side of the River* gives the inquiring reader homework to do on many problems of attitude and judgment. The book is full of vivid firsthand detail, personal insights, and not a little philosophizing about the condition of mankind. What lies behind it? What were the author's assumptions and sensitivities, his aims and opportunities? How far did he penetrate the mainland scene? How can American readers evaluate (taking into account their own personal and perhaps barely conscious attitudes concerning Red China) Mr. Snow's attitude and experience, and the various attitudes of the Chinese whom he saw, from old friends among the leadership to young Party activists and peasants in villages?

What realities of China today filter through all these layers of feeling and interpretation?

Leaving aside the embarrassing question whether it is feasible to generalize about 700 million people, as we daily try to do, we can look first at the author, then at his book, and through it, if possible, at China in 1960.

When Ed Snow became a journalist on J. B. Powell's *China Weekly Review* in Shanghai in 1928, he was twenty-two years old, fresh from Kansas City, on his way, as he thought, around the world. By the time he got into Red China in 1936, he had had seven years' experience of the treaty ports, the great northwest famine of 1929-1930, the Japanese undeclared war of 1931-1932 (which he reported in *Far Eastern Front*), and student movements at Yenching University outside Peiping. Like so many Westerners, he had become an intimately involved and yet immune spectator of Chinese life and its intricate daily struggles, especially the absorbing intensity of personal and political relations in a society where the individual must rely not on impersonal institutions, but on other people. By the time Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, Chou En-lai, and the other Communist leaders had completed their hegira, the Long March, escaping from central China to the northwest, and were ready to tell the story of their struggle, Ed Snow at the age of thirty was prepared to understand its implications and report it in very human terms.

Red Star Over China made him, more than most

192030

successful journalists, a sort of institution, an interpreter of the Chinese Communist revolution. Some critics felt that without him it might never have occurred, or at least not gained so much attention. After the united front of 1937–1940 fell apart, he left China, though not before he had helped found the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives movement and seen the Red areas again in their wartime expansion. In 1941 Snow prophesied in *The Battle for Asia* that “liberals who build up hopes that the Communists of China are ‘different’ and ‘only reformers’ and have abandoned revolutionary methods . . . are doomed to ultimate disillusionment.”

As a *Saturday Evening Post* correspondent, he saw wartime Russia and India, post-war Europe, Japan, and Korea, yet he remained a China hand in the common meaning of the term — he had left a bit of his heart there. Snow’s career and opinions are so fully on record, surveyed also in his autobiography, *Journey to the Beginning* (1958), that he is a fairly definite quantity. He is sympathetic to the domestic human aspirations of revolution, unresponsive to its ideological dogma, and has the advantage of thirty years’ perspective on the hard conditions of Chinese life.

GETTING back to Peiping, as the first experienced American journalist in a decade, was not easy. The State Department, Snow says, tried its very best to dissuade *Look* magazine from sending him. His sharpest strictures are applied to Mr. Dulles’ obstruction of journalists’ going to China. He believes Peiping welcomed him in 1960 partly because as early as 1949 he had prophesied Communist China’s independence of Moscow, and accordingly he had been banned from Russia during Stalin’s lifetime. Apparently the Sino-Soviet rift had widened enough to let him in.

Many old friends met him at the Peiping airport. In five months, from July to November 1960, he visited nineteen cities in fourteen provinces, had seventy-odd interviews with all kinds of people — no lack of “opportunity to see China,” despite the usual limitations on a foreign reporter, traveling with guides and usually interviewing through interpreters. He found all-wave radios sold everywhere and available in most hotel rooms. He roamed Peiping alone with a camera and brought out all his films uncensored. “Chinese security is built into the society,” he explains at length; the whole community is trained to check on all its members.

In addition to all the sights, inspections, receptions, and briefings, Snow spent a total of about twelve hours conversing with Premier Chou En-

lai, ate with Chairman Mao in his home, and spent some nine hours interviewing him. He also caught up with the life histories of a multitude of people he had known before. All this makes a big book in eighty-six short chapters.

The Other Side of the River gets its title from Pascal: “A strange justice that is bounded by a river! Can anything be more ridiculous than that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives on the other side. . . .” This expression of the present-day human dilemma, how to avoid organized killing while maintaining differently organized societies, indicates Snow’s rather non-ideological, humanitarian view: Communist China exists, we all have to coexist. Caught between opposed societies, he is in the usual area specialist’s dilemma — how to bridge the Pacific in meaningful terms. His Chinese hosts wanted him to transmit their sense of historical grievance and proud accomplishment. American readers may want him to evaluate Red China in a few well-chosen words, pro or con. Both may be frustrated. Snow is neither an inexperienced traveler susceptible to the sheer enthusiasm of a fellow traveler nor a Kremlinologist chiefly devoted to analyzing power relations as betrayed in Communist jargon. A field reporter, he tries to avoid the oversimplicity of the library researcher, who deals only with documents, not people, or of the columnist, who has to know what he thinks in the first place. His first-person narrative is a mixture of conversations, epitomes of history, reminiscent personal flashbacks, analyses of institutions, and comments on policy. When the Party faithful tell him: This road was only a mule track before Liberation, Snow can reply: That’s strange, I rode a truck over it in 1939.

No other volume on Communist China has covered so broad a range with so much perception. Nevertheless, “travel in China,” says Snow, “provides no magic bag of answers.” To make it more difficult, the returning traveler confronts at home an “amazing number of things people know about China which just aren’t so” — for example, widespread starvation, of which he could find no evidence in 1960. “They were all dying,” he says, “but apparently only at about the same rate people are dying everywhere.”

The main impact of *The Other Side of the River* lies, I think, in its indication of how dangerously wide the river really is. On the American side there is stereotyped ignorance, due less to lack of data than to lack of comparable experience. For America “to accept the Chinese revolution requires too big an act of imagination from a country that has not suffered, itself, for nearly a hundred years.”

On the Chinese side there is, first of all, the arro-

gant doctrinaire and puritanical zeal of the revolution, now implanted in so many sincere and devoted patriotic youths. Snow found Chinese soldiers, for instance, obviously shocked at the idea of premarital sexual relations and baffled by the concept of being a conscientious objector. He found that enthusiastic schoolgirls who were eager to quote Chairman Mao were otherwise uninformed and uninstructed about the outside world.

In recording his conversations with Chinese young and old, Snow continually assesses their lives in their terms and in our terms, and tries looking at "imperialist" America and Communist China through their eyes as well as ours. Many of these exchanges take on a wry sense of irony. He soon learns to anticipate the clichés. "I knew what was coming next and silently joined him in chorus . . . 'nothing against the American people, it's only American imperialism.'"

In general, the industrial and agricultural development, spurred on by the zeal of the revolution, seemed truly enormous, "much greater than I had expected to find." Similarly, the collapse of the statistical system, which contributed to the economic collapse after the Great Leap Forward of 1958, was due in part to overzealous statistical reporting, with "politics in command." That the revolutionary ardor overreached itself in 1958 was partly Mao's responsibility.

As to Mao's view of the world, Snow feels "his grasp of the Western world is a schematic one based on methods of Marxist analysis of classes as they exist in backward economies like the one he grew up in. He lacks sufficient understanding of the subtle changes brought about in those classes in advanced 'welfare states' by two hundred years of the kind of transformation China is only now entering." These out-of-date assumptions as to Western realities are reinforced by lack of contact. "Mao was never out of China until . . . 1949. He has never seen any non-Communist foreign land, not even India or Japan. . . . Up to 1962, only one person in the Politburo, Lo Fu, had ever seen any part of the New World."

Snow cannot forget that the American leadership is in an equal position of ignorance. It has never seen the new China, but seems content to rely on intelligence which is necessarily collected and filtered for security purposes. Returning after his marathon talk with Mao, he was invited to the State Department for an interview which lasted only ten minutes. "It shocked me that the American instrument to whom Mao Tse-tung had bothered to talk for nine hours — obviously with the expectation that he might reach an ear in the White House — could be so completely wasted." Mr. Snow believes that the mutual Sino-

American ignorance is mutually maintained.

His experience of both sides leaves him a liberal in his views, and liberal with criticism. The book winds up with several broad surveys of cold-war areas that seek to ascertain a method whereby opposing interests might possibly be reconciled. However much one may agree or disagree with this individual view, its contribution lies in the bifocal effort to comprehend both sides in emotional as well as rational terms, an effort which is seldom really made on either side, since all observers have been staying on one side of the river, loyal and ignorant, dutifully responsive to the strategic and abstract considerations of their national interest, quite unable to respond to the human goodwill which is usually felt on the personal level by the distant "enemy." This all but fatal estrangement of peoples, in a world now so shrunk by technology, can be overcome only by the peoples themselves, by an "alert and knowledgeable citizenry" capable of recognizing that as a race "we do stand at the threshold of Childhood's end."

Snow's conclusion bears a typical optimism which a more pessimistic historian may question. The Sino-American estrangement has grown up since the 1920s, when China's revolution first entered the villages and began to take on national forms quite alien to the prosperous, legal-minded, individualistic American tradition. Ed Snow's caustic criticisms of various aspects of the United States reflect partly the frustrations of a whole generation of Americans interested in China who have seen many liberal dreams fade and the Sino-American divergence steadily widen. Just at the time in the 1940s when Communism seemed to Americans in the United States to become their mortal enemy, it seemed to the Chinese people in China to become their savior. Ever since, the national life of each people has been oriented against the other. The Sino-American antagonism, like the Sino-Soviet, comes from the deep-seated conflict of national interests, values, and attitudes.

How to resolve the Soviet-American conflict rightly preoccupies us. Since the Soviets developed their missiles, we have built up a considerable program of diplomatic contact and cultural exchange. This contact seems helpful to us in avoiding a disastrous Soviet-American conflict. Red China, however, as yet has no missiles. We have already fought once, in Korea, but we still avoid the kind of journalistic, academic, and cultural contact we have with the Soviets.

In the absence of contact during the last thirteen years, ignorance and self-righteousness have increased on both sides of the river. They can lead only toward further conflict.

The Banks of the Ohio

A Story by SALLIE BINGHAM

Southern-born and a graduate of Radcliffe, class of 1958, SALLIE BINGHAM started the writing of fiction while she was in college. One of her short stories won the Dana Reed Prize for 1957 and was reprinted in THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1959. Her first novel, AFTER SUCH KNOWLEDGE, was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1960.



EVERY afternoon that summer, rain or shine, the yellow taxi would turn into Pion Way at six minutes past six o'clock and stop in front of the house. Lutie's mother would spot it from the window seat where she had spent the day, licking envelopes for charity and watching the world go by, and she would call, "Lamb Tail, I believe I see him." Given a chance, she would add, "Lutie, I'm not at all sure he should park there. It's marked No Parking, and you know I try to be impartial." So Lutie was nearly always ready when Shriver came, and she would run downstairs and out the door with the long day coiled like a spring behind her.

Outside, she would calm down and walk slowly, under the weight of her mother's watching, across the strip of burned grass to the yellow taxi. Shriver had never been known to get out for her, but he would lean across the seat to open the door.

Several times a week, Lutie brought a picnic hamper packed with tuna fish sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs — the same meek food she and her mother took every April to Burning Bush State Park to see the wild flowers. For Shriver's sake, she would add a pickle jar of gin and ginger ale; the picnic was to be eaten in his rowboat, the *Dolly*.

The *Dolly* was the only thing Shriver owned. The taxi, of course, was borrowed — he was a college graduate, the taxi job was only for the time being — and he lived in a boardinghouse on Third Street. Even the town he worked in, the town where Lutie bought every stitch she wore and ate cottage cheese salads with girls she had known in school, had no claims on Shriver. He had hitch-

hiked up from Florida, stopping in Louisville because the trucker he was riding with had a load to deliver at a cigarette factory. After two years, Shriver still did not know the names of the city streets, and he usually had to ask his passengers to direct him. When they did not know, he would telephone Lutie from a diner — "Ah, hello, did you ever hear of a place called Shawnee Parkway?" — cutting into her quiet morning with a question about a place she might have heard of, but would surely never want to be. For some reason, most of Shriver's customers wanted to go to the South End.

He would never have kept his job for so long if his boss, a man named Daddy Armstrong, had not had such respect for education. Daddy had never had a college graduate driving for him before, and he was so impressed that he let Shriver keep the taxi at night, after work. Lutie sometimes thought of telling Daddy, in a joking way, that she knew every crack and seam in that taxi's cocoa-colored plastic upholstery. But that was ancient history — before the first of July, when Shriver bought the rowboat for twenty-five dollars and christened it with a bottle of ginger ale.

One afternoon toward the end of August, when the heat was at its height, they parked the taxi on Henny's Public Pier and took out the picnic and carried it down to the *Dolly*. Lutie got in first and settled herself in the stern. She was chary of her white piqué dress; the *Dolly's* seats were still not really clean, although she had gone after them with a scrubbing brush. Shriver cast off from the

Detail of drawing by Philip Kappel. Courtesy of Putnam's & Coward-McCann

iron ring and gave the shore a shove with his foot, and they drifted out into the oily river.

IT WAS hot enough to raise the smell of the yellow mud which the spring flooding of the river had left caked on the low-hanging trees. Under the trees, the banks were beaten bare except for poison ivy, lovely in autumn; back farther, green corn nobody owned grew as high as forests. The bare roots which humped along the banks were used for moorings by the houseboats. Lutie and Shriver drifted past one, the *Sugar Belle*, snubbed up tightly against the bank; there were geraniums in her window boxes under blue-striped awnings, and deep inside, a radio was playing softly. Next they passed an inhabited barge, with laundry limp on a line and a woman hunched over, stirring dinner in a tin pot.

Shriver dropped the mooring rope in a wet tangle on the bottom of the boat, and Lutie said, "If this is my house, you should make more effort," as she bent to pick it up. Shriver said, "Be careful, now," and started for the rowing seat. He was a tall person, not heavy but large, and each time he put his foot down the boat dipped to that side. At last he sat down and fitted the oars, which were not even a pair — one was blue, and a foot longer — into the oarlocks. He pulled the boat around in a tight circle. "I never thought to see the day when I'd put up with a person afraid to dirty her skirt," he said, watching the way Lutie was handling the wet rope.

"Every time I come home with a spot on my skirt, Mother thinks she's lost me," Lutie said. "Look out for that boat." The river was crowded in the late afternoon, and half the people on it didn't know beans. The big motor cruisers were just excuses for mindless lechery; they were always running aground on Hog Island with an unmarried couple in every berth.

Shriver pulled the *Dolly* to the left just in time. He did not lower himself to look over his shoulder at the houseboat they had barely missed. "Did your mother give you a lot of jaw about getting in late last night?" He sounded practically hopeful.

Lutie did not answer until she had taken a good look at the houseboat they were passing, the *Doreen Ann*, and drawn her own conclusions from the beer bottles and the fat women sitting with their legs up. It was Shriver's river, not hers. The only river she knew was the protected stretch below the yacht club, where her father used to sail his *Lightning* every Sunday until he died.

"She didn't say anything, except she had gotten a little lonely," she answered Shriver finally, and when he huffed she decided not to tell him that her

mother had drawn her down onto her bed: "Lambie, these nights go on and on." Her mother's sweet wistfulness, as well as the pink crepe de Chine nightgown she was wearing, had reminded Lutie of the nights just after her father's death, when they had been close and sorrowful as two birds in a nest. Shriver did not know anything about the sweetness of that bedroom, where the shades were always down and the drawers were full of hand-embroidered underwear and lavender sachets, breathing. Shriver was always saying she could not eat her cake and have it, but her mother needed her, and for more reasons than one.

"It would be better if she did get angry with us," Shriver was droning on. "Then at least something could be discussed." He failed to understand that nothing could be discussed with her mother except clothes or the weather, which covered a good deal of ground. "Eighty-nine at six forty-five; I heard it on the radio," her mother would say, and if Lutie replied, "I didn't suffer," it meant her evening with Shriver had been nice and well behaved. Twice her mother had almost lost her, when the humidity had risen as high as the heat and the only thing Lutie could think of was to shed her clothes and her complications and lie back in cool passion, allowed if not admired.

"Duck," Shriver warned, and he leaned on the oars while they floated under a low limb. "The funny thing is, I sort of like her," he said, beginning to thrash the oars again, "and she sort of likes me. Remember that time I came to dinner? She kept saying, 'Thank you, Mr. Ellis, for giving my little girl some excitement.'"

Lutie laughed. "Excitement!"

He leaned on the oars. "That's all it's been, isn't it, Lutie?"

"Oh, Shriver, we've been over and over that ground."

"We're spared a lot," he said, going back to joking. He never would drive her to the wall. "Think if she actually liked me and we had to go there to dinner every other night. Over the peach-walnut soufflé she'd be asking me my intentions."

"It's not that I mind Shriver Ellis being poor and half educated and having no future," Lutie mimicked what he must think her mother would say. "It's just he's such a *plain* person."

"Does she mean my face or my soul?"

She looked at him. It hurt, to have to say. She knew his face so well she couldn't defend it, even from her own spite. He was yellow-brown from a summer on the river, and his eyelashes and eyebrows were bleached out white, so that he looked as though he were always startled and staring. Yet it was a plain face, one she wouldn't have had any trouble losing in a crowd. He had spotted brown eyes which still did not really interest her — his

soul? — and his cuticles rose halfway over his nails, and she never could think of his size with any comfort. Sometimes she thought it was his sheer bulk which prevented her from wanting to see him without clothes and not, as he was always hinting, the look she would find afterward in her mother's eyes. He would simply have too much flesh to bear, once he was naked. And such solemn flesh! She had known from the first time she rode out from town in his taxi that Shriver was different from the well-bred boys she knew, who would roll all over you on the country club golf course and then go back to college and send you a postcard: "How's tricks?"

"Your soul, I guess she means," she said, and then she hated herself for a minute, because after three months of necking and straining she was still holding him down to jokes. "Oh, Shriver," she said, "it looks like we never can be serious."

That was a mistake. He dropped the oars and came for her, getting over the seat on all fours like a bear getting over a log. The boat dipped to one side, and she held on with both hands. "Go back, Shriver. You'll sink us both." But he was already kissing her on the ear and leaning his full weight on her shoulders until she thought she would cave in. "How about some supper, it must be way past seven o'clock," she said, reaching under his arm for the picnic basket.

He sat back then. "All right, church social. How much am I bid for this box?"

Unwrapping the sandwiches, she pressed each piece of waxed paper out flat and laid it back in the hamper. "You should have married a poor man," Shriver said, "with your ways."

"Don't get ugly with me, Shriver. Shall we tie up to the shore?" For the last five minutes, they had been floating sideways across the river.

"If we tie up, I'll try to get you to go on the bank, and you'll fight me about it for an hour."

I am just a girl, she wanted to say. I am just frightened. I wear elastic garter belts with blue roses and white cotton petticoats with eyelet embroidery, and although I really like you, I do not know your ways. But he had shamed her out of using those excuses. "All right, then, we'll just float wild in the river," she said, handing him a tuna fish sandwich to plug his mouth.

Watching him eat, she knew that was what she really wanted: to feed him, with homemade lemon cupcakes and gummy chess pies, with hot love and cool affection, beef stew and jellied broth, until he was finally filled up and could let her be. "I guess it doesn't mean anything," she said, to rile him, peeling an egg. "All the good meals we've eaten together, the picnics and the casseroles and the blue-plate steak dinners. I guess nothing means anything, to you, except *that*."

"It's pretty thin pickings."

"Not for me, it isn't."

"Well, maybe not, but you have your house and your mother, and pretty soon, that job practically running L.A. Leak Dry Goods. And all your other neat little things."

"I don't see why you have to be so pitiful. You have your job, your life —" She had to stop there. His life had no more to it than a gnat's. Hitchhiking up from the South with his family dead or gone; he didn't even have a picture to show her of the place where he'd been born. Thin pickings, indeed!

"You're right," he said. "All my life, I've had my job and my life and the whole weight of myself on my hands. It's not a satisfaction."

"Have another tuna sandwich," she said. She refused, of all things, to pity him.

As SHE held out the sandwich, she heard the drumming of a big boat. "That reminds me, we haven't seen another boat for an hour," she said, and she shaded her eyes to admire the big blue motor cruiser coming toward them slowly and trailing a wide wake. "*L'Heure Bleu*, Port of Lou," the gold letters along the bow read. Lutie remembered the name; the boat docked at her father's club. Now she saw three people laid out in lounge chairs on the top deck. As the boat came closer, one of the people leaned down and said something to the man who was steering, and they all laughed. The big horn honked rudely, twice.

"*Blat, blat*," Shriver said, making a face over his shoulder. He turned back to Lutie. "You're bound to know I can't go on this way forever."

That made Lutie angry; she wouldn't stand for threats. "You know what I wish?" she said. "I wish for just one second I was laid out in a deck chair on that boat, with a Tom Collins in one hand and about six dozen peanuts in the other. Just for one minute, so I could enjoy myself."

"All right, Miss Priss," Shriver said. "I thought it was something else holding you back, but I guess it's nothing but goddamned prissiness."

"Don't you curse at me, boy," she said, flushing.

Blat, the horn said, over her head.

Shriver grabbed an oar and began to thrash the water. Lutie looked up and saw the big boat hanging over them.

She reached for the blue oar. Shriver was pulling them around in a circle. The motor cruiser hummed and thumped as the engines were reversed. She screamed at Shriver, but he gave a last desperate thrash and they turned in under the blue cruiser's bow. Lutie reached to fend it off, and then she felt Shriver's hand in the small of

her back and she fell, scraping her shin on the side of the rowboat.

Coming up with a gasp in the warm water, she thought, thank God, no more arguments.

Then a wave slapped her in the mouth and she drew in a long gasp of water. Choking, she spat out, and then remembered to breathe through her nose. It felt stripped. She had been in the water all summer, and now it felt more comfortable than the air. Treading water, she began to work off her shoes.

The stern of the big boat was already some distance away, but the loud thumping of the screws was still vibrating in the water around her. Hearing that, Lutie realized for the first time that she was in danger, and she heaved onto her back and began to kick for the shore.

After a few kicks, she thought of Shriver and came upright in the water, pushing her wet hair out of her eyes and looking.

He was floating about ten yards downstream, hanging onto the *Dolly*, which had capsized. The blistered brown hull rose and fell gently on the water. "Go for the shore," Shriver called in an ordinary voice. "I'll hang on to the boat." Then he turned his head away, as though he had seen her hesitating.

Lutie hung a minute, treading water. One day on the pier, Henny had asked Shriver, "Can you swim?", and he had answered, "Don't you know I was raised at a country club?"

Then she turned over on her back and began to kick toward him.

The river, so calm and oily on the surface, was fierce a few inches underneath with an offshore current. Each time Lutie kicked, the current caught her foot and dragged it sideways. Soon she turned over on her stomach to measure the distance.

Shriver and the boat had already floated farther away. This time Lutie did not hesitate; she turned over on her back and began to kick hard, dragging her arms up over her head and down through the water to make time against the current. Mrs. Leland, the lady swimming teacher, had given her a lesson every Monday in the shallow end of the country club pool; each time she had learned a stroke, Mrs. Leland had given her a lemon lollipop. The thought of the lemon lollipop made Lutie feel lost, and she tried to fix her attention on the small, the very small chop her feet were setting up in the water.

A long way upstream, the big blue motor cruiser was nosing along the bank, and for the first time she thought, the bastards! They never even bothered to stop.

A little later she began to notice the weight of her dress, and she let her feet drop and came up-

right in the water, to work on the side fastening. Clumsily, she wrenched at the tiny hooks and finally eased the dress off one shoulder and then off the other, sinking, as she did so, below the surface. The dress was hanging around her waist when it occurred to her that she was about to put her foot on the filthy muddy bottom. She pumped hard with her legs and came back up. She rested for a minute, then doubled over and worked the dress down over her knees. It fell away and hung in a white clot just below her feet. Free at last, she leaned back and swam on.

Soon she grew tired and turned over on her stomach to try the crawl. She had never really mastered the stroke, and her legs kept sinking below the surface of the water. Each time she turned her face to take a breath, she looked at the shore. After ten breaths, she had to admit that she was not getting anywhere; the big white sycamore which had been opposite her head when she started was now just off her knee. So she lay and floated, giving herself up to the tug of the current, until the thought of Shriver drifting farther and farther away started her up again, hammering through the water. This time she had to stop almost immediately. Her legs had become limp and soft, and the current was pulling her out to the middle of the river. Dry panic clung to the roof of her mouth. Raising her arms once more, she thought, here I am in the middle of the Ohio River, drowning, and nothing has ever happened to me. That seemed more important than anything else. A feeling of great luxury was sweeping over her, and she raised her arms languidly over her head, knowing it was for the last time.

Shriver caught her by the wrist and pulled her to the side of the rowboat. "Hang on," he gasped, "I can't hold you." He folded her fingers over the narrow ridge of the keel, and then he let go of her and hung from both his hands for a moment, and then he put his left hand back over hers. She shook her head, to tell him that she could hang on by herself — she knew, from his face, how long he had been waiting — but he kept his hand clamped over hers. So for a while she lay with her legs streaming out behind her and her cheek resting on the scaly hull of the *Dolly*.

Then she raised her head and said, "We better get started." She looked around the end of the boat to gauge the distance to the shore. It did not look too far. She took a new grip on the keel and began to kick, and after a moment, Shriver started too, and the *Dolly* lumbered forward.

Their combined kicking seemed very strong, and she turned her head to smile at Shriver. "It's you should have gotten the lemon lollipop." He did not smile, and she wondered why he had to look so white and stricken when the shore was prac-

tically within reach. Then he turned his head toward her and laid his cheek on the side of the boat, and she heard his kicking falter and stop. "Too heavy," he gasped. "You swim. I'll wait."

Lutie looked around the end of the boat and saw that they still had some way to go. "I don't know about you, but I'm not leaving the *Dolly*," she said.

"She's served," he whispered, and she saw that his eyes were closing.

"Not yet, she hasn't." She was frightened; his voice sounded so peaceful and dull. "I take back what I said about the lollipop," she told him, trying to sound angry, and then at some expense she made a loud thrashing in the water with her feet. Without Shriver kicking, the boat hardly moved at all, but she went on working, out of pride, not daring to look at him. After a long time, she heard him begin to kick. But with only one foot. At least, that was the way it sounded. After her own pair of kicks, she listened for his, and the little soft splash he made, like a twig falling into the water, almost drove her mad. "Kick with both feet, you nuthead," she gasped. "You're supposed to be the strong one." But he did not even lift his head off the boat.

Then the other side of the *Dolly* butted into something solid, jarred, hung still, and began to rock in place as peacefully as a porch swing.

VERY slowly, with heavy paddling motions which had no connection with any stroke she had ever learned, Lutie eased around the end of the boat, holding on with one hand. She saw the branch they had hit, jutting like a horn out of the brown water. But when she tried to stand, the sweet soft mud sank away beneath her, and so she had to leave the boat nodding against the branch and paddle farther in. When she had found a place where she could stand, chin-deep in still water, she marked it in her mind and swam slowly back to the boat, where Shriver was hanging.

"Come on. We're there." She had to unbend each of his big fingers to get him off the keel. "Swim." But he hung, a dead weight, off her hands until at last she grew angry and said, "At least make some effort." It was quite a way to the shore, and she had to drag him the whole distance, hitched in the crook of her elbow. Even then, he kept slipping away from her, stiff and unmanageable as a waterlogged piece of tree. At last she was standing and he was sitting or crouching beside her in the shallow water.

She stood beside him, mechanically wringing out her hair.

Presently he looked up, and she saw that his eyes were bloodshot from the water. "Can you make it from here?" she asked formally.

He nodded, and when she leaned down and hooked her hands under his arms, he struggled to his knees and finally to his feet. Standing, he leaned his whole weight on her, and she felt, with strange wonder, his weight, and his weakness. Then he leaned away from her and walked carefully to dry ground and sat down. She followed and sat down near him.

After a while, she asked, "Why didn't you look at me all that time I was trying to get to you?" She made it sound as though he had been rude.

He shook his head, knocking water out of his ears. "I guess pride cometh," he said in a husky voice.

"I thought you could swim. I thought that day on the pier you told Henny you could swim."

"I thought you weren't going to make it, and all I could do was hold onto that boat and try to push it toward you."

Then she began to shiver. Her fingernails were purple, and her teeth clacked loudly in her head. "I'm too cold," she complained, and she kneeled and pulled off her wet white slip.

"Here," he said, and he took the slip from her and wrung it out. She looked at him. His white shorts were pasted to him with water, and water was running down his thighs, combing the dark hair straight. She watched him wringing out the slip, and then she looked down and saw the tops of her stockings and the metal hook of her garter. She sat down and tried to cover herself.

"Oh, Lutie, you're freezing," Shriver said, and he took off his shirt, which was soaking wet, and wrung it out and laid it across her shoulders.

She thought of saying, It's late in the day for that, but instead she thought of his great weight when he had leaned on her, and his weakness. It seemed a wonderful mixture, wonderful and terrifying.

Then he got up and went to spread her slip out to dry. Lutie watched him and pulled the sleeves of his shirt down to cover herself. He slapped the wet rag against his knee and spread it carefully on a rock, where the last sunlight lay in a little pool. He untangled the slip straps and draped them over the edge of the stone as though he had been doing this kind of thing for her for many years. Finally he turned around and came toward her, shaking river water out of his hair.

Desegregation

In the eight and a half years that have elapsed since the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its decision banning segregation in the public schools, a civil rights revolution has taken place. For a closer scrutiny of the changing attitude of some liberals toward desegregation, we turn to MURRAY FRIEDMAN, who holds a doctorate in American political and social history from Georgetown University and who has been an intergroup-relations official for eight years.

THE WHITE LIBERAL'S RETREAT

BY MURRAY FRIEDMAN

IN THE forties and fifties, liberals, intellectuals, and many middle-class whites came to believe that the elimination of segregation was the central domestic problem in our country. There was general agreement outside the South that once this was accomplished a host of social, political, and economic problems involving the Negro would disappear and he would finally be able to take his place as an equal partner in American life. When the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its momentous decision in 1954 banning segregation in the public schools, a high-water mark in the alliance of the liberal white and the Negro was reached. The decision set in motion the civil rights revolution we are experiencing today, in which the Negro, aided by a sympathetic white community, has been seeking entry into areas of American life previously closed to him.

In the eight and a half years that have elapsed, a reaction to desegregation and to militant efforts by Negroes to achieve it has emerged among many of those who greeted the High Court decision so enthusiastically. These second thoughts have developed as a result of the pain and turmoil involved in making what proved to be difficult social adjustments. In some measure, too, historical anxieties about and antipathy to the Negro have reasserted themselves. Such a retreat or pull-back on the part of liberal whites (including many conservatives who are liberal on race issues) has important consequences for civil rights progress.

One of the indications of this retreat appeared following the wave of resistance that swept through the South after the 1954 decision. Northern liberals expected opposition, but when violence developed in Little Rock, Clinton, and other parts

of the South and public schools were closed, they were startled by the extent of the upheaval. Gallup Polls have shown, as Charles Stember has noted in his recent study, *Education and Attitude Change*, a shift in attitude in 1957 among better-educated whites. Increasingly, they have been willing to accept a slower and smaller amount of desegregation in the South.

This mood was reflected by President Eisenhower at press conferences, where he sidestepped expressing an opinion on the decision itself and cautioned that change must first come about in the hearts and minds of men. It is found in the hesitation of the Kennedy Administration (which has been far better on civil rights than its predecessor) to introduce new civil rights legislation and in the efforts of the President to find a national consensus on racial issues.

While Northern opinion has firmly rejected violence and outright defiance of federal court decisions on desegregation, as demonstrated in Mississippi, it has accepted token integration, the device Southerners have skillfully fashioned to avoid the consequences of integration. Apart from indignant Negroes who have reacted with sit-ins and other direct-action efforts, few voices have been raised against token integration, in spite of the fact that less than 8 percent of Negro children in the South are attending desegregated schools, less than one percent if we exclude border areas such as Washington, D.C., and Baltimore. Northern opinion was satisfied with progress made when Atlanta, Dallas, and a few more cities admitted a handful of Negro children to white public schools for the first time without violence.

This new understanding of Southern adjust-

ment problems on the part of white supporters of integration also results from certain changes that have taken place in the North. The heavy exodus of Negroes from the South since World War II has, to a large degree, shifted the center of the race problem to the metropolitan areas of the North and West. The Negro is no longer an abstraction to the white liberal but a concrete reality—in many instances, a potential or actual next-door neighbor, a classmate of his child's, a coworker at office or workbench. This confrontation very often points up the gap between the worlds of the Negro and the liberal white.

The white lives in a middle-class society marked by an emphasis and overemphasis on education, aspiration, and advancement. The world of the Negro frequently is the urban slum. It is a world of slum housing and slum living, where violence, family dislocation, and blunted hopes are the norms. (There is, of course, a middle-class Negro community, and it is growing, but most whites have little or no experience with it.) Contact with it produces shock and disgust, as in the description by Marya Mannes of the West Seventies in New York, where she grew up. There are still some nice people there, she writes, but they are lost in a "brown sea of squalor."

Liberal whites are, consequently, caught in the dilemma of believing in equal rights for Negroes and even of working for them, while at the same time attempting to escape from the real and fancied disadvantages of desegregation. In recent years, they have helped put on the books of many cities and states laws banning discrimination in the sale or rental of housing, yet they themselves have been moving to the farthest reaches of the cities and to the suburbs. They have pushed up the enrollment at private and parochial schools, shut their eyes to the widespread practice of gerrymandering of school district lines to avoid integration, and helped to create pressures for separating slow from rapid learners in the public schools, a process which often results in keeping middle-class white children apart from Negro and Puerto Rican youngsters.

I do not want to oversimplify this situation. The movement out of the older areas of cities has always been a form of advancement for Americans. And the pressure for separating slow from rapid learners represents in no small measure concern among middle-class whites that educational excellence be encouraged. Liberals are genuinely worried about what the introduction of unprepared slum children will do to their schools. They are fearful that physical commingling of middle-class children with culturally deprived youngsters will depress the level of the schools serving the former while the latter, unable to keep up because of in-

adequate preparation and background, will become even more embittered and hostile. The result is that many liberals, while opposed to color lines, are helping to make these lines stronger and tighter.

IT WOULD be easy to dismiss liberal whites as possessing double standards and being as prejudiced as those they criticize, which some, in fact, are; nearer the truth, however, is the fact that they have been confronted with a series of extraordinarily complex problems growing out of the need to adjust to a modern urban society large numbers of rural Negroes from the South suffering from inferior, segregated educations and other deprivations. The belief of the liberal whites in interracial justice, while morally sound, does not provide a useful guide for dealing with this situation.

To add to his dilemma, the liberal white is increasingly uneasy about the nature and consequences of the Negro revolt. Out of the bitterness and want that have been the lot of the Negro in our society has come a civil rights revolution whose explosive power worries and even frightens those people who traditionally have been sympathetic to the Negro. The N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League were fashioned early in the century by a coalition of whites and Negroes to change old and create new law on civil rights and help adapt the Negro to his new urban environment. These essentially middle-class techniques of social action are now labeled too slow by newer Negro (and some white) "direct actionists," who have turned to sit-ins and boycotts in the North as well as in the South, "buy Black" campaigns, and strident demands by Negro leaders that Negroes be elected or appointed to office on a frankly racial basis. There has also been a growth in the Negro nationalist movement.

Liberals are increasingly resentful of these demands. In testimony before a congressional committee investigating alleged discrimination against Negroes and Puerto Ricans in unions recently, David Dubinsky cried, "I'll be damned if I will support the idea of the professional Negro, the professional Jew, the professional Italian that a man should be a union officer because of his race, color, or creed. He should be an officer on his merits, ability, character." Quite so. But ethnic and religious considerations have long been a factor in public life, partly for practical reasons but also as a means of providing upward mobility for minorities. It is rather late in the game for liberals to hold up this yardstick rigidly to the Negro.

White leaders who have not or who are thought not to have adjusted to the new tempo of racial change have come under bitter attack. (The

Chicago *Daily Defender* recently called Dean McSwain of Northwestern University, chairman of the Chicago Mayor's Committee on School Board nominations, "a well-known Negro hater" and charged his committee was "composed of men and women who are little removed from the Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Council mentality" because they had proposed no Negroes for school board vacancies.) These harsh criticisms, which many white liberals see as making little or no distinction between friends and enemies, have angered many of them.

Involved also in the disenchantment of some liberals with the new Negro is the realization that they are being thrust aside from positions of leadership in the civil rights effort. Having controlled this fight for so long and dictated much of its strategy, the liberals resent being pushed out. Jewish civil rights groups, for example, have always felt a special interest in the Negro. Jews were active in the creation of the N.A.A.C.P.; for many years it has had Jewish presidents. More and more, Negroes are going it alone. Newer, completely Negro-led groups, such as Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, and A. Philip Randolph's Negro Labor Council have charged or indicated by their actions that white civil rights groups and the more conservative Negro organizations have been moving too slowly or not moving at all. This has produced considerable friction within the civil rights coalition, as evidenced in the bitter debates between Randolph and George Meany of the AFL-CIO. The N.A.A.C.P. has recently added to the tension by leveling charges of racial discrimination against the Jewish leadership of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union.

The attacks upon Jewish civil rights leadership have been still another element in the growing estrangement of liberals from the Negro. A middle-class group with special status fears growing out of their own experiences with discrimination, Jews are worried about Negroes' moving into their neighborhoods, which are often the first to be broken in the Negro advance. They are caught between their belief in interracial justice and a desire to join the middle-class exodus to the suburbs, a desire which has been heightened by evidence of Negro anti-Semitism and the rise of the "black nationalist" movements. Jews, however, continue to remain in the forefront of the civil rights fight; they are often found in the leadership of efforts to stabilize mixed neighborhoods and are usually the first to welcome newly moved-in Negro families.

In the final analysis, a liberal, white, middle-class society wants to have change, but without

trouble. And this an aroused Negro community cannot provide, as was demonstrated in the freedom rides crisis. When the first riders went into Anniston and Birmingham, Alabama, in May, 1961, and were initially greeted by violence, there was strong sympathy for them. As the rides continued, however, the public mood shifted to apprehension.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy called for a cooling-off period. The head of the St. Louis Catholic Interracial Council, a veteran of more than twenty years in civil rights work, announced his opposition to the efforts of outsiders to bring about racial change while supporting sit-ins. "Whatever is used that increases racial tension," he concluded, "is not good, per se." By June 21, the Gallup Poll reported that 63 percent of those aware of the rides disapproved of them.

In his concern about avoiding social turmoil in race relations, the liberal white stands in danger of trying to contain the civil rights revolution. He cannot do this, nor would it be wise to do so if he could. It is a revolt well within the American tradition of social protest. Negro militancy, while it undoubtedly presents certain dangers, has accomplished the white liberal's goal of bringing about civil rights advances. Within a year after the first rides, barriers to racially integrated travel in the South largely disappeared. Important social change is rarely accomplished without conflict; moreover, such change in the South has always required pressures from other parts of the country. If the pent-up bitterness of the Negro community is not relieved by the type of gains symbolized in the accomplishments of the freedom rides or the equally successful boycotts to obtain jobs organized by Negro ministers in many Northern cities, it might easily burst out in new and socially irresponsible directions, perhaps in the further growth of the racist, Negro nationalist movements.

Another area of difficulty lies in the rift that has been developed between the white intellectual and the Negro. To no group is the Negro more indebted. It was the sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists, and liberal thinkers and writers who, beginning in the thirties, attacked the myth of the inferiority of Negroes and helped gain wide acceptance for the belief that Negroes should be accorded equal rights and opportunities. One of the major grounds on which the U.S. Supreme Court rested its decision on desegregation was the evidence of social scientists that public school segregation created in the minds of Negro children feelings of inferiority and denied them equal protection of the laws. It is significant that the Supreme Court has increasingly come under attack from critics outside the South for the reason-

ing used in its desegregation decision, although few challenge the end result of the decision. Lawyers have taken the High Court to task for basing itself "upon the quicksands of social psychology."

SINCE 1954, there have been indications of a change in the way in which the Negro and racial problems are viewed by intellectuals. There has even been an attempt to make racism scientifically respectable. One group has emerged which includes Carleton Putnam, a businessman and historian; Henry E. Garrett, former head of the Department of Psychology at Columbia and a past president of the American Psychological Association; and Nathaniel Weyl, author of *The Negro in American Civilization*, who argue that Negroes are inferior biologically and in innate ability to whites. They cite various studies which show that the I.Q. of Negro children is below that of white youngsters, the discrepancy becoming greater with advancing years, and point to the high rate of Negro crime and social disorganization. They attribute this to differences in brain structure between African Negroes and whites rather than to environmental shortcomings, deprivation, and discrimination.

While theories on racial differences have been repudiated by most social scientists, the appearance of these ideas and the seriousness with which they have been treated by some scholars and liberal thinkers are significant. Commenting on an article by Professor Garrett comparing Negro and white I.Q.'s in the Summer, 1961, issue of *Perspectives in Biology*, Professor D. J. Ingle, head of the Department of Physiology at the University of Chicago, writes, "There are reasons for thinking that racial differences in intelligence may be real." And in a review of Weyl's book, Nathan Glazer, who collaborated with David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd*, while critical of Weyl's reliance on African brain-size data and on other points, concludes that he "is clearly free of any prejudice and deserves credit for having raised for public discussion crucial aspects of the Negro question which receive little discussion in academic and liberal circles, and which are usually left in the hands of bigots and incompetents. . . . What are we to make of the high rates of [Negro] crime and delinquency, illegitimacy, family break-up and school dropout?"

That there are intelligence and behavioral differences between Negroes and whites, taken as groups, is of course true. Most social scientists attribute these differences to the special historical experience of the Negro. The important thing is that these differences are not fixed, as the racial-difference theorists believe. We know that in

New York's Demonstration Guidance project and Higher Horizons programs, conducted in slum schools, dramatic successes have been achieved in raising I.Q.'s and improving the behavior of Negro and Puerto Rican children. These programs point to the importance of making up for cultural shortcomings and stimulating the motivation of children to learn and behave rather than investigating African brain size.

The question that Glazer poses has been a source of growing concern to liberal thinkers (and to some Negro leaders) since 1954. John Fischer, in a widely discussed article, several months ago called upon Negro leaders to look up from the civil rights fight they are waging and give attention to remedying the behavioral and cultural shortcomings of the Negro. This emphasis has led to efforts such as Dr. Shepard's in St. Louis, to upgrade Negro slum children before they are thrown into the more difficult world of the middle-class white, and to the dramatic successes achieved by New York's Demonstration Guidance project and Higher Horizons programs. These efforts are a reflection of growth in the liberal's understanding of the full dimensions of the race problem.

There is some indication, however, that the effort, as Fischer puts it, to bring about "changes in the habits, character and ambitions of a lot of Negroes" is causing some liberals to accept postponement of pupil desegregation, especially in slum areas, although they continue to accept the goal of integration. In his important and well-received book *Slums and Suburbs*, James Conant, while sharply attacking discrimination against the Negro, nevertheless sees no need to try to eliminate public school segregation that results from housing patterns and is not enforced by law. "I think it would be far better for those who are agitating for the deliberate mixing of children," he writes, "to accept *de facto* segregated schools as a consequence of a present housing situation and to work for the improvement of slum schools whether Negro or white." He would have the community turn its attention to pouring money and social services into these schools and into slum areas in order to bring its citizens up to the level of a middle-class society.

Few would deny that this needs to be done, and in massive proportions, but one can measure the distance the pendulum has swung when it is suggested that public school desegregation be dropped out of the process of dealing with the race problem in Northern cities. It has always been a cardinal tenet of the liberal belief that segregation plays a major role in contributing to the social dynamite stored up in the Negro slum because of the second-class citizenship it automatically confers upon the Negro.

How desegregation should take place and with what safeguards, so as to protect educational excellence and maintain sound educational practice, are, of course, valid questions with which we must wrestle. But the public schools, which shape the thinking and attitudes of children and transmit our goals and values, should not be divorced from the effort to bring about an integrated society.

While the statement that there has been a pullback on the part of liberal whites will shock many of those who sincerely want to help Negroes obtain full citizenship, the phenomenon is nothing new in American history. It occurred following Civil War Reconstruction, when many of the Negro's staunchest allies retreated or withdrew completely from the civil rights battle. It has been difficult to sustain the effort to bring the Negro into the mainstream of American life in the face of the strains this creates — his cultural and economic shortcomings and the open and covert opposition to integration that exists in all parts of the country. For hostility to according the Negro social equality has been almost as powerful a force in American life as has been the effort to secure these rights for him. On a trip through the United States in 1831, Tocqueville wrote, "The prejudice of race appears to be stronger in the states that have abolished slavery than in those where it still exists; and nowhere is it as intolerant as in those states where servitude has never been known."

One other historical parallel may help to illuminate the process I am describing and to account for, particularly, the appearance of racist theories. In the latter part of the nineteenth and early twentieth century, there emerged a racist philosophy among certain intellectuals that coincided with the influx into the country of large numbers of impoverished immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe. The counterparts of Putnam,

Weyl, and Garrett — who, incidentally, came to dominate intellectual thought on racial issues down to the 1930s — also felt there are innate mental and behavioral differences between these new and older racial groups, the inhabitants of Southern and Eastern Europe possessing characteristics that would make them a burden to the community. It is not hard to see that the appearance of many Negroes in the cities of the North and West, the immigrants of our own day, has produced a similar reaction among many, including sympathetic, whites.

I do not mean to imply that all the moral fervor has gone out of the white liberal's crusade on behalf of the Negro. Many whites have taken part in freedom rides and sit-ins. A pilot experiment has been completed in Philadelphia in which 175 college and graduate students from campuses around the country spent part of their summer vacation tutoring primarily Negro youngsters to overcome school difficulties.

Nevertheless, an issue or series of issues has developed between many liberals and the Negro, the heart of which seems to be this: many liberals are hinting to a restless Negro group that they postpone their most urgent demands because many Negroes are not yet ready to be integrated into a white middle-class society and the social costs, in terms of conflict, may be too high. One writer in the liberal *New Leader* suggests a new Negro strategy of disengagement to repair the damaged communication lines between whites and Negroes. In other words, to the Negro demand for "now," to which the Deep South has replied "never," many liberal whites are increasingly responding "later." But the Negro will accept nothing short of first-class citizenship, now. It will call for a great deal of patience and understanding among those who make up the civil rights coalition if racial progress is not to be seriously jeopardized.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For seventeen years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prizewinners for 1962:

**First prize of \$750 awarded to
ANDREW FETLER
for "Longface"
in the December issue**

**Second prize of \$250 awarded to
OSCAR MILLARD
for "Time Enough for Glory"
in the October issue**

An Atlantic "First"

NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY GERARD BRUCKER

GERARD BRUCKER is a graduate of Stanford University and a former newspaperman who more than a year ago decided to devote full time to writing. The father of a teen-aged son and daughter, Mr. Brucker has lived continuously in California since 1930 with the exception of his service in the Army Air Force during World War II.

THE whole thing began when I walked into the kitchen and asked my mother if Tina — this girl who had been going around with us for a couple of days — could have supper with us and spend the night.

Mom looked at me, kind of shook. Dad, mixing their drinks over by the sink, looked at me too, and I could tell he was mad. But he usually is, unless he's about half gassed.

"I don't know," said Mom. "I don't think we've got enough. Well, maybe —"

"She's right out in the living room, Mom." I had to say this because Mom was talking pretty loud and excited and I knew Tina could hear.

My father came over to talk to me, low.

"What the hell's the idea, Steve? Why don't you let us know ahead about these things? We've just arranged to farm out Janie for the night, and your mother and I were going to La Rancherita to eat and down to have some drinks with the Robertses later."

Now, Janie is my kid sister. Three and a half years younger than me. I was born before Dad went overseas, and Janie after he got back and he and Mom got relocated. Their sending Janie to spend the night with a friend meant they wouldn't be home until late, if at all. The Robertses were their latest drinking buddies. They'd had a dandy at our place the other night, while I was up in L.A. Janie told me all about it when I got back,

and what she didn't tell me, they did. Everybody had got loaded.

"For Christ's sake, Steve, how can that girl stay here when Janie's spending the night out and we're not going to be here?" My father asked the question, but I spoke to my mother.

"She hasn't got anyplace else to stay, Mom."

"What's the matter with where she's been staying?" my father asked.

"They threw her out. Her girl friend's mother got mad and told her to get out."

"They threw her out! And you expect us to take her in here? Why did they throw her out?"

"I don't know. Her girl friend's mother is real mean. Tina said something, and she got mad and told her to get out."

"Well, why doesn't she go home then?"

"Dad, she lives in Palm Springs. She was over here visiting this girl friend for the holidays, and her plane reservation to go back isn't until tomorrow afternoon."

"Well, I'm sorry, Steve." My father didn't sound or look sorry at all. "She can't stay here. It's out of the question. We're not running a home for wayward waifs. If Janie was going to be here, it might be different. Even then, if those other peo-

Drawing by Calvin Burnett.



ple threw this girl out, they must have had pretty good reason. Doesn't she have any other friends, girl friends in town she can stay with?"

His voice wasn't low anymore, and so that Tina wouldn't hear any more of this I went into the living room and told her to wait for me out front in the car.

Mom and my father brought their drinks into the living room and sat on the sofa. My father had made himself a martini, which is usually a bad sign. Janie had been upstairs getting ready to go out; now she came down.

"Janie, you know this girl, isn't there anybody else she can stay with?" Dad asked.

"Maybe Suzy Blake."

"There. Steve, why don't you call Suzy Blake and see if this girl can stay there tonight? That'd be a lot better than having her here with just you and Joe in the house."

Joe was the cousin of Eddie and Freddy Martin. He had been using the spare bed in my room since we came down from L.A., because he didn't like Eddie and Freddy's mother, and I think, too, he was interested in Janie. Janie isn't as bad as she used to be, now that she's fourteen and in the ninth grade.

Janie and I went upstairs to call Suzy Blake, but they had houseguests and there wasn't any room for Tina.

My mother came upstairs, and I asked her for money to get something to eat at the drive-in, and she gave me three dollars. In the living room my father was sitting drinking his martini. He didn't pay any attention when I went out the front door.

I drove to the drive-in and we ate. We took our time and then drove around for a while, not going anyplace, just moving. Finally we went to the Martins', and Mrs. Martin said my mother had called and said it would be all right for Tina to spend the night at our place.

I learned from Janie the next day how after I left the house Mom and my father talked about it for a long time. My mother was worried, me having gone off that way with Tina. My father started out saying the girl was a no-good tramp, the way she'd been bumming around with me and Eddie and Freddy the past couple of days. No wonder those people threw her out, he said.

He was mad, too, about her age. What was I doing running around with a girl so much younger than me? Somewhere he'd got the idea Tina is Janie's age. She isn't, she's two years older.

But like my father does lots of times, especially when he's drinking — maybe always when he's drinking — after he got through running Tina down he said, "Oh, hell, I suppose it's better for her to be here, even alone with Steve and Joe. What the hell, we've turned this place into a

boardinghouse already this vacation. One more won't hurt, even if it is a little tramp." And he said he supposed I had sense enough not to get in real trouble with the girl.

So Mom called the Martins and left word that it was all right for the girl to stay at our house that night.

WE KILLED some time at the Martins' while Eddie and Freddy got dressed up in coats and ties. Tina and I sat on the couch in the family room and watched TV. Mrs. Martin came in the room a couple of times and just looked at us sitting there and then walked out. I don't think she liked it much, but she didn't say anything. Mrs. Martin worries a lot about Eddie and Freddy. She's always been OK with me, but I could see she didn't much like me having Tina along.

When Eddie and Freddy were dressed we all watched TV until the program ended and then left in my car. Eddie didn't want to drive his new car, a '58 Ford wagon, on New Year's Eve because there would be a lot of cops out and he'd already had too many tickets.

On the way to my house we parked around the corner from the liquor store where Eddie can pass for twenty-one. He's a little goofy-looking, with big ears, a thin face, and a long nose, and unless he's smiling he looks a lot older than eighteen. He doesn't smile much. There are some places I can get by, especially beer joints around Oakland, because I'm so tall, almost six-four, and I look old enough with my long hair whenever I don't wear my glasses. It seems every time someone asks for my ID it's when I'm wearing the glasses. Or my complexion is broken out.

Eddie came back with a couple of large Cokes, a six-pack of beer for Freddy, and a half pint of vodka. Eddie's mother had given him ten dollars for him and Freddy before we left their house, and I had five bucks besides the change from the three dollars Mom had given me for supper at the drive-in.

When we got to the house Mom's car, the white Bonneville wagon, was gone from in front, so we just carried the booze in with us.

We went in the kitchen and opened both Cokes and poured some into a glass for Tina, who doesn't drink much. Eddie and I filled the Coke bottles with vodka. We put our thumbs over the tops and turned them upside down to let the vodka mix. Freddy opened a can of beer and put the rest in the refrigerator.

We went in my room, and everybody sat on the twin beds except Eddie, who sat in the rattan basket chair that tips you off on the floor if you sit too far forward. We drank and talked for a

while, and then I shaved and changed, taking my pants and white shirt with me into the bathroom.

I was tying my tie for the third time, trying to get the ends even, when I heard footsteps through the living room. I got to the bedroom door in time to keep my father, walking through the dining room to the kitchen, from seeing Tina sitting there on the bed. Tina had ducked into the bathroom when he came back.

"You got the word," Dad said. "About it being all right for the girl to stay, I mean."

"Yeah. Thanks."

I got an idea from his eyes that the booze was getting to him. His breath stank of garlic from the Mexican food and of beer.

"What's going on?"

He looked around at Eddie and Freddy, at the Cokes sitting on the TV. Freddy had stashed his beer someplace. For some reason this made me think of the rest of the six-pack. I couldn't remember whether we had put it in the refrigerator or left it on the kitchen sink.

"The beer is Eddie's," I said.

"Huh? What beer?"

So it was in the refrigerator, and he hadn't seen it.

"In the kitchen. It's Eddie's."

This was real stupid. He knows I drink beer sometimes. But not very often around home. He and Mom keep saying they don't mind if I drink around home, just don't drink much when I go out. But for some reason I always do it the other way around. I just can't feel comfortable drinking around them, especially Mom. I don't know why I wanted to make a point that the beer wasn't mine. But I guess it didn't matter. He just looked at me kind of puzzled; what I'd said about the beer didn't seem to register.

"Well, your mother and I are going down to the Robertses'. I don't know when we'll be back. Probably not very late, though."

He always says they won't be late, but they usually are. But once in a while they do get back early, so I've never wanted to plan anything around the house when they're out.

He left. A few minutes later, after Eddie and I had finished our vodka and Coke, we all left too. We took the six-pack and what was left of the half pint with us.

We drove around a while. We went to Paul's house. His folks had some people in, just a small party. Paul said he was staying home. He'd just got back from Mexico the day before. He goes there every vacation with one of the teachers from high school; they mess around the archaeological sites. We said hello to his folks and went into Paul's room. He brought us some beer from the kitchen, and we drank it and then left.

We went over to Dave's. He was all dressed up and just about to leave for a party at some girl's house. Half a year at college has changed Dave a lot. He used to be a real nice big hulking slob, a good tackle and a bashful kid. But he's lost some of the weight now and actually looked almost smooth, dressed up like he was.

Dave's folks were out, so he got us a beer too, and we sat in the living room and drank it and talked until he said he had to go.

"Why don't you come on up to the party?" he said. "I don't think they'd mind. You all know Louella, anyway."

We said maybe we would. But Tina said she couldn't go to a party like she was. She had on a skirt and blouse but low-heel shoes. So we went back by the house, and I got her Janie's black high-heel shoes, and they fit.

Joe was at the house, and I asked him if he wanted to come along with us. But he said he was going out with a guy he knew from surfing, to the show and then to the guy's house to play pool on a half-size table his kid brother had got for Christmas.

He left, and we drove up and parked down the street from where the party was. After a while Dave came out with Louella and stood by the car. Dave and Eddie and I finished off the vodka, and Freddy opened two beers. He drank one himself, and Tina and Louella shared the other.

Louella said it would be all right if we came to the party, but the way she said it we knew she was afraid it would make trouble with her folks. So we said thanks anyway, but we had to go someplace else.

We drove around La Jolla a little, but it was pretty dull. So we went down through P. B. and Mission Beach and turned left at the Amusement Center, past the Bahia Motel and across the Ventura Bridge, not going anyplace in particular.

The big new hotel just past the bridge, the Islandia, was all lit up. I guess it's the newest and fanciest place in San Diego.

Without any particular reason, I turned off the highway into the parking lot. "Let's see what's going on," I said, kidding.

"Sure, why not?" said Eddie.

WE PARKED the Opel in the parking lot, walked around for a while, and finally went into the main dining room, which was all fixed up for the New Year's Eve party. It must have been about ten thirty by that time, and there were a lot of people there, most of them pretty drunk. Nobody paid any attention to us when we walked through the door, but after we'd been inside a little while

some woman came up and handed us funny hats and paper leis and noisemakers.

"Now, have a good time," she said.

So we watched for a while, and it was pretty good. We were especially stoked at just walking in like that, because I took a menu from one of the tables and it said the price for dinner and a bottle of champagne was twenty-five bucks a person.

After a while Tina and Freddy wandered off someplace and Eddie and I worked our way toward the bar. We thought about trying to buy a drink, but then decided it wasn't worth maybe getting turned down because the drinks at a place like this would cost too much anyway. So we just stood around a little way from the bar and watched the people.

We noticed a couple of older women at the bar that seemed to be alone. They must have been at least thirty, maybe thirty-five, but they weren't too bad-looking. One of them smiled at Eddie. He said hello, and she said, "Well, hello there." The other one smiled at me and said hello and I said hello back. We got talking to them, and pretty soon we asked them if they'd like to dance, and they said, "Why not?", both smiling real big at us, getting their kicks over dancing with a couple of kids like us but not laughing about it, just feeling good.

So we danced with them. Mine asked me what I did, and I told her I was a junior at Berkeley and she seemed impressed. I asked what she did, and she said she was a private secretary to some big executive at Convair and so was her friend and they lived together in an apartment on the beach.

When the music stopped we took the women back to the bar and said thanks for the dance. They invited us to have a drink with them but we said no, we had to find some friends who had come with us.

We found Freddy and Tina near the entrance and went out to the car and opened a couple of beers. We talked for a while about getting in the place like that and all the people drinking and Eddie and I dancing with the two women. We shared the beers, and when they were finished Eddie said, "Let's go try the Bahia."

So we drove over there, and it was the same thing. We just walked into the main dining room and nobody said anything.

We sat at a table that people seemed to have left. A waitress came up, and we ordered Cokes for Tina and Freddy and drinks for Eddie and myself. She didn't say anything about our IDs, just brought the drinks. We paid for them.

Then it was midnight and some man in a tuxedo gave a countdown at the mike and the band played "Auld Lang Syne" and everybody kissed everybody and we all kissed Tina. Everybody

made noise with whistles, and the waitress came with a tray and gave us four glasses of champagne.

We drank the champagne and then got up and wandered around the place some more. Maybe half an hour later we missed Eddie and looked all over before we found him.

Now, the people that own the Bahia own another big motel, the Catamaran, which is also on Mission Bay, about two miles north. They have a scaled-down version of a Mississippi riverboat that runs back and forth between the two places on weekends and holidays, with a bar and a five-piece Dixieland band.

The boat was loading at the Bahia docks. Standing on one side of the short gangplank, taking money from the people as they got on, was a man in a yachting cap. Across the gangplank from him stood Eddie, deadpan serious, also taking money from the people going on the boat. He was so businesslike standing there, taking the money, saying something to the people as they started up the gangplank, it broke all three of us up. When I stopped laughing I walked over nearby to hear what he was saying.

"Thank you, sir," he said when a man handed him a couple of bucks and started to steer the woman with him up the gangplank.

"Happy New Year from the Bahia," Eddie said. "Bon voyage, yo' all."

Hearing this broke me up again, and I had to get away fast. I went back and told Freddy and Tina, and they broke up too.

When people stopped coming they cast off the ropes and the boat pulled away from the dock. Eddie waved at the man in the yachting cap and walked up the path to the motel. He went past without looking at us, but a couple of minutes later he walked up behind us.

"How much did you get?" I asked.

"Fifteen or twenty bucks, I guess."

"How come the man there let you get away with it?"

"I just walked up and told him they sent me down to help him."

We walked around the docks, looking at all the power cruisers tied up there. When the boat came back Eddie went to stand by the gangplank again and collected more money. We watched from a little way away. After a while the man in the yachting cap waved at Eddie. "You finish up," he said. "I'm going to get a drink."

So Eddie stood there taking the money until no one else came. Then, when they were getting ready to cast off the ropes, all four of us went on the boat. The Dixieland band was completely

gassed and sounded like a high school pep band. Most of the people on the boat were gassed. But we got a charge out of watching them try to dance to the band and out of seeing the lights all around the bay reflected on the water.

At the Catamaran things were real slow. It didn't look as though they'd had as good a party as the Bahia anyway, and it was getting pretty late. We waited until the boat headed back. There was no one taking tickets at this end. On the boat, Eddie went and talked to one of the crew. He came back shaking his head.

"That guy at the Bahia was a phony," he said. "They don't charge people to ride on this thing. Can you imagine anybody doing a thing like that?"

Things had slowed down at the Bahia, too. We got in the car, shared the last can of beer, and drove toward home, throwing out the empty beer cans and the vodka bottle.

All the way along La Jolla Boulevard a car gave me trouble, coming up close behind, swinging out to pull alongside, then dropping back again. I turned off into a side street, and the car followed. I turned left onto the street behind the Town House Hotel, and the car followed, then pulled alongside. It got in front and moved in. I hit the brakes and pulled up at the curb.

Eddie and Freddy and I got out. Tina stayed in the car. Six guys got out of the other car. The guy in front was taller than me and a real thick; he must have weighed two-thirty.

"Happy New Year," the thick said.

"Happy New Year," I said back.

We kidded back and forth a little while, everybody milling around. The big guy tried to kick me between the legs. I saw it coming and kind of moved back, so he didn't get me real good, but it hurt enough anyway.

He grabbed Eddie and Freddy, one hand behind the neck of each, and banged their heads together. Then he kicked Freddy between the legs real good and Freddy went down. We all started to yell, and I could hear Tina screaming from the car.

A bunch of rent-a-cops ran over from the hotel and grabbed everybody, breaking up the fight before it really got going. The manager of the hotel came over. We told them what had happened. A couple of the rent-a-cops said yes, they saw it all, that's the way it was. After a lot of talk they let us go. We got Freddy in the car and drove away. The rent-a-cops made the other guys let us get a start.

I drove home and let Tina off. The front door was unlocked, so I told her to go up to Janie's room and go to bed. I didn't know if the folks were home yet or not. Then I started to drive

Eddie and Freddy home. Freddy was hurting bad, but he's a real tough kid and didn't say much except how he'd like to get the guy that kicked him.

Driving up Pearl, right by the Cleancraft laundry, we spotted the car that had forced us over. I turned onto a side road and went half a block, then parked in front of a building under construction. We got out and hunted around until we found some good big two-by-fours.

The car was still parked there on Pearl by the laundry and across from a liquor store that was still open. The guys saw the three of us coming with the two-by-fours, Freddy walking kind of doubled over; and they rolled up the windows and locked the doors of their car.

Eddie swung his two-by-four and broke in the windshield. Freddy rammed the end of his two-by-four through a wind-wing.

They came swarming out of the car. We backed away a little, standing together, holding our two-by-fours. The big thick looked goofy. His eyes were funny and his mouth crazy, and he was talking in a high voice and not making any sense.

I rammed the end of my two-by-four against his chest, and he staggered back. A little guy made a rush at Freddy, and Freddy hit him in the face. The little guy stood still, blood coming all over his face. He looked like he was hurt bad.

The cops came, three cars of them. When we saw them coming, Freddy dropped his two-by-four and faded away, going into the shadows over by the liquor store.

Everybody was talking at once, mainly me and the big thick, and the cops couldn't make much sense out of what was going on. So they took me and made me sit in the back of one car and took the big thick and put him in another.

For a while it looked as though we were in real trouble, but we told the cops how the other guys had run us off the road down by the Town House and come after us. The cops called the Town House and the manager said yes, his rent-a-cops had seen the whole thing.

The cop that talked to me was the first good cop I ever saw. "All right now," he said. "Tell me you haven't been drinking so I can laugh."

"I haven't been drinking," I said.

He laughed.

The cops went through the other car and found all kinds of evidence of alcohol. They went through my car and didn't find anything.

Then it turned out the other guys were all from East San Diego.

"All right," the cop finally told me. "It looks like La Jolla won one for a change. You can go, but don't let me see you around town again tonight." He hadn't even taken our names.

When we went back to our car we found Freddy waiting in the shadows of the building under construction. "You guys go ahead," he said. "I called home from the liquor store, and they're coming down to get me."

We drove home, and I told Eddie he could sleep in the sleeping bag on the floor in my room. Joe was asleep in the spare bed. He woke up, and we told him what had happened.

I went upstairs and looked in my parents' room. They were in bed. There was a champagne bottle on the floor beside the bed.

When I got back downstairs Eddie said he wanted to go home. I told him I couldn't drive him because that cop might get me.

Eddie said he'd hitchhike. What if that gang was still hanging around town? I asked him. But he still wanted to leave. So I went in the kitchen and gave him a steak knife in case he ran into those guys or some queer picked him up.

He told me the next day that's what happened. A guy alone in a car picked him up on the boulevard. Eddie said he had to get home, told him where he lived. The queer tried to talk Eddie into going to his apartment. Eddie said no, he had to go home.

"Oh, can't you spare fifteen minutes?" the queer said. Eddie said no and showed him the knife. The queer took him home.

THE next morning I got up early. Dad was up early too; he was going to watch the bowl games. I saw him pour a slug of vodka in his orange juice. Then he made himself an Alexander, using Mexican brandy and Kahlua.

"Have fun last night?" I asked him.

"Peaceful," he said.

Mr. Roberts had the flu, so they just had one drink with his wife, watched TV a while, and then left. On the way home they picked up the bottle of champagne at the liquor store. He and Mom drank half of it sitting in front of the fire in the living room and the other half up on the balcony in front of the upstairs bedrooms, watching the surf in the dark. Then they went to bed.

I had a bowl of cereal while Dad was fixing himself *huevos rancheros*, fried eggs on a tortilla covered with hot sauce they'd brought home from La Rancherita.

I went out front and stood on the sundeck over the garage, watching the ocean. It was a bright, cool morning. The winter surf isn't much good in front of our house, and when it does get big it's radical and comes from the north. The south swell in the summer is real good, though.

Dad came out to stand beside me.

I told him about the night before. Just the bare details. Going to the Islandia and the Bahia. And getting forced over, and kicked, and Freddy getting kicked, then finding the guys again and going at them with the two-by-fours. And the cops letting us go without even taking our names.

He said something about its seeming the younger generation was taking over New Year's Eve. He looked at me kind of funny. "Seems like you were pretty lucky, you know. With the cops, I mean. They could have hauled you in."

I nodded, and he went back in the house. A little while later he had the TV moved into the dining room and was watching the Orange Bowl and drinking a beer from the can.

Mom came down, and I told her about the night before, too, all that I had told Dad and also about Eddie and I dancing with the women. She looked queer when I said they were old women, and she said, "How old?", and I said thirty or thirty-five.

Tina came down, and we went out in the car and wandered around town all day, seeing people and telling everyone about the fight the night before. Finally Eddie and Freddy and I took her to the airport.

When I got home for supper there was trouble. Mrs. Martin had been on the phone talking to Mom, and everybody was mad at me. Freddy had had to twist things a little to keep his folks from giving him a bad time, and it made it look as though I was to blame for the fight. He hadn't explained how the other car forced us over.

Then there was the knife, which I hadn't told Mom or my father about, and they were real mad about that.

So my father called Janie and me into the living room, and with Mom sitting there he lectured us. It got real bad. He'd been watching the bowl games all day and drinking beer, and I guess all the teams he wanted to win got beat. He was drinking bourbon and water now.

Finally he went too far, and I told him so, and Mom started to cry. After a little of this I left.

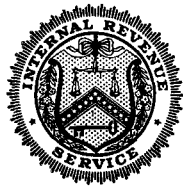
I drove around a while, up to the Martins', and talked to Eddie and Freddy, and they said if I wanted I could have my father call them and they'd back me up.

When I got home things had quieted down some. Janie said Mom had told my father he'd gone too far. After a little more talk we let it go. I was still mad, and so was my father, and Mom was crying a little, but we let it go.

Later, in the kitchen, Mom started asking me about Tina. She always wants to know everything about any girl she sees me with, even only once.

When she asked me if I was going to write Tina in Palm Springs I told her no, I couldn't, because I didn't know her last name.

THE COMING TAX REFORM



BY JOHN DOE

The present tax statutes, riddled with special advantages, follow a crazy-quilt pattern, and the Kennedy Administration has promised tax reform along with a tax cut in 1963. The background and possible results of this bill are here analyzed. The author, writing under a pseudonym, is a tax lawyer with a New York firm.

AS MILLIONS of Americans have heard, taxes may be cut in 1963. As few realize, this does not mean a bonanza. A big chunk of the relief will come in lowered corporation taxes and will not be felt directly by the taxpayer. Even the fairly sizable drop the Administration is projecting — perhaps \$6 or \$7 billion — will give the average taxpayer only \$65 more spending money, and unless Congress does something about the withholding rates, this may mean simply a refund the next year or a series of hardly noticed reductions in the quarterly payments of estimated tax.

This is not because the government is fainthearted. The overall cut is not designed as succor for the oppressed but as a stimulus to business, a recognized Keynesian move to pump a strong dose of consumer demand into a vacillating economy. Each taxpayer may never feel the money come and go, since Administration studies indicate that 94 cents of every dollar cut will be spent instead of saved, adding a near-term demand factor of over \$6 billion.

There are many economists, some of them as close to the White House as John Kenneth Galbraith, who feel that this tack is wrong. The economically orthodox (and they include a surprising number of congressmen) object to the very severe budget deficit which the resulting drop in revenue will inevitably produce. The Galbraithian school would tolerate the deficit all right, but would simply create it in the other direction, by increasing government spending rather than consumer consumption.

The White House is not necessarily for a smaller government-spending role, but the President's Council of Economic Advisers has persuaded him that the present tax rates are stultifying the economy, especially by tending to pinch off post-recession upsurges before they have ripened into genuine recoveries. The Administration's almost legendary concern with "getting the country moving" has overcome any lingering doctrinaire hesitation.

Rate slashing is, however, only half of the tax program which President Kennedy will send to the Congress this January. The second part is tax reform. Many political commentators have already dismissed the chances for reform, on the grounds that

Congress will accept none. But there can be no question that the Administration attaches the greatest importance to it. The President's decision against cutting taxes in 1962 was clearly predicated not only on Congress' coolness to an immediate cut but also on Secretary Dillon's view that the President should not fritter away a year ahead of time the only conceivable *quid pro quo* for congressional approval of his distasteful reform ideas.

It has been a persistent policy of this Administration that the existing tax structure is in need of major overhaul and that this overhaul must take into account not only some traditional ideas of tax fairness but some harsh new facts of economic life which the changing world has thrust upon us. The Revenue Act of 1962, though cut down from what the President requested, was a solid first step. And if Mr. Kennedy can get Congress to take successive steps in 1963, or over a period of years, the result could be some dramatic changes in the relative size of certain individuals' tax bills and an equally dramatic change in the orientation of the tax law toward business.

FROM the Internal Revenue Code's tables of tax rates, one detects a reasonably clear and consistent pattern based on two simple principles: first, the rule of tax equality, or tax neutrality — that every taxpayer experiencing the same increase in wealth should bear the same tax; second, the rule of progressivity — that as a taxpayer's income goes up, the percentage of that income taken in tax also goes up, to an almost confiscatory maximum of 91 percent.

The first rule, a basic concept of equality before the law, applies to taxes paid both by individuals and by corporations; but the second affects only the individual's tax. That is what is known popularly as "soaking the rich." But its purpose is not to raise a wad of revenue from the upper tax brackets. Only a tiny fraction of the government's revenue could under any circumstances come from the wealthy — there are simply too few of them. It is the expression of a social policy which seeks to fertilize democracy by redistributing the wealth and narrowing the economic gap between the richest and poorest members of society. While differences of opinion exist on just how steeply the progressive rates should rise and how high they should ultimately climb, these general rules seem widely accepted. What, then, is all the fuss about?

The trouble is that practice falls a sad distance short of theory. For example, the rate tables indicate that a married man with an income of \$1 million should pay a tax of \$859,000, or almost 86 percent, but he doesn't. Statistics for the latest

available year, 1960, reveal that taxpayers in the \$1 million-and-over class paid only some 45 percent of the amount they reported as taxable income. Previous studies show that if receipts not technically required to be included in taxable income were taken into account, the effective rate would be only about 35 percent. Similar differentials could be established for various categories of taxpayers in lower brackets.

This anomaly arises from what tax specialists call "erosion of the tax base." A wilderness of special provisions written into the Internal Revenue Code insulate particular kinds of income from the regular rates of tax, either by carving them out of the category of ordinary income or by allowing offsetting deductions or credits. To take a famous example, a person who owns an oil well is permitted to deduct a so-called "percentage depletion allowance," which frequently ensures that he will pay little income tax on his profits from selling the oil. An advertising salesman may find that most of the pleasures in his life — the shows and expensive meals, his clubs, yachts, and vacation resorts — come to him tax-free, courtesy of his expense account. The list could drone on through the dozens of cases in which special exceptions are made.

The reason for these myriad exemptions is easily identified. Whatever our feelings about taxes in general, each of us knows that his own are too high. Given time, each could construct a (to him) perfectly reasonable argument why, in his own case, the tax should be lower. It is just this special-case thinking which has made the Internal Revenue Code the patchwork of preferential provisions which it is today. When some group, generally expressing itself through a forceful professional lobby, pushes for a special tax break, there is no public-interest lobby pushing the other way. Even though the necessary effect of reducing one group's taxes is to thrust that much more of the burden of government on all the other taxpayers, the millions who foot the bill seldom notice, or even know about, the change. There is remarkably little political hay in holding out against a tax cut, even a preferential one; and quite understandably, few congressmen have enough concern for abstract tax justice to take the political risks involved in offending the farmers, the steel industry, the old folks, the labor unions, or whoever happens to be knocking on the door.

But there is more to this than sheer political cowardice. Tax men, including the dean of American tax thinkers, the late Randolph Paul, have long maintained that Congress simply does not believe in the high rates which the tax tables set forth. Congress, they contend, would do away with them if it were not an embarrassing move to

explain to low-income constituents. So they simply vote the special concessions as a kind of political end run.

Some years ago, H. L. Seltzer put forward a more imaginative theory. He saw in the tax laws the expression of America's love for a good game. In his view, Congress never wanted to make the Internal Revenue Code a clear and simple dispenser of equity; it was willing to create a kind of fiscal maze through which an astute taxpayer could straight-arm his way for a touchdown, a feat which presumably brought him honor as well as wealth. This may be closer to the psychological truth than we should like to admit. The trouble is that the game has got out of hand. In an interview with Cameron Hawley, one company executive reluctantly admitted that almost every action taken by the directors of his company over a period of several years had been largely motivated by tax considerations, adding: "It's frightening."

No one concession in the tax law is earth-shaking, and each may seem to follow from the one before. The process is as gradual and relentless as erosion. But the cumulative effect of all these tax deals is tremendous. Where the weary taxpayer antes up some 21 percent of the gross national product in federal taxes (over 26 percent counting state and local taxes), inequities in the distribution of the load raise pressing questions of economic justice which a democracy ignores at its peril.

Futhermore, there is a major political and economic issue hidden under the tax-preference system. In general, the special tax provisions are made for men of property, or at least men of business. As a result, the people bearing the highest relative tax loads are those who live by their wits — teachers, engineers, government administrators, social workers, writers, architects, accountants, and others. These intellectual producers have one thing in common: most of them live entirely on straight salaries, with no fringes, no capital gains, no depletion, no exemption — that is, no tax gimmicks. This hard fact has drawn more and more able and educated people out of the government, the schools and colleges, and even the garrets, into the ad agencies and the business world, where tax advantages are available. An issue which we have never faced squarely is whether we need incentives for business growth more than we need tax incentives to produce excellence in other activities necessary to a healthy body politic.

To all of these problems of tax erosion or preference, the classic solution is simple and Spartan: simply remove all preferences and impose the progressive rates stated in the Internal Revenue Code to all kinds of income without distinction. The

trouble with this, as with so much of classical theory, is that it does not really work out in practice. It is easy to say that high progressivity must be imposed, but there is also good reason to believe that the confiscatory rates we now have really do stifle work incentives. It is also easy to say that all taxpayers should bear the same tax load, but do we really mean that when we compare a vital young workingman with a retired person trying to eke out a pension shrunk by decades of slow inflation?

IF CATEGORICAL solutions are impossible, one can still point to several areas where the tax reformers by and large feel that changes ought to come. Today, unlike ten years ago, there is a fairly broad consensus that the top rates should fall substantially. Rumor has the top rate scaling down from 91 percent to 65 percent, undoubtedly with some softening on down the line. This will probably be achieved in the process of allocating the tax cuts scheduled for 1963. There is a strong feeling in some circles that at the same time certain preferential provisions should be killed.

One subject of scrutiny is the businessman's fringe benefits. The 1962 revision has already taken a swing at expense accounts. Up for further consideration will be stock options, lump-sum pension payouts, and a host of problems which arise in closely held corporations, where the plans stated to be for the benefit of all employees sometimes turn out to be primarily for the benefit of the owners.

The second area will be the special tax preferences given to individual investors. Although it is really an enforcement problem, the Administration's request last year for withholding on dividend and interest payments reflects the fact that large numbers of investors are simply not reporting these items as income — costing the government some \$600 million every year in lost revenue. There has been talk for some time of ending the tax exemption on interest received by investors from municipal and state bonds. The Administration has already requested the end of the dividends-received credit, a device which reduces taxes in proportion to the amount of dividend income, thus granting the greatest benefit to the wealthiest investor.

Somewhat similar issues are raised by the deduction allowed for charitable contributions of wealthy donors. A man in a 91 percent tax bracket can actually make money by giving to his favorite charity — often one which he controls — securities which have appreciated in value. If he sold the securities, he would pay a capital-gains tax of 25 percent and have 75 per-

cent left. If he gives them to charity, he pays no capital-gains tax, but is allowed to deduct 100 percent of this value, thus saving 91 percent on the deduction from his income. Undoubtedly we need to redefine the limits of charity.

A healthy look will also be given to the tax treatment of oldsters. There are several provisions now in the law (exemption of social security benefits and the retirement-income credit, for example) which are supposed to alleviate the hardships of old age but which in fact benefit the very wealthy as well as the poor. Many tax students would scrap all of these, substituting some form of special exemption or expressly stated preferential rate limited to those in the lowest income group, who probably suffer the most from living on pensions or fixed incomes in an era of inflation.

Just as the list of preferences could continue almost forever, so could the list of proposals for doing away with them. If erosion of the tax base has been a gradual process, so the task of rebuilding the lost base must also take time. Many changes will simply never see the light of day, although this depends in large measure on the extent to which the voting public can be made to see its own interest in tax reform.

FOR many people the only proper function of the tax law is to raise revenue impartially from those who can best afford it; they are not concerned with the impact of the law on economic activity. But the taxing power is one of the government's most potent tools for guiding the economy. This is the carrot-and-stick theory, by which the government is enjoined to give tax incentives to desired activities and to set up barriers against others. Historically, this interventionist philosophy has been the property of conservative spokesmen identified with business interests. Their plea, notably limited to the carrot side of the theorem, is that government should give tax incentives to the entrepreneur, making exceptions to the rules of tax neutrality and progressivity to stimulate savings and investment. Conversely, the liberal philosophy has generally favored tax neutrality. To the extent that liberals have deigned to answer the interventionists on economic grounds, their parry has simply been that we are doing all right under a regime of heavy business taxation. Alvin Hansen observed in the 1950s that we live in an Alice in Wonderland economy; the more we tax and spend for defense, the more prosperous business grows.

The Kennedy Administration, interventionist by instinct, has abandoned classic dogma to take up the carrot and the stick. The rapid changes

which it discerns in the American world economic position have persuaded it that the liberal orthodoxy is too pat, and this in turn has produced a new look in the taxation of business which may spell far-reaching consequences for the economy as a whole.

The motive behind this shift is a deep-felt concern over the deteriorating economic position of the nation. Internally, the economy has slouched back into its fourth successive recession; unemployment hangs at peak levels, unused industrial capacity has built up, and the rate of national growth is one of the lowest in the industrial world. At the same time, U.S. companies have been flocking in droves to invest in booming Europe, lured not only by the fastest-growing market in the world, but also by impressive differentials in wage scale. The President has been faced with the frustrating spectacle of U.S. capital departing a faltering domestic economy to make a major contribution to the economic strength of Europe, and this at the very moment Mr. Kennedy must attempt to negotiate with the European nations the all-necessary free-trade deal, whose terms will depend critically on the relative economic strength of the two continents.

One solution is to apply the stick of greater tax burdens to companies investing overseas, in Europe particularly, while holding out the carrot of tax benefits to those investing at home. But for the domestic investor the carrot is hardly big enough; the overseas investor has a long lead in tax avoidance.

As long as we have had taxed income, U.S. businesses have been able to avoid tax on their foreign operations simply by incorporating a subsidiary company in another country. With some naïveté, our statute has always defined the subsidiary as something separate from its parent; since it is a foreigner and does no business here, no tax is due, at least until the profits are paid over into the parent company's bank account. And if the profits are accumulated until the foreign company is liquidated or sold, only the low capital-gains tax would apply.

This freedom from U.S. tax has proved quite tempting. In some of the balmy climates the local tax burden is very low. In Bermuda and Nassau there is no income tax at all. Carrying this to the extreme, some companies and investors have been led into the so-called tax-haven operation. In this case, a U.S. company can shovel manipulatable income, such as insurance premiums, patent royalties, or profits on export sales, into companies in Panama, Switzerland, or other low-tax countries. For instance, a sale of American-made goods to a German buyer can escape a large measure of tax by passing in legal concept

through a Panamanian corporation, even though the goods were shipped direct and the only thing which happened in Panama was the filing of one bill of lading and the issuance of another while the shipment was still at sea.

The recently enacted Revenue Act of 1962 has already struck at these tax havens by subjecting much of their income to an immediate U.S. tax, a move predicated on the idea that one American should not get rich free of tax while another pays the bills.

The Treasury's original program, however, went much further, seeking to impose the immediate tax on all foreign subsidiary operations, no matter how legitimate or far-reaching. Treasury officials deny that this was designed to penalize overseas investment; it was merely the logical application of the tax-neutrality rule in the international field. International businesses have tried hard to disprove this notion by claiming that paying U.S. taxes on their overseas operations will put them at a disadvantage compared with their foreign competitors. In many cases, this may be correct. But domestic products also compete with foreign goods, both at home and in the export trade, and taxes hurt as much in Indiana as in Singapore.

If the Treasury is interested in fairness, the Administration is even more concerned with the need to keep native industry competitive in a cutthroat economic world. Therefore, 1962 also produced a proposal surprisingly unorthodox in America — a relaxation of depreciation rules, which will permit many businesses to write off equipment costs against their taxes more quickly, and the legislation of a new device, the investment credit, which would permit a business to recover a portion of the cost of capital equipment when it is purchased without waiting for it to depreciate at all. In both cases, the objective was to make it more profitable for a businessman to invest in better equipment, thus making the American plant more efficient and better able to compete in the world economy. This two-stage program would boost productivity at the same time that the tax cut increases demand.

Walter Heller, the President's chief economic adviser, has said that this was simply a decision to make investment in capital assets more profitable; it was the most practical way to reach a result that he feels is essential. Nevertheless, the investment-credit idea has changed the impact of the investment stimulus. The orthodox conservative theory, as frequently voiced by Keith Funston of the New York Stock Exchange, is to give the incentive to the individual investor through freedom from capital-gains taxation and the removal of the double tax on corporate dividends. His recommendation would be to increase the avail-

able amount of investable funds in the hands of the public, trusting that this in turn would cause greater capital investment.

The Administration's theory is markedly different. The investment incentive is given not to the individual investor in a business but to the business itself. Heller shrugs this off as a matter of practicality. The business executive is the decision maker, he argues, and it does no good to make new funds available to him if he does not consider it profitable to invest in new equipment. He might merely put his increases in savings into a spiraling real-estate market or overseas investments.

As a result of these seemingly pragmatic decisions, we are witnessing a strange economic phenomenon. The Kennedy tax reforms, if Congress will see them through, will undoubtedly increase the tax cost of getting corporate profits into individual hands. At the same time, the tax law is giving the corporation an incentive to reinvest earnings in assets of its own. It seems inevitable that this will bind into corporate solution a great mass of paper wealth which the individual stockholder will never get his hands on, thus stimulating the already established trend toward greater corporate self-financing, autonomy of management, and independence of the capital marketplace.

This may have been inevitable in any event. Certainly the tax program could not create such an important change if there were not other strong stimuli. However, clearly we have come to the point of final decision among three very basic goals of taxing policy: the redistribution of wealth through progressive tax rates; the fostering of economic growth; and the preservation of a competitive marketplace of capital as the ultimate check on management authority. The Administration's program seeks the first two goals at the partial sacrifice of the third. The Funston theory would keep the second and third at cost of the first. The orthodox liberal would choose the redistribution of wealth and a free marketplace and ignore economic growth, which could be left to more direct forms of government intervention. This is the choice that lies ahead.

The most searching question about tax reform at the moment is not any specific philosophy or proposal but the critical issue of whether the Congress can be made to stand freer than it has in the past of the pressures put upon it for special tax deals. It is idle to argue the abstracts of philosophy until hard-pressed legislators are given an opportunity to decide tax issues rationally on the basis of a comprehensive scheme. In 1955 Professor Cary predicted that taxation by lobbyist would eventually break down the entire self-assessing tax system. Today that prophecy is all too near fulfillment.

When You Fire Him



by Clarence Randall

MANAGEMENT is rapidly being overtaken by methodology. Practices and programs which we of the senior generation had to master in the school of experience can now be learned from textbooks. And this is good.

There are still problems, however, which every executive must face at some time in his career where he will be strictly on his own, with no background of theory to guide him. There are still crises so personal, so intimately involved in the whole welfare of the corporation that no outside analyst, brilliant though he may be, can safely offer a solution. A man must fight his own way through, relying on nothing but his instinct for the right, his courage, and his own intelligence. Of all such experiences, there is none more poignant, none that calls for greater staunchness of character than that required in the discharge of an employee who has been on the payroll for a long time.

Whether the employee whose service clearly must be terminated be an attractive misfit or the senior vice president, the man who bears the ultimate

In this article, CLARENCE RANDALL, formerly the president of Inland Steel, confronts one of the most sensitive situations in business, the necessity of discharging an employee who has been too long on the payroll. When does a company move too fast in such crises, when too slowly?

responsibility for making the decision has a lonely task. There are none to help him. The better qualified he is as an executive, in terms of sensitivity to human values, the greater will be his anguish when at long last he decides that the firing simply must be done. The night before he will have no sleep. And when his own career ends, and he enters into retirement, he will say to his wife, "Well, at any rate, I shall never have to do that again."

Our forebears were not so squeamish. They fired men right and left, for good reason or out of animosity or for no reason at all, thus, by their callousness, setting in motion the forces that have hastened our own increasing social maturity. Through their shortcomings we have been brought to see that human values must be weighed against the dollar values before the drastic step of severance is taken.

When a man is fired, it is not only he who is discharged, but his family as well. In a good company the employee's wife and children are known to many of the other workers or officials — not as numbers on the files of the personnel office, but as human beings. Their welfare is properly a matter of concern for management. Possibly the wife has a lingering illness which is making a heavy drain on the family budget, and her treatments must be continued or her recovery will be endangered. Perhaps the oldest daughter is just about to enter college, or the final payment is due on the home of which they are all so proud. Every such consideration must be brought into play in the mind of the responsible officer and evaluated against the welfare of the institution as a whole, before he makes his decision.

Weighed, also, must be the question of what the impact of the discharge will be upon the man him-

self, what will be the consequences in terms of his usefulness to society during the remaining years of his life.

We have all known men who have boasted that their success began from the day they were fired, and who insisted that they were grateful to the man who discharged them. And it is certain that this totally unexpected event can bring an individual up short in a salutary way. It can so shake him out of complacency, so challenge his whole way of life that the turnabout which his friends have so long hoped for begins at that point.

On the other hand, there have been men who, upon being fired, have walked straight out of the boss's office and committed suicide. They were so overcome with shame that they could not bring themselves to face their families and friends. More common are the experiences of those who never again secure steady employment. For years they drift from job to job, gradually turning to alcohol as they seek escape from frustration and chagrin.

Thus, the conscientious executive may find himself at grips with a problem that is almost too big for him. Some men move swiftly and impulsively and suffer later for their errors; others temporize, putting off what they know they ought to do, hoping vainly for a miracle. It is never easy.

The catalogue of the reasons why employees are discharged is long. There is the man who refuses to carry out instructions. He thinks he knows better than the boss. Occasionally he may be right. But an order must be obeyed or there is no management. He must either comply or leave.

There is the man who is never on time. He punches the clock late every day or invariably is the last to return from lunch. Because he is a team member, his conduct reduces the efficiency of others, and if he ignores repeated warnings, he must be removed.

Then there is the man who so constantly annoys everyone around him that group morale is seriously affected. His language is too coarse for decency, his barbed remarks hurt, he "bears false witness against his neighbors," he lacks respect for the women on the staff, or is an inveterate practical joker. Here again, a reprimand is the first step, but if the abuse is chronic, it must be stopped.

More subtle to detect, and more baffling to deal with, are the psychological problems — the alcoholic, for example. The problem of alcoholism may take the form of drunkenness on the job, which is dangerous, or it may consist in the constant dulling of the senses from quiet, solitary slugs. Parallel in effect are the deeply disturbing emotional experiences — the secretary whose engagement of long standing has been broken, or the husband whose wife has just deserted him and the children. Here the responsible officer may need

both medical and psychiatric advice, but in the end he alone must make the decision as to when the limit of tolerance has been reached.

ABOVE these are the crises in discharge which come once or twice in a man's business career and which test him to the very limit.

These fall into two main categories: the first, a serious breach of trust, and the second, incurable incompetence. Worst of all, the agony is usually compounded by the fact that the employee involved has for years been the close associate of the executive. Strangely enough, our behavior is not the same in both these circumstances. We tend to move swiftly and in anger for dishonesty, and to procrastinate for proven lack of ability.

My views will be thought unorthodox, but I believe that our prevailing practice should be reversed. I think that we should move more slowly than we do when confronted by dishonor, and more rapidly with respect to incompetence.

Breach of trust may take many forms, ranging all the way from the falsification of records to crass venality, but let us take the embezzlement of funds as an example. What do we do at such a time? Nothing more simple! The man who robs the till is fired immediately upon discovery of the theft. Within the hour he is gone; thereafter he will be seen only in the courtroom.

Our reaction is exactly the same as that which causes a man to strike a snake with a stick. No thought whatever is given to the man's future, or to whether it is part of our obligation to society to help rehabilitate him and restore him to useful living. Who else will do it? We cast him from us at the one time in his life when he most needs our help. He had capacity or he would not have held that job at all, and now those abilities will be forever wasted, for without our backing he cannot possibly have a decent second chance, no matter how penitent he may be.

Yet, in situations where breach of trust is involved, the actual injury to the corporation is seldom significant in terms of its overall operations. If it is, management itself is usually vulnerable for having so long permitted an unwholesome situation to continue without investigation. Ordinarily, too, the money loss is covered by insurance. Seldom is the forward progress of the company even noticeably endangered. Morally the circumstances are spectacular, but economically they may be negligible, and we should display more balanced judgment. In terms of company policy, human considerations should be the controlling ones, unless we honestly believe that the welfare of the institution itself is seriously threatened.

Discharge for incompetence, however, is an altogether different matter. There the ultimate success of the venture may already be at stake. When, through the glacial pressure of seniority, or nepotism, or any similar cause, a man of insufficient capacity comes to a position of substantial responsibility, forward progress is blocked. His mediocrity settles down over his range of authority like a thick fog. Perhaps he is bold, but solely because he lacks the sensitivity to foresee the consequences of his actions; perhaps he is wise, but weak; perhaps he is kindly, but dull. Whatever the reason, his incapacity must not be permitted to block the progress of the company. The man must be removed.

Once the situation is fully recognized, there should be no delay whatever. Immediate surgery shows the greatest mercy for all concerned. By hypothesis, there is no reasonable prospect of improvement, and the welfare of the individual has to yield to that of the institution as a whole.

Nor is the potential damage to the man as great as in a case where dishonor is involved. Since no moral stigma is attached to his leaving, there is always a reasonable chance that he can re-establish himself in some other calling.

The corporation must, of course, deal generously with him, particularly if his service has been long and conscientious, which is nearly always true in the really tough cases. A good formula is to set up for him a pension equal to the median between what is due him as of the time of the discharge and what would have been due him had he gone all the way through to retirement. That is little enough burden for the corporation to bear as a penalty for its own neglect in permitting the intolerable situation to develop.

The supreme crisis occurs, of course, when it is the chief executive himself whose mediocrity and indecisiveness so blanket the affairs of the company that initiative and creative effort are thwarted at every level. The situation can then be saved only by the board of directors, and that calls for industrial courage of the highest order. Most of the directors are there because he nominated them. If it is an inside board, composed only of company officers, the case is completely hopeless. Their own jobs are at stake if they should organize a palace revolution and lose. But even if the majority are from the outside, their interest in the company is so nominal that only a man of exceptional fortitude will face up to his old friend and tell him that he must resign. Usually nothing is done, and the company gradually withers away.

There is only one answer. We must so improve our methods of selection and training that mediocrity will be detected before it is permitted to ripen into authority.

AFTER THE FLOOD

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Noah retrieves the dove again,
Which bears him in its bill
A twig of olive to explain
That, if God sends them no more rain,
The world may prosper still.

Shem, Ham, and Japheth raise a shout
But weeks on end must wait
Till Father Noah, venturing out,
Can view the landscape all about
And prophesy their fate.

"Where had the waters of God's Flood
Dispersed?" God only knew.
What Noah saw was miles of mud,
Drowned rogues, and almond trees in bud
With blossom peeping through.

"Bold lads, in patience here abide!
The mire around this ark
By wind or sun must be well dried
Before we set against her side
The planks to disembark."

Obedient sons, a virtuous wife,
Flocks, cattle, jars of seeds,
Crook, colter, halter, pruning knife —
Noah forecasts a brave new life
Agreeable to his needs.

We too exult at the clear sky,
Twin Noahs of today,
For though we here and there descry
Morasses that no sun can dry
(Regret them how we may),

God's rainbow is a glorious toy,
His wine a cheerful drink,
And since He chooses to destroy
Rogues better dead, we wish Him joy,
While choking at the stink.



JUNG'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY

FROM *MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS* BY C. G. JUNG

RECORDED AND EDITED BY ANIELA JAFFÉ

For the first time in his extensive writings C. G. JUNG tells of his personal experience of God. Despite his sometimes unorthodox views, especially in his answer to the problem of evil and his conception of a God who is not entirely good or kind, Jung's deepest convictions are firmly rooted in his allegiance to Christianity. MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS will be published this spring by Pantheon Books.

ANY biography of myself must, I think, take account of the following reflections. It is true that they may well strike others as highly theoretical, but making theory of this sort is as much a part of me, as vital a function of mine, as eating and drinking.

What is remarkable about Christianity is that in its system of dogma it anticipates a metamorphosis in the divinity, a process of historic change on the "other side." It does this in the form of the new myth of dissension in heaven, first alluded to in the creation myth in which a serpentlike antagonist of the Creator appears and lures man to disobedience by the promise of increased conscious knowledge (*scientes bonum et malum*). The second allusion is to the fall of the angels, a premature invasion of the human world by unconscious contents. The angels are a strange genus: they are precisely what they are and cannot be anything else. They are in themselves soulless beings who represent nothing but the thoughts and intuitions of their Lord. Angels who fall, then, are exclusively "bad" angels. These release the well-known effect of "inflation," which we can also observe nowadays in the megalomania of dictators: the angels beget with men a race of giants which

ends by threatening to devour mankind, as is told in the Book of Enoch.

The third and decisive stage of the myth, however, is the self-realization of God in human form, in fulfillment of the Old Testament idea of the divine marriage and its consequences. As early as the period of primitive Christianity, the idea of the incarnation had been refined to include the intuition of "Christ within us." Thus the unconscious wholeness penetrated into the psychic realm of inner experience, and man was made aware of all that entered into his true configuration. This was a decisive step, not only for man, but also for the Creator — who, in the eyes of those who had been delivered from darkness, cast off His dark qualities and became the *summum bonum*.

This myth remained unassailably vital for a millennium, until the first signs of a further transformation of consciousness began appearing in the eleventh century. From then on, the symptoms of unrest and doubt increased, until at the end of the second millennium the outlines of a universal catastrophe became apparent, at first in the form of a threat to consciousness. This threat consists in giantism — in other words, a *hubris* of con-

Copyright © 1961, 1962, 1963 by Random House, Inc.

sciousness — in the assertion: “Nothing is greater than man and his deeds.” The otherworldliness, the transcendence of the Christian myth was lost, and with it the view that wholeness is achieved in the other world.

Light is followed by shadow, the other side of the Creator. This development reached its peak in the twentieth century. The Christian world is now truly confronted by the principle of evil, by naked injustice, tyranny, lies, slavery, and coercion of conscience. This manifestation of naked evil has assumed apparently permanent form in the Russian nation; but its first violent eruption came in Germany. That outpouring of evil revealed to what extent Christianity has been undermined in the twentieth century. In the face of that, evil can no longer be minimized by the euphemism of “the absence of good.” Evil has become a determinant reality. It can no longer be dismissed from the world by a circumlocution. We must learn how to handle it, since it is here to stay. How we can live with it without terrible consequences cannot for the present be conceived.

We stand in need of a reorientation. Touching evil brings with it the grave peril of succumbing to it. We must, therefore, no longer give in to anything at all, not even to good. A so-called good to which we succumb loses its ethical character. Not that there is anything bad in it on that score, but to have surrendered may breed trouble. Every form of addiction is bad, no matter whether the narcotic be alcohol or morphine or idealism. We must beware of thinking of good and evil as absolute opposites. The criterion of ethical action can no longer consist in the simple view that good has the force of a categorical imperative, while so-called evil can resolutely be shunned. Recognition of the reality of evil necessarily relativizes the good, and the evil likewise, converting both into halves of a paradoxical whole.

In practical terms, this means that good and evil are no longer so self-evident. We have to realize that each represents a judgment. In view of the fallibility of all human judgment, we cannot believe that we will always judge rightly. We might so easily be the victims of misjudgment. The ethical problem is affected by this principle only to the extent that we become somewhat uncertain about moral evaluations. Nevertheless, we have to make ethical decisions. The relativity of good and evil by no means signifies that these categories are invalid, or do not exist. Moral judgment is always present and carries with it characteristic psychological consequences. I have pointed out many times that, as in the past, so in the future the wrong we have done, thought, or intended will wreak its vengeance on our souls. Only the contents of judgment are subject to the differing con-

ditions of time and place, and therefore take correspondingly different forms. For moral evaluation is always founded upon the apparent certitudes of a moral code which pretends to know precisely what is good and what evil. But once we know how uncertain the foundation is, ethical decision becomes a subjective creative act. We can convince ourselves of its validity only *Deo concedente*; there must be a spontaneous and decisive impulse on the part of the unconscious. Ethics itself, the decision between good and evil, is not affected by this impulse, only made more difficult for us. Nothing can spare us the torment of ethical decision. Nevertheless, harsh as it may sound, we must have the freedom in some circumstances to avoid the known moral good and do what is considered to be evil, if our ethical decision so requires. In given cases, the moral code is undeniably abrogated and ethical choice is left to the individual. There is nothing new about this idea; in pre-psychology days such difficult choices were also known and came under the heading of “conflict of duties.”

AS A RULE the individual is so unconscious that he altogether fails to see his own potentialities for decision. Instead he is constantly and anxiously looking around for external rules and regulations which can guide him in his perplexity. Aside from general human inadequacy, a good deal of the blame for this rests with education, which promulgates the old generalizations and says nothing about the secrets of private experience. Every effort is made to teach idealistic beliefs or conduct which people know in their hearts they can never live up to, and such ideals are preached by officials who know that they themselves have never lived up to these high standards and never will. What is more, nobody ever questions the value of this kind of teaching.

Therefore, the individual who wishes to have an answer to the problem of evil as it is posed today has need, first and foremost, of self-knowledge — that is, the utmost possible knowledge of his own wholeness. He must know relentlessly how much good he can do and what crimes he is capable of, and must beware of regarding the one as real and the other as illusion. Both are elements within his nature, and both are bound to come to light in him, should he wish — as he ought — to live without self-deception or self-delusion.

Most people are hopelessly ill equipped for living on this level, although there are also many persons today who have the capacity for profounder insight into themselves. Such self-knowledge is of prime importance, because through it

we approach that fundamental stratum or core of human nature where the instincts dwell. Here are those pre-existent dynamic factors which ultimately govern the ethical decisions of our consciousness. This core is the unconscious and its contents, concerning which we cannot pass any final judgment. Our ideas about it are bound to be inadequate, for we are unable to comprehend its essence cognitively and set rational limits to it. We achieve knowledge of nature only through science, which enlarges consciousness; hence, deepened self-knowledge also requires science — that is, psychology. No one builds a telescope or microscope with one turn of the wrist without a knowledge of optics.

Today we need psychology for reasons that involve our very existence. We stand perplexed and stupefied before the phenomena of Nazism and Bolshevism because we know nothing about man, or at any rate have only a lopsided and distorted picture of him. If we had self-knowledge, that would not be the case. We stand face to face with the terrible question of evil and do not even know what is before us, let alone what to pit against it. And even if we did know, we still could not understand “how it could happen here.” With glorious naïveté a statesman comes out with the proud declaration that he has no “imagination for evil.” Quite right: we have no imagination for evil, but evil has us in its grip. Some do not want to know this, and others are identified with evil. That is the psychological situation in the world today: some call themselves Christian and imagine that they can trample so-called evil underfoot by merely willing to; others have succumbed to it and no longer see the good. Evil today has become a visible Great Power. One half of humanity batters and grows strong on a doctrine fabricated by human ratiocination; the other half sickens from the lack of a myth commensurate with the situation. The Christian nations have come to a sorry pass; their Christianity slumbers and has neglected to develop its myth further in the course of the centuries.

OUR myth has become mute, and gives no answers. The fault lies not in it as it is set down in the Scriptures, but solely in us, who have not developed it further; who, rather, have suppressed any such attempts. The original version of the myth offers ample points of departure and possibilities of development. For example, the words are put into Christ's mouth: “Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.” For what purpose do men need the cunning of serpents? And what is the link between this cunning and the

innocence of the dove? “Except ye become as little children. . . .” Who gives thought to what children are like in reality? By what morality did the Lord justify the taking of the ass which he needed in order to ride in triumph into Jerusalem? How was it that, shortly afterward, he put on a display of childish bad temper and cursed the fig tree? What kind of morality emerges from the parable of the unjust steward, and what profound insight, of such far-reaching significance for our own predicament, from the apocryphal logion: “Man, if thou knowest what thou dost, thou art blessed; but if thou knowest not, thou art accursed and a transgressor of the law”? What, finally, does it mean when St. Paul confesses: “The evil which I would not, that I do”? I will not discuss the transparent prophecies of the Book of Revelation, because no one believes in them and the whole subject is felt to be an embarrassing one.

The old question posed by the Gnostics, “Whence comes evil?”, has been given no answer by the Christian world, and Origen's cautious suggestion of a possible redemption of the devil was termed a heresy. Today we are compelled to meet that question; but we stand empty-handed, bewildered, and perplexed, and cannot even get it into our heads that no myth will come to our aid, although we have such urgent need of one. As a result of the political situation and the frightful, not to say diabolic, triumphs of science, we are shaken by secret shudders and dark forebodings; but we know no way out, and very few persons indeed draw the conclusion that this time the issue is the long since forgotten soul of man.

A further development of myth might well begin with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles, by which they were made into sons of God, and not only they, but all others who through them and after them received the *filiatio* — sonship of God — and thus partook of the certainty that they were more than autochthonous *animalia* sprung from the earth, that as the twice-born they had their roots in the divinity itself. Their visible, physical life was on this earth; but the invisible inner man had come from and would return to the primordial image of wholeness, to the eternal Father, as the Christian myth of salvation puts it.

Just as the Creator is whole, so His creature, His son, ought to be whole. Nothing can take away from the concept of divine wholeness. But unbeknownst to all, a splitting of that wholeness ensued; there emerged a realm of light and a realm of darkness. This outcome, even before Christ appeared, was clearly prefigured, as we may observe *inter alia* in the experience of Job, or in the widely disseminated Book of Enoch, which belongs to immediate pre-Christian times. In Christianity, too, this metaphysical split was plainly per-

petuated: Satan, who in the Old Testament still belonged to the intimate entourage of Yahweh, now formed the diametrical and eternal opposite of the divine world. He could not be uprooted. It is therefore not surprising that as early as the beginning of the eleventh century the belief arose that the devil, not God, had created the world. Thus the keynote was struck for the second half of the Christian aeon, after the myth of the fall of the angels had already explained that these fallen angels had taught men a dangerous knowledge of science and the arts. What would these old storytellers have to say about Hiroshima?

Since dogma holds that God is wholly present in each of the three Persons, He is also wholly present in each part of the outpoured Holy Spirit; thus every man can partake of the whole of God and hence of the filiation. The *complexio oppositorum* of the God image thus enters into man, and not as unity, but as conflict, the dark half of the image coming into opposition with the accepted view that God is Light. This very process is taking place in our own times, albeit scarcely recognized by the official teachers of humanity, whose task, supposedly, is to understand such matters. There is the general feeling, to be sure, that we have reached a significant turning point in the ages, but people imagine that the great change has to do with nuclear fission and fusion or with space rockets. What is concurrently taking place in the human psyche is usually overlooked.

INsofar as the God image is, from the psychological point of view, a manifestation of the ground of the psyche, and insofar as the cleavage in that image is becoming clear to mankind as a profound dichotomy which penetrates even into world politics, a compensation has arisen. This takes the form of circular symbols of unity which represent a synthesis of the opposites within the psyche. I refer to worldwide rumors of unidentified flying objects, of which we began to hear as early as 1945. These rumors are founded either upon visions or upon actual phenomena. The usual story about the UFOs is that they are some kind of spacecraft coming from other planets or even from the fourth dimension.

More than twenty years earlier (in 1918), in the course of my investigations of the collective unconscious, I discovered the presence of an apparently universal symbol of a similar type — the mandala symbol. To make sure of my case, I spent more than a decade amassing additional data before announcing my discovery for the first time in the commentary to *The Secret of the Golden Flower* (1931). The mandala is an archetypal image

whose occurrence is attested throughout the ages. It signifies the wholeness of the self. This circular image represents the wholeness of the psychic ground, or, to put it in mythic terms, the divinity incarnate in man. It symbolizes a compensation of the psychic cleavage, or an anticipation that the cleavage will be surmounted. Since this process takes place in the collective unconscious, it manifests itself everywhere. The worldwide stories of the UFOs are evidence of that; they are the symptom of a universally present psychic disposition.

Insofar as analytical treatment makes the “shadow” conscious, it causes a cleavage and a tension of opposites which in their turn seek compensation in unity. The adjustment is achieved through symbols. The conflict between the opposites can strain our psyche to the breaking point if we take them seriously, or if they take us seriously. No solution can be found by logic. If all goes well, the solution, seemingly of its own accord, appears out of nature. Then and then only is it convincing. It is felt as grace. Since the solution proceeds out of the confrontation and clash of opposites, it is usually an unfathomable mixture of conscious and unconscious factors, and therefore a symbol, a coin split into two halves which fit together precisely. It represents the result of the joint labors of consciousness and the unconscious and attains the likeness of the God image in the form of the mandala, which is probably the simplest model of a concept of wholeness, and one which spontaneously arises in the mind as a representation of the struggle and reconciliation of opposites.

The clash, which is at first of a purely personal nature, is soon followed by the insight that the subjective conflict is only a single instance of the universal conflict of opposites. Our psyche is set up in accord with the structure of the universe, and what happens in the macrocosm likewise happens in the infinitesimal and most subjective reaches of the psyche. For that reason the God image is always a projection of the inner experience of a powerful vis-à-vis.

Such experiences have a helpful or, it may be, annihilating effect upon man. He cannot grasp, comprehend, dominate them; nor can he free himself from them, and therefore he feels them as overpowering. Recognizing that they do not spring from his conscious personality, he calls them mana, daimon, or God. Science employs the term “the unconscious,” thus admitting that it knows nothing about the unconscious, for it can know nothing about the substance of the psyche when the sole means of knowing is the psyche. Therefore, the validity of such terms as mana, daimon, or God can be neither disproved nor affirmed. We can, however, establish that the

sense of strangeness connected with the experience of something apparently outside the psyche is authentic.

We know that something unknown, alien does come our way, just as we know that we do not ourselves make a dream or an inspiration, but that it somehow arises of its own accord. What does happen to us in this manner can be said to emanate from mana, from a daimon, a god, or the unconscious. The first three terms have the great merit of including and evoking the emotional quality of numinosity, whereas the last — the unconscious — is banal and therefore closer to commonplace reality. "The unconscious" is too neutral and rational a term to give much impetus to the imagination. The term was coined for scientific purposes and is far better suited to dispassionate observation which makes no metaphysical claims than are the transcendental concepts, which are controversial and tend to breed fanaticism.

Hence I prefer the term "the unconscious," knowing that I might equally well speak of "God" or "daimon" if I wished to express myself in mythic language. When I do use such mythic language, I am aware that "mana," "daimon," and "God" are synonyms for the unconscious; we know just as much or just as little about them as about the latter. People only believe they know much more about them, and for certain purposes that belief is far more useful and effective than a scientific concept. The great advantage of the concepts "daimon" and "God" lies in making possible a much better objectification of the vis-à-vis — namely, a personification of it. Their emotional quality confers life and effectuality upon them. Hate and love, fear and reverence enter the scene of the confrontation and raise it to a drama. The whole man is challenged and enters the fray with its total reality. Only then can he become whole, and only then can God be "born" — that is, enter into human reality and associate with man in the form of man. By this act of incarnation, man — his ego — is inwardly replaced by "God," and God becomes outwardly man, in keeping with the saying of Jesus: "Who sees me, sees the Father."

It is at this point that the shortcomings of mythic terminology become apparent. The Christian's ordinary conception of God is of an omnipotent, omniscient, and all-merciful Father and Creator of the world. If this God wishes to become man, an incredible kenosis (emptying) is required of Him, in order to reduce His totality to the infinitesimal human scale. Even then it is hard to see why the human frame is not shattered by the incarnation. Theological thinkers have therefore felt it necessary to equip Jesus with qualities which raise him above ordinary human existence.

Above all, he lacks the stain of original sin. For that reason, if for no other, he is at least a god-man or a demigod. The Christian God image cannot become incarnate in empirical man without contradictions — quite apart from the fact that man with all his external characteristics seems little suited to representing a god.

THE myth must ultimately take monotheism seriously and put aside its dualism, which, however much repudiated officially, has persisted until now and enthroned an eternal dark antagonist alongside the omnipotent Good. Room must be made within the system for the philosophical *complexio oppositorum* of Nicholas of Cusa and the moral ambivalence of Jakob Boehme; only thus can the One God be granted the wholeness and the synthesis of opposites which should be His. Symbols, by their very nature, can so unite the opposites that these no longer diverge or clash but mutually supplement one another and give meaningful shape to life. Once that has been experienced, the ambivalence in the image of a nature god or Creator god ceases to present difficulties. On the contrary, the myth of the necessary incarnation of God — the essence of the Christian message — can then be understood as man's creative confrontation with the opposites and their synthesis in the self, the wholeness of his personality. The unavoidable internal contradictions in the image of a Creator god can be reconciled in the unity and wholeness of the self as the *coniunctio oppositorum* of the alchemists or as a *unio mystica*. In the experience of the self it is no longer the opposites "God" and "man" that are reconciled, as it was before, but rather the opposites within the God image itself. That is the meaning of divine service, of the service which man can render to God, that light may emerge from the darkness, that the Creator may become conscious of His creation, and man conscious of himself.

Such is the one goal which fits man meaningfully into the scheme of creation and at the same time confers meaning upon it. It is an explanatory myth which has taken shape within me in the course of the decades. It is a goal I can acknowledge and esteem, and which therefore satisfies me.

By virtue of his reflective faculties, man is raised out of the animal world, and by his mind he demonstrates that nature has put a high premium precisely upon the development of consciousness. Through consciousness he takes possession of nature by recognizing the existence of the world, and thus, as it were, confirming the Creator. The world becomes the phenomenal world, for without conscious reflection it would not be. If the

Creator were conscious of Himself, He would not need conscious creatures; nor is it probable that the extremely indirect methods of creation, which squander millions of years upon the development of countless species and creatures, are the outcome of purposeful intention. Natural history tells us of a haphazard and casual transformation of species over hundreds of millions of years of devouring and being devoured. The biological and political history of man is an elaborate repetition of the same thing. But the history of the mind offers a different picture. Here the miracle of reflecting consciousness intervenes — the second cosmogony. The importance of consciousness is so great that one cannot help suspecting the element of meaning to be concealed somewhere within all the monstrous, apparently senseless biological turmoil, and that the road to its manifestation was ultimately found on the level of warm-blooded vertebrates possessed of a differentiated brain — found as if by chance, unintended and unforeseen, and yet somehow sensed, felt, and groped for out of some dark urge.

I do not imagine that in my reflections on the meaning of man and his myth I have uttered a final truth. We do not know how far the process of coming to consciousness can extend, or where it will lead. It is a new element in the story of creation, and there are no parallels we can look to. We therefore cannot know what potentialities are inherent in it. Neither can we know the prospects for the species *Homo sapiens*. Will it imitate the fate of other species which once flourished on the earth and now are extinct?

The need for mythic statements is satisfied when we frame a view of the world which adequately explains the meaning of human existence in the cosmos, a view which springs from our psychic wholeness, from the cooperation between conscious and unconscious. Meaninglessness inhibits fullness of life and is therefore equivalent to illness. Meaning makes a great many things endurable — perhaps everything. No science will ever replace myth, and a myth cannot be made out of any science. For it is not that "God" is a myth, but that myth is the revelation of a divine life in man. It is not we who invent myth; rather, it speaks to us as a Word of God. The Word of God comes to us, and we have no way of distinguishing whether and to what extent it is different from God. There is nothing about this Word that could not be considered known and human, except for the manner in which it confronts us spontaneously and places obligations upon us. It is not affected by the arbitrary operation of our will. We cannot explain an inspiration. Our chief feeling about it

is that it is not the result of our own ratiocinations, but that it came to us from elsewhere. And if we happen to have a precognitive dream, how can we possibly ascribe it to our own powers? Often we do not even know until afterward that the dream represented foreknowledge, or knowledge of something that happened at a distance.

The Word happens to us; we suffer it, for we are victims of a profound uncertainty: with God as a *complexio oppositorum*, all things are possible, in the fullest meaning of the phrase. Truth and delusion, good and evil are equally possible. Myth is or can be equivocal, like the oracle of Delphi or like a dream. We cannot and ought not to repudiate reason; but equally we must cling to the hope that instinct will hasten to our aid — in which case God is supporting us against God, as Job long ago understood. Everything through which the "other will" is expressed proceeds from man — his thinking, his words, his images, and even his limitations. Consequently, he has the tendency to refer everything to himself, when he begins to think in clumsy psychological terms, and decides that everything proceeds out of his intentions and out of himself. With childlike naïveté he assumes that he knows all his own reaches and knows what he is in himself. Yet all the while he is fatally handicapped by the weakness of his consciousness and the corresponding fear of the unconscious. Therefore, he is utterly unable to separate what he has carefully reasoned out from what has spontaneously flowed to him from another source. He has no objectivity toward himself and cannot yet regard himself as a phenomenon which he finds in existence and with which, for better or worse, he is identical. At first everything is thrust upon him, everything happens to him, and it is only by great effort that he finally succeeds in conquering and holding for himself an area of relative freedom.

When he has won his way to this achievement, and then only, he is in a position to recognize that he is confronting his instinctive foundations, given him from the beginning, which he cannot make disappear, however much he would like to. His beginnings are not by any means mere pasts; they live with him as the constant substratum of his existence, and his consciousness is as much molded by them as by the physical world around him.

These facts assail man from without and from within with overwhelming force. He has summed them up under the idea of divinity, has described their effects with the aid of myth, and has interpreted this myth as the Word of God — that is, as the inspiration and revelation of the numen from the "other side."

Translated by Richard and Clara Winston.



IRELAND'S HUNGER, ENGLAND'S FAULT?

BY CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

An English historian, CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH made her first and deep impression on American readers with her biography of Florence Nightingale. She went on to examine the calamitous leadership of the British generals in the Crimea, and in her blazing narrative THE REASON WHY she told how the Light Brigade was sent to its death. One of the British generals responsible for that decision was the proprietor of vast estates in Ireland, and in tracing his history, Mrs. Woodham-Smith came inevitably to that pitiable disaster, the potato famine. The pages which follow have been drawn from her splendid, compassionate book THE GREAT HUNGER, which will be published on February 13 by Harper & Row.



Photograph by Lewis Morley

AT THE beginning of the year 1845 the state of Ireland was, as it had been for nearly seven hundred years, a source of grave anxiety to England. Ireland had first been invaded in 1169; it was now 1845, yet she had been neither assimilated nor subdued. The country had been conquered not once but several times, the land had been confiscated and redistributed over and over again, the population had been brought to the verge of extinction — after Cromwell's conquest and settlement only some half million Irish survived — yet an Irish nation still existed, separate, numerous, and hostile.

The hostility between England and Ireland, which more than six centuries had failed to extinguish, had its roots first of all in race. After the first invasions, the first conquests, the Irish hated the English with the hatred of the defeated and the dispossessed. Nevertheless, eventually the English and the Irish might have fused as the English and the Scots, the English and the Welsh have for practical purposes fused, had it not been that in the sixteenth century racial animosity was disastrously strengthened by religious enmity.

The crucial event was the Reformation. The ideas of liberty which the English cherish and the history of their country's rise to greatness are bound up with Protestantism, while Ireland, alone

among the countries of Northern Europe, was scarcely touched by the Reformation. The gulf which resulted could never be bridged. In the political division of Europe which followed the Reformation, England and Ireland were on opposing sides. Henceforward, Irish aspirations could only be fulfilled, Irish faith could only flourish through the defeat of England and the triumph of her enemies.

So completely is the history of the one country the reverse of the history of the other that the very names which to an Englishman mean glory, victory, and prosperity to an Irishman spell degradation, misery, and ruin. In Ireland the name of Elizabeth I stands only for the horrors of her Irish conquest; in the defeat of the Armada, Ireland's hopes of independence went down; above all, with the name of William III and the Glorious Revolution of 1688, the very foundation of British liberties, the Catholic Irishman associates only the final subjugation of his country and the degradation and injustice of the penal laws. Freedom for the one meant slavery for the other; victory for the one meant defeat for the other; the good of the one was the evil of the other. Ireland, resentful and hostile, lying only a day's sail, in fine weather, from Britain's coasts, for centuries provided a refuge for enemy agents, a hatching ground for

Copyright © 1962 by Cecil Woodham-Smith.

enemy plots; her motto was "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," and in every crisis of England's history she seized the moment of weakness to stab her enemy in the back. It is the explanation, if not the excuse, for the ferocity with which the English have treated Ireland.

In the 1840s, after nearly seven hundred years of English domination, Irish poverty and Irish misery appalled the traveler. Housing conditions were wretched beyond words. The census of 1841 graded houses in Ireland into four classes; the fourth and lowest class consisted of windowless mud cabins of a single room; "nearly half of the families of the rural population," reported the census commissioners, "are living in the lowest state." In parts of the west of Ireland, more than three fifths of the houses were one-room windowless mud cabins, and west of a line drawn from Londonderry to Cork the proportion was two fifths.

Furniture was a luxury; the inhabitants of Tullahobagly, County Donegal, numbering about 9000, had in 1837 only 10 beds, 93 chairs, and 243 stools among them. Pigs slept with their owners, manure heaps choked doors, sometimes even stood inside; the evicted and unemployed put roofs over ditches, burrowed into banks, existing in bog holes.

All this wretchedness and misery could almost without exception be traced to a single source — the system under which land had come to be occupied and owned in Ireland, a system produced by centuries of successive conquests, rebellions, confiscations, and punitive legislation.

In 1843 the British government, recognizing that the land question was at the root of Irish discontent, set up a royal commission "to inquire into the law and practice with regard to the occupation of land in Ireland." This commission, called the Devon Commission after its chairman, the Earl of Devon, visited every part of Ireland, examined 1100 witnesses, printed three huge volumes of evidence, and made its report in February, 1845, a few months before the outbreak of the famine.

The report of the Devon Commission stated that the principal cause of Irish misery was the bad relations between landlord and tenant. Ireland was a conquered country, the Irish peasant a dispossessed man, his landlord an alien conqueror. There was no paternalism such as existed in England, no hereditary loyalty or feudal tie.

With some notable exceptions — whose names survive and are regarded with affection in Ireland today — the successive owners of the soil of Ireland regarded it merely as a source from which to extract as much money as possible, and since a hostile, backward country is neither a safe nor an

agreeable place in which to live, from the first conquests the absentee landlord was common in Ireland. Rents were spent in England or on the Continent; in 1842 it was estimated that six million pounds of rents were being remitted out of Ireland, and Kohl, the German traveler, commented on the mansions of absentee landlords, standing "stately, silent, empty." Absentee estates, however, were by no means always the worst managed; and some, in particular the properties of great English territorial magnates — for instance, the estates of the Duke of Devonshire — were models. But too often owners visited property in Ireland only once or twice in a lifetime, sometimes not at all; as Colonel Conolly of Kildare and Donegal told a Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1846, "Where the landlords have never seen their estates, you can hardly suppose that their sympathies are very strong for sufferings they have never witnessed." Meanwhile, almost absolute power was left in the hands of an agent, whose ability was measured by the amount of money he could contrive to extract.

Whether the Irish peasant held under a middleman, a resident, or an absentee landlord, the terms on which he occupied his land were harsh; and two provisions in particular, the two "monster grievances" of Ireland, deprived him of incentive and security.

First, any improvement he made to his holding became, when his lease expired or was terminated, the property of the landlord, without compensation. Second, he very seldom had any security of tenure; the majority of tenants in Ireland were tenants "at will" — that is, the will of the landlord, who could turn them out whenever he chose.

WRETCHED though their condition might be, the pre-famine Irish peasants were not gloomy. "Their natural condition," wrote Sir Walter Scott during his visit to Ireland in 1825, "is turned towards gaiety and happiness," and the census commissioners noted "the proverbial gaiety and lightheartedness of the peasant people."

Dancing was the universal diversion, and Lord George Hill, who owned property in Donegal, has left an account of moving a cabin with dancing and fiddling. "The custom on such occasions is for the person who has the work to be done to hire a fiddler, upon which engagement all the neighbours joyously assemble and carry in an incredibly short time the stones and timber upon their backs to the new site; men, women and children alternately dancing and working while daylight lasts, at the termination of which they adjourn to some dwelling where they finish the night, often

prolonging the dance to dawn of day." Arthur Young, at the end of the eighteenth century, commented on the fine physique of the average Irishman and the good looks of Irish women, and even after the sufferings of the famine, Nassau Senior, the economist, revisiting Ireland, was "struck by the beauty of the population."

The culture of the potato required little attention except at springtime and harvest, and through the long winter nights the people sat within their cabins, fiddling, talking, and telling stories. Firing, in the shape of turf — peat cut from the bog and costing little or nothing — was plentiful. "Few, if any, had any reason to complain of cold," records a manuscript, and poteen, illicit whiskey, was plentiful too. Groups of neighbors gathered for dancing to the fiddle, indoors in the winter, in summer at the crossroads; wakes, with liberal potations of poteen, were social occasions; and crowds gaily traveled immense distances to attend markets, fairs, and above all, races.

Good manners and hospitality were universal among the poorest Irish. "The neighbour or the stranger finds every man's door open, and to walk in without ceremony at meal time and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to everyone of the house," wrote Sir John Carr, a Devonshire gentleman who toured Ireland soon after the Union; and twenty years later, Sir Walter Scott found "perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin; buttermilk, potatoes, a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down . . . and those that beg everywhere else seem desirous to exercise hospitality in their own houses."

Irish dignity, Irish hospitality, and the easy good manners which still charm the modern traveler have a historical explanation. Three times, at least, the native aristocracy was conquered and dispossessed; many fled from Ireland to exile in France or Spain, but many others remained, to be forced down by poverty and penal legislation to the economic level of the peasantry.

AN OPPRESSED and poverty-stricken population in Ireland was already giving signs of future tragedy when a new development made catastrophe inevitable. Between sixty and seventy years before the potato famine, the population of Ireland began and continued to increase at a rate previously unknown in the history of Europe. Why this took place has yet to be fully explained. Demography, the science which deals with the statistics of birth, death, and disease, is a relatively new science, and the waves of population growth which from time to time pass over the world are

not yet fully understood. In the case of Ireland, information is lacking; births were not compulsorily registered until 1863, and though the practice of taking a ten-year census began in 1821, the first figures considered reliable are those of 1841.

It is, however, agreed by all authorities that about the year 1780 the population of Ireland began to take an extraordinary upward leap. The increase between 1779 and 1841 has been placed at the almost incredible figure of 172 percent.

During the same period a rapid increase also took place in the population of England and Wales. It is customary to ascribe this to the spread of industrialization, resulting in improved communications and more towns with better opportunities for social intercourse and early marriage; to a more general adoption of vaccination, with a consequent reduction of deaths from smallpox; and in some degree to improved cleanliness and medical care. More adults lived to old age; more babies were born and fewer died.

But this cannot apply to Ireland. Little can have been effected by medical care in a country which in 1841 possessed only thirty-nine infirmaries, apart from hospitals for fever, venereal, ophthalmic, and maternity patients, to serve a population officially calculated at more than eight million, where the only medical aid available to the mass of the people was a limited number of dispensaries. Nor can the growth of towns and the improvement of communications have played much part in the bogs, the mountains, and the lonely cabins of the west; yet Mayo, in Connaught, poorest and most remote of counties, had the largest rural population in Ireland.

Still, certain circumstances favorable to population increase were present in Ireland during this period. First, and most important, there was an abundant supply of incredibly cheap food, easily obtained, in the potato, and the standard of living of the time was such that a diet of potatoes was no great hardship. With the addition of milk or buttermilk, potatoes form a scientifically satisfactory diet, as the physique of the pre-famine Irish proved.

Next, far from acting as a deterrent, the miserably low standards of Irish life encouraged young couples to marry early. No savings were necessary, no outlay was required; a cabin was erected for little or nothing in a few days; the young couple secured a scrap of land, owned a pot, perhaps a stool, not always a bed. Marriages were "daily contracted with the most reckless improvidence. Boys and girls marry literally without habitation or any means of support, trusting, as they say, to Providence as others have done before them." In fact, nothing was to be gained by waiting. Asked why the Irish married so young, the Catholic

bishop of Raphoe told the Irish Poor Enquiry of 1835: "They cannot be worse off than they are and . . . they may help each other."

The Irish are fond of children, and family feeling is exceptionally strong. Moreover, in pre-famine Ireland children were a necessity. A Poor Law did not begin to operate until 1838, and then its provisions were limited; thus, a man and woman's insurance against destitution in old age was their children.

There was too, barbarous and half savage though conditions might be, one luxury enjoyed by the Irishman which favored the survival and rearing of children — his cabin was usually well warmed by a turf fire. Ill clothed though he was, sleeping as he did on a mud floor, with his pig in the corner, the Irish peasant did not have to endure cold, nor did his children die of cold. They were warm, they were abundantly fed — as long as the potato did not fail.

By 1841, when a census was taken, the population had reached 8,175,124, and Disraeli declared that Ireland was the most densely populated country in Europe; on arable land, he asserted, the population was denser than that of China.

For this closely packed and rapidly increasing people the only outlet, with the exception of parts of Ulster, was the land. Ireland had never been industrialized; such deposits of coal and iron as she possessed were "unfortunately of more significance to the geologist than the economist," and in 1845 the few industries she did possess were moribund. A remnant of the famous Dublin poplin weavers worked fifteen hours a day for about twelve shillings a week; in the once-prosperous woolen industry, production had fallen about 50 percent in the last twenty years, and three quarters of the frieze, thick woolen cloth worn by the peasantry, was dumped by England. The fisheries of Ireland, too, were undeveloped, and in Galway and Mayo the herring fishermen were too poor to buy salt with which to preserve a catch. Unless an Irish laborer could get hold of a patch of land and grow potatoes on which to feed himself and his children, the family starved.

The consequence was the doom of Ireland. The land was divided and subdivided again and again, and holdings were split into smaller and still smaller fragments, until families were attempting to exist on plots of less than an acre, in some cases half an acre.

Farms had already been divided by middlemen and landlords, but the subdivision which preceded the famine was carried out by the people themselves, frequently against the landlord's will. As the population increased and the demand for a portion of ground grew more and more frantic, land became like gold in Ireland. Parents allowed their children to occupy a portion of their holdings

because the alternative was to turn them out to starve; the children, in turn, allowed occupation by their children, and in a comparatively short time three, six, or even ten families were settled on land which could provide food for only one family.

The possession of a piece of land was literally the difference between life and death. "Ejectment," the House of Commons was told in April, 1846, "is tantamount to a sentence of death by slow torture." Turned off the land, evicted families wandered about begging, "miserable and turbulent." Since no employment existed, they crowded the already swarming lanes and slums of the towns, lived in ditches by the roadside until, wasted by disease and hardship, "they die in a little time."

THE whole of this structure, the minute subdivisions, the closely packed population existing at the lowest level, the high rents, the frantic competition for land, had been produced by the potato. The potato, provided it did not fail, enabled great quantities of food to be produced at a trifling cost from a small plot of ground. Subdivision could never have taken place without the potato; an acre and a half would provide a family of five or six with food for twelve months, while to grow the equivalent grain required an acreage four to six times as large and some knowledge of tillage as well. Only a spade was needed for the primitive method of potato culture usually practiced in Ireland. Trenches were dug, and beds, called "lazy beds," made; the potato sets were laid on the ground and earthed up from the trenches; when the shoots appeared, they were earthed up again. This method, regarded by the English with contempt, was in fact admirably suited to the moist soil of Ireland. The trenches provided drainage, and crops could be grown in wet ground, while cultivation by the spade enabled potatoes to be grown on mountainsides, where no plow could be used. As the population expanded, potatoes in lazy beds were pushed out into the bog and up the mountain, where no other cultivation would have been possible.

The potato was, moreover, the most universally useful of foods. Pigs, cattle, and fowl could be raised on it, using the tubers which were too small for family use; it was simple to cook; it produced fine children; as a diet, it did not pall. Yet it was the most dangerous of crops. It did not keep, nor could it be stored from one season to another. Thus, every year the nearly two and a half million laborers who had no regular employment more or less starved in the summer, when the old potatoes were finished and the new had not come in. It was for this reason that June, July, and August

were called the "meal months"; there was always the danger that potatoes would run out and meal would have to be eaten instead. The laborers would then have to buy it on credit, at exorbitant prices, from the petty dealer and usurer who was the scourge of the Irish village — the dreaded "gombeen-man."

More serious still, if the potato did fail, neither meal nor anything else could replace it. There could be no question of resorting to an equally cheap food — no such food existed; nor could potato cultivation be replaced, except after a long period, by the cultivation of any other food.

In 1844 a report was received that in North America a disease hitherto unknown had attacked the potato crop. The potato of the mid-nineteenth century, not yet even partially immunized against disease by scientific breeding, was singularly liable to failure. The unreliability of the potato was an accepted fact in Ireland, ranking with the vagaries of the weather, and in 1845 the possibility of yet another failure caused no particular alarm.

At the beginning of July of that year, the potato crop promised remarkably well; the weather was then dry and hot. The abrupt change which followed, extraordinary even for the fickle climate of Ireland, brought for upward of three weeks "one continued gloom," with low temperatures and "a succession of most chilling rains and some fog." Nevertheless, at the end of July the crop was still exceptionally heavy, and on July 23 the *Freeman's Journal* reported that "the poor man's property, the potato crop, was never before so large and at the same time so abundant."

The first disquieting news came from an unexpected quarter. At the beginning of August, Sir Robert Peel, the British Prime Minister, received a letter from the Isle of Wight, as famous for its market gardens as anywhere in the south of England, reporting that disease had appeared in the potato crop there. This was the first recorded evidence that the blight which had recently ravaged the potato crop in North America had crossed the Atlantic.

The British government was anxious not only for Ireland but for England. During the previous fifty years potatoes had assumed a dangerous importance in the diet of the English laboring classes. Hard times, the blockade during the Napoleonic Wars, the unemployment and wage cutting which followed the declaration of peace after Waterloo had been gradually forcing the English laborer to eat potatoes in place of bread. A failure would be serious enough for England, but for Ireland it would be disaster, and Ireland loomed in every mind — wretched, rebellious, and utterly dependent on the potato.

It was only a question of time before the blight

spread to Ireland, and on September 13 Dr. John Lindley, editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle and Horticultural Gazette*, held up publication of the magazine to make a dramatic announcement. "We stop the Press with very great regret to announce that the potato Murrain has unequivocally declared itself in Ireland. The crops about Dublin are suddenly perishing . . . where will Ireland be in the event of a universal potato rot?"

Nevertheless, through the next few weeks the British government was optimistic. Very likely the failure would be local, as had often happened in the past; and the Home Secretary, who "repeatedly" requested information from Ireland, was receiving many favorable reports. These were explained later by the sporadic nature of the failure of 1845; "the country is like a checker-board," wrote a government official, "black and white next door. Hence the contradictory reports." It was, too, the habitual policy of British governments to discount the veracity of news from Ireland; "there is such a tendency to exaggeration and inaccuracy in Irish reports that delay in acting on them is always desirable," wrote Sir Robert Peel on October 13, 1845.

IT HAS been proved that the organism of the blight fungus is so sensitive to heat and drought that its spread for any considerable distance by air currents is impossible, and the blight fungus almost certainly reached Europe in a diseased tuber carried in a ship from North America. Contemporary scientists attributed blight to the wetness of the summer, and they were very nearly right. Though rain and damp are not the cause of blight, without them the fungus does not multiply rapidly. Consequently, in a dry summer there is little blight, and the fungus, though present, is more or less dormant. It is when the atmosphere is moist and muggy that spore production reaches its height, and the blight fungus spreads with such rapidity that potato fields seem to be ruined overnight. The soft, warm climate of Ireland, particularly in the west, with its perpetual light rains and mild breezes, provides ideal conditions for the spread of the fungus.

The blight fungus also infects potatoes after digging, a source of despair and bewilderment in 1845. The top and foliage of a plant can be destroyed by blight while the potatoes in the ground beneath may be sound; either the potatoes were too well covered with earth for the blight spore to reach them or, as was frequently the case in Ireland, rain was light and did not wash the spore containers down through the soil. But even so, danger of infection is not over; countless thousands

of live spore containers are on the leaves of surrounding plants, and as the potatoes are dug they are showered with spores. If the weather is dry no harm is done, but if it is moist the spore containers find the drop of water they must have to germinate, and within a few hours the fungus is active, growing rapidly through the tubers.

As digging of the potato crop progressed, the news from Ireland grew steadily worse, and the Constabulary Reports of October 15, 1845, were the gloomiest yet forwarded. In Antrim the failure was more serious than at first supposed; Armagh had hardly a sound potato; in the south, Bantry and Clonakilty reported great failure; in Bandon and Kinsale disease was extending, while in the fertile midlands and Kildare blight had appeared. In Wicklow, where the clouds broke on the mountains in rain, potatoes grown between the sea and the mountains were diseased to an alarming extent. In Monaghan, Tyrone, and several other counties it was reported that "potatoes bought a few days ago, seemingly remarkably good, have rotted."

The soundness of the potato when first dug was responsible for bewildering contradictions. Optimists, delighted to witness the digging of what seemed a splendid crop, hastened to send off glowing accounts. In almost every case, hope was short-lived. Within a few days the fine-looking tubers had become a stinking mass of corruption, and growers began to flood the market with potatoes, anxious to get rid of them before the rot set in.

PEEL decided to set up a scientific commission in Ireland to investigate what science could do to save the potato. Dr. Lindley agreed to serve with Dr. Lyon Playfair, a chemist of considerable reputation, and they crossed immediately to Dublin. In addition, Peel arranged for the cooperation and assistance of an Irish Catholic scientist of eminence, Professor Robert Kane, knighted in 1846, who was already making an investigation of the potato disease on behalf of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society for Ireland and had recently published an important book, *The Industrial Resources of Ireland*.

No deliberation was necessary. The briefest possible inquiry was sufficient for the professors to become alarmed, and the scientific commissioners estimated that half the potato crop of Ireland either had been already destroyed or would shortly perish. Thus, to find a method of preventing potatoes sound when dug from rotting was of overwhelming importance. A number of suggestions were now put forward by the commissioners, none of which worked.

Seventy thousand copies of these well-meant suggestions were printed by the government and circulated to local agricultural committees, to newspapers, and to parish priests, who received thirty copies each. This was only a beginning. For between October 26 and November 12 the "untiring industry" of the commissioners produced in rapid succession what the *Times* called "four monster reports," as well as two statements dated from the Royal Dublin Society and addressed to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. After having been in Ireland somewhat less than three weeks, the men of science returned to London.

Meanwhile, apart from the appointment of the men of science, the government had taken no steps, and on October 28 a meeting was called by a committee of the Dublin Corporation, under the chairmanship of the lord mayor. Three days later a meeting of citizens was called, which appointed a committee presided over by the Duke of Leinster. On November 3 a deputation of the highest respectability waited on the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Heytesbury, to urge him to adopt measures "to avert calamity." The deputation included the Duke of Leinster, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Cloncurry, the lord mayor of Dublin, Henry Grattan, son of the famous patriot, Sir James Murray, John Augustus O'Neill, and some twenty others.

Their proposals, drawn up by O'Connell, called for the immediate stoppage of the export of corn and provisions and for the prohibition of distilling and brewing from grain; the ports should be thrown open for the free import of food and rice and Indian corn imported from the colonies; relief machinery must be set up in every county, stores of food established, and employment provided on works of public utility. It was proposed that the cost be met by a tax of 10 percent on the rental of resident landlords and from 20 to 50 percent on that of absentees. In addition, a loan of £1,500,000 should be raised on the security of the proceeds of Irish woods and forests.

The Lord Lieutenant received the deputation "very coldly" and read aloud a prepared reply. Reports on the potato crop varied and at times contradicted each other, and it was impossible to form an accurate opinion of the extent of the failure until digging was completed. The proposals submitted by the deputation would at once be placed before the government, but the greater part of them required new legislation, and all must be "maturely weighed." As soon as Lord Heytesbury "had concluded reading, he began bowing the deputation out."

As the news worsened, Sir Robert Peel took a bold step. On November 9 or 10 he ordered, acting on his own responsibility and without waiting for Treasury sanction, £100,000 to be spent on

Indian corn, to be purchased in the United States and shipped to Ireland. His purchase of Indian corn proved the decisive factor in relieving the distress of 1845–1846, but the subsequent value to Ireland of Peel's boldness, independence, and strength of mind was unfortunately outweighed by his belief in an economic theory which almost every politician of the day, Whig or Tory, held with religious fervor.

This theory, usually termed *laissez-faire* (let people do as they think best), insisted that in the economic sphere individuals should be allowed to pursue their own interests and asserted that the government should interfere as little as possible. Not only were the rights of property sacred; private enterprise was revered and respected and given almost complete liberty; and on this theory, which, incidentally, gave the employer and the landlord freedom to exploit their fellowmen, the prosperity of nineteenth-century England had unquestionably been based.

The influence of *laissez-faire* on the treatment of Ireland during the famine is impossible to exaggerate. Almost without exception the high officials and politicians responsible for Ireland were fervent believers in non-interference by government, and the behavior of the British authorities only becomes explicable when their fanatical belief in private enterprise and their suspicions of any action which might be considered government intervention are borne in mind.

The loss of the potato crop was, therefore, to be made good without government interference, by the operation of private enterprise and private firms using the normal channels of commerce. The government was not to appear in food markets as a buyer; there were to be "no disturbance of the ordinary course of trade" and "no complaints from private traders" on account of government competition.

The flaw in the plan was the undeveloped state of the food and provision trade in a great part of Ireland. Large numbers of people, especially in the west and southwest, hardly purchased food at all; they grew potatoes and lived on them. Shops and organizations for importing foodstuffs and distributing them on the English model were generally found only in more prosperous districts in northeast Ulster, Dublin, some places in eastern Ireland, and the larger towns, like Cork. Where relief would be most needed, the means by which it was to be supplied seldom existed.

Peel's plan, nevertheless, was farseeing and ingenious. He intended to use the Indian corn he had bought as a weapon to keep prices down. It was to be held in reserve, controlled by government, and a supply thrown in whenever prices rose unreasonably. At no time did he contemplate

attempting to feed on Indian corn all those who had lost their potatoes; that loss has been estimated by a modern authority at a value in money of £3,500,000, and £100,000 of Indian corn could not conceivably replace it.

Indian corn was purchased because doing so did not interfere with private enterprise. No trade in Indian corn existed; it was virtually unknown as a food in Ireland or any other part of the United Kingdom and was neither imported nor bought and sold. Moreover, it had the immense advantage of being cheap, one of the cheapest foods on which a human being could keep alive.

ALL expenditure required Treasury sanction — the money to be spent on famine relief, the expenses of the relief commission, the grants for Poor Law, for public works, for medical services; and at the Treasury, standing guard over the British nation's moneybags, was the formidable figure of Charles Edward Trevelyan.

The official title of Trevelyan was assistant secretary, but he was in fact the permanent head of the Treasury, and owing to his remarkable abilities and the structure of British administration, which results in a capable permanent official's exercising a high degree of power, he was able to influence policy to a remarkable extent.

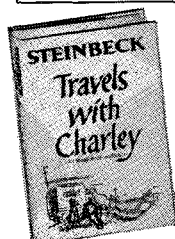
Trevelyan was by far the ablest man concerned with Irish relief, and, unaffected by changes of government and policy, he remained a dominant figure throughout the famine years. He had been brought up in what was known as the Clapham Sect, not a religious body but a number of highly cultivated families (including the Wilberforces and the Thorntons of Battersea Rise) who lived around Clapham Common and were distinguished for their philanthropic and evangelical views. Trevelyan, who was of rigid integrity, delighted in reading chapters of the Bible aloud in a "deep sonorous voice."

At the outset of his career, when he was no more than twenty-one, in India he risked his future by publicly denouncing his superior, a very powerful and popular man, for taking bribes. "A perfect storm was raised against the accuser," wrote Macaulay, who was in India at the time and knew Trevelyan well. "He was almost everywhere abused and very generally cut. But, with a firmness and ability scarcely ever seen in a man so young, he brought his proofs forward, and, after an inquiry of some weeks, fully made out his case." His superior was dismissed with ignominy and Trevelyan himself was applauded "in the highest terms," though Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of India, remarked, "That man is almost

25 OUTSTANDING BOOKS IN THE

Just for self-appraisal: CHECK THOSE YOU
BUT FAILED TO ...THROUGH OVERSIGHT

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED



The latest book
by the winner
of the 1962
Nobel Prize for
Literature

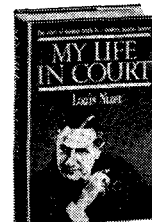
☐ 553. **TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY**
by JOHN STEINBECK
(Publisher's retail price \$4.95)



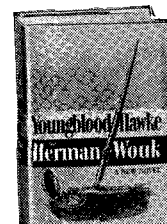
☐ 539. **SHIP OF FOOLS**
by KATHERINE ANNE
PORTER. (Publisher's re-
tail price \$6.50)



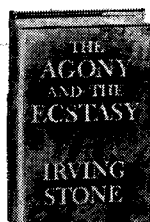
☐ 540. **THE ROTH-
SCHILDs** by FREDERIC
MORTON. Illustrated
(Publisher's retail price
\$5.95)



☐ 521. **MY LIFE IN
COURT** by LOUIS NIZER
(Publisher's retail price
\$5.95)



☐ 559. **YOUNGBLOOD
HAWKE** by HERMAN
WOUK. (Publisher's re-
tail price \$7.95)



☐ 455. **THE AGONY AND
THE ECSTASY** by IRVING
STONE. (Publisher's re-
tail price \$5.95)



☐ 522. **CITIZEN HEARST**
by W. A. SWANBERG
Illustrated. (Publisher's
retail price \$7.50)

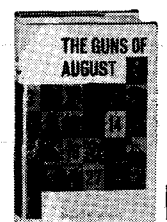
IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE
Book-of-the-Month Club

**YOU MAY CHOOSE
ANY THREE
FOR \$1 EACH**

THE TRIAL: You agree to buy as few as three
additional books from the Club during the
coming year



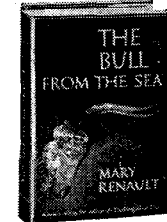
☐ 558. **GABRIELA, CLOVE
AND CINNAMON** by
JORGE AMADO. (Publi-
sher's retail price \$5.95)



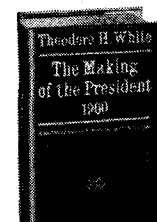
☐ 523. **THE GUNS OF
AUGUST** by BARBARA W.
TUCHMAN. Illustrated
(Publisher's retail price
\$6.95)



☐ 543. **SCOTT FITZGER-
ALD** by ANDREW TURN-
BULL. Illustrated. (Pub-
lisher's retail price
\$5.95)



☐ 520. **THE BULL FROM
THE SEA** by MARY REN-
NAULT. (Publisher's re-
tail price \$4.95)



☐ 467. **THE MAKING OF
THE PRESIDENT—1960**
by THEODORE H. WHITE
(Publisher's retail price
\$6.95)



☐ 537. **THE LAST PLAN-
TAGENETS** by THOMAS
B. COSTAIN. Maps. (Pub-
lisher's retail price
\$5.75)



☐ 498. **LIVING FREE** by
JOY ADAMSON. Illustrat-
ed. (Publisher's retail
price \$5.95)



☐ 503. **MILA 18** by LEON
URIS. (Publisher's retail
price \$4.95)



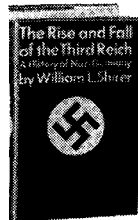
☐ 502. **THE COMING
FURY** by BRUCE CAT-
TON. Maps. (Publisher's
retail price \$7.50)



☐ 493. **SINCLAIR LEWIS**
by MARK SCHORER. Il-
lustrated. (Publisher's
retail price \$10)

LAST 12 MONTHS

FULLY INTENDED TO READ OR OVERBUSYNESS



51. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Publisher's retail price \$10)

NOT TO BE MISSED



"The most important chronicle of this century for the human race."
Supreme Court Justice
William O. Douglas

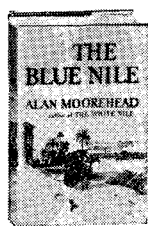
552. SILENT SPRING by RACHEL CARSON. (Publisher's retail price \$5)



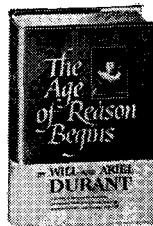
517. THE REIVERS by WILLIAM FAULKNER. (Publisher's retail price \$.95)



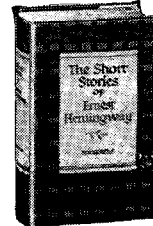
550. UHURU by ROBERT RUARK. (Publisher's retail price \$5.95)



557. THE BLUE NILE by ALAN MOOREHEAD. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price \$5.95)



500. THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS by WILL and ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price \$10)



487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Publisher's retail price \$6)



555. HORNBLOWER AND THE HOTSPUR by C. S. FORESTER. (Publisher's retail price \$4.95)

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

IF YOUR SELF-CHECK reveals that you have been missing the books you promise yourself to read, because of irritating overbusyness, there is a simple way to break this bad habit: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.* During the coming year, at least 200 books—which will surely be as interesting and important as those shown here—will be made available to members at the special members' prices which, on the average, are 20% below the publishers' regular retail prices.

✦ Your only obligation in the trial membership suggested here is to buy as few as three of these 200 books, in addition to the three you choose from these pages. The three you choose now will be sent to you immediately,

and you will be billed one dollar for each of them (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

✦ During this trial and thereafter, if you continue, with every Club choice you buy you will receive a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually \$1.00—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend* which you may choose from more than a hundred fine library volumes whose publishers' retail prices now average \$7. This is probably the most economical means of building a well-rounded personal library that has ever been devised. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, \$280,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. • 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

always on the right side in every question; and it is well that he is so, for he gives a most confounded deal of trouble when he happens to take the wrong one."

Seven years later Trevelyan married Macaulay's idolized sister, Hannah, in India. At the time of the marriage, Macaulay, who was greatly attached to Trevelyan, wrote: "He has no small talk. His mind is full of schemes of moral and political improvement, and his zeal boils over in his talk. His topics, even in courtship, are steam navigation, the education of the natives, the equalization of the sugar duties, the substitution of the Roman for the Arabic alphabet in Oriental languages." His temper was pronounced "very sweet," his religious feelings ardent, but he was rash and uncompromising in public affairs, and his manner was blunt, almost to roughness, and at times awkward.

At the beginning of the famine, Trevelyan was thirty-eight, at the height of his powers and immensely conscientious, and he had an obsession for work. Though his integrity was absolute and he had a strong sense of justice, he was not the right man to undertake Ireland. He disapproved of the

Irish; the cast of his mind, his good qualities were such as to make him impatient with the Irish character. His mind was powerful, his character admirably scrupulous and upright, his devotion to duty praiseworthy, but he had a remarkable insensitiveness. Since he took action only after conscientiously satisfying himself that what he proposed to do was ethical and justified, he went forward impervious to other considerations, sustained, but also blinded, by his conviction of doing right.

When the first relief commission started work in November, 1845, the influence of Trevelyan was limited; his relations with Peel on Ireland were not good. Peel himself laid down the policy for the relief commission, and the instructions for putting it into effect were drawn up by Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary. Within a few months, however, Trevelyan had become director and virtually dictator of Irish relief.

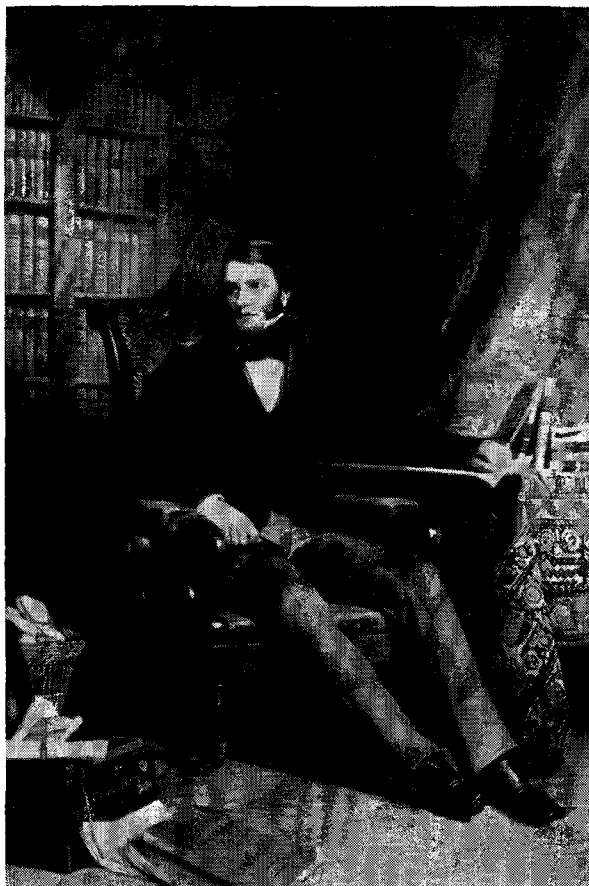
The consequences of a potato failure are not immediate: "The first effect of the disease is not scarcity, but plenty, owing to the people's anxiety to dispose of their potatoes before they become useless." It was not until five or six months after a failure that famine began, after every scrap of food, every partially diseased potato, every fragment that was conceivably edible by human beings had disappeared.

The commissioners, then, had an interval to prepare. They were to "ascertain the extent of the deficiency and watch approaching famine, even in the most remote localities" and to "assist in devising the necessary measures for the employment of the people and their relief."

The relief plan devised by Peel fell into four parts. The first and most important was the organization of local efforts: the relief commissioners were instructed to form committees of local landowners or their agents, magistrates, clergy, and residents of importance. These committees would raise funds, out of which food was to be bought for resale to distressed persons, or in urgent cases given free. Local employment schemes were to be started, and landlords persuaded to give increased employment on their estates. The government pinned its faith on the landlords. "Our main reliance," said Peel, "must be placed on the co-operation of the landed interest with local aid."

The second part of the plan depended on the Irish Board of Works; it was to create extra employment by making new roads, a traditional undertaking for the provision of famine relief.

The third part was concerned with "destitute poor persons affected by fever"; in previous famines the British government had learned that fever always followed scarcity in Ireland. Fever patients might be maintained in a fever hospital,



Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan. Engraved from a portrait by E. U. Eddis. Courtesy of the National Trust.

or a house could be hired for their reception, or they could be put in a separate building in the grounds of the local workhouse, but not in the workhouse itself.

Finally, the sale of the government Indian corn would keep down food prices; as soon as they rose unreasonably, a sufficient quantity of the Indian corn was to be thrown on the market to bring them down. Trevelyan conducted "Indian corn experiments" on himself, eating the meal as stirabout (porridge) and in cakes, and he arranged for a halfpenny pamphlet to be prepared, with simple instructions for cooking.

In the long and troubled history of England and Ireland, no issue has provoked so much anger or so embittered relations between the two countries as the indisputable fact that huge quantities of food were exported from Ireland to England throughout the period when the people of Ireland were dying of starvation. "During all the famine years," wrote John Mitchel, the Irish revolutionary, "Ireland was actually producing sufficient food, wool and flax, to feed and clothe not nine but eighteen millions of people"; yet, he asserted, a ship sailing into an Irish port during the famine years with a cargo of grain was "sure to meet six ships sailing out with a similar cargo."

At first sight the inhumanity of exporting food from a country stricken by famine seems impossible to justify or condone. Modern Irish historians, however, have treated the subject with generosity and restraint. They have pointed out that the grain grown in Ireland before the famine was not sufficient to feed the people if they had depended on it alone, that imports must be examined as well as exports; in fact, when the famine was at its worst, four times as much wheat came into Ireland as was exported, and in addition almost 40,000 tons of Indian corn and 50,000 tons of Indian meal.

Suppose, however, the grain and other produce had been kept in the country; it is doubtful if the starving would have benefited substantially. The districts where distress was most severe — Donegal, Mayo, Clare, West Cork — produced little but potatoes. Food from other districts would have had to be brought in and distributed. Grain would have had to be milled, which, as the British government had discovered, was a difficult problem.

Moreover, in the backward areas where famine struck hardest, cooking any food other than the potato had become a lost art. "There is," wrote Trevelyan, "scarcely a woman of the peasant class in the West of Ireland whose culinary art exceeds the boiling of a potato. Bread is scarcely ever seen, and an oven is unknown"; and Father Mathew, the celebrated apostle of temperance, whose cru-

sade against drinking had for a time almost suppressed the national vice and whose knowledge of Ireland was unmatched, wrote, "The potato deluge during the past twenty years has swept away all other food from our cottagers and sunk into oblivion their knowledge of cookery." There was no means of distributing homegrown food, no knowledge of how to use it, and in addition, the small Irish farmer was compelled by economic necessity to sell what he grew. He dared not eat it.

Sir Randolph Routh, the chairman of the relief commission, writing to Trevelyan on January 1, 1846, told him that the Irish people did not regard wheat, oats, and barley as food; they were grown to pay the rent, and to pay the rent was the first necessity of life in Ireland. It would be a desperate man who ate up his rent, with the certainty before him of eviction.

Nevertheless, the harsh truth that the poverty of the Irish peasant, the backward state of his country, and the power of his landlord prevented him from benefiting from homegrown food did not mitigate his burning sense of injustice. Forced by economic necessity to sell his produce, he was furiously resentful when food left the market towns under the eyes of the hungry populace, protected by a military escort of overwhelming strength. From Waterford, the Commissariat officer wrote to Trevelyan on April 24, 1846, "The barges leave Clonmel once a week for this place, with the export supplies under convoy which, last Tuesday, consisted of 2 guns, 50 cavalry and 80 infantry escorting them on the banks of the Suir as far as Carrick."

It was a sight which the Irish people found impossible to understand and impossible to forget.

IN JUNE, 1846, Sir Robert Peel was defeated. The new Whig government, under Lord John Russell, was more to Trevelyan's taste than Peel's administration. As a government servant he had no politics, but in private life he was a Whig, and his relations with Sir Robert Peel had not been happy. On July 6 he wrote in a private letter to Routh, "The members of the new Government began to come today to the Treasury. I think we shall have much reason to be satisfied with our new masters," and he added, on the thirteenth, "Nothing can be more gratifying to our feelings than the manner in which the new Chancellor of the Exchequer has appreciated our exertions."

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Charles Wood, who succeeded as Sir Charles Wood, Bart., in December, 1846, and was later created first Viscount Halifax, was congenial to Trevelyan. He had a solid mind and a fixed dislike both of

new expenditure and new taxes, and was a firm believer in laissez-faire, preferring to let matters take their course and allow problems to be solved by "natural means." Head of an ancient Yorkshire family, he united love of liberty with reverence for property, a strong sense of public duty, lack of imagination, and stubborn conservatism. Humanitarianism was not among his virtues. Charles Wood remained in office as Chancellor of the Exchequer for six years and came increasingly under Trevelyan's influence. The two men were alike in outlook, conscientiousness, and industry, and Charles Wood brought Trevelyan a further access of power in the administration of Irish relief.

Trevelyan's intention was to restrict Irish relief to a single operation; the Indian corn purchased at the orders of Sir Robert Peel was to be placed in depots, sold to the people — and that was the end. There was to be no replenishment; on July 8 Trevelyan rejected a shipload of Indian corn. "The cargo of the *Sorcière* is not wanted," he wrote to the American agent; "her owners must dispose of it as they think proper."

Trevelyan had an urgent reason for wishing to get Sir Robert Peel's relief scheme for the 1845 failure cleared up and out of the way. He disagreed with it in several important respects, and by July a new and alarming probability had become evident — there were unmistakable signs that the potato was about to fail again.

As early as February 16, 1846, new potatoes had been shown at meetings of the Horticultural Society in London "in which the disease had manifested itself in a manner not to be mistaken," and on February 20, a question had been asked in the House of Commons. In reply it was admitted that the potatoes "exhibited the disease of last autumn," but added that they had been grown from sets of potatoes which were themselves slightly diseased.

Trevelyan and Charles Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had decided that in the second failure there was to be no government importation of food from abroad and no interference whatsoever with the laws of supply and demand; whatever might be done by starting public works and paying wages, the provision of food for Ireland was to be left entirely to private enterprise and private traders.

The new policy was received by officials in Ireland with dismay, and on August 4 Routh pressed Trevelyan to import food, now and at once. "You cannot answer the cry of want by a quotation from political economy. You ought to have 16,000 tons of Indian corn . . . you ought to have half of the supply which you require in the country before Christmas." How great a quan-

tity would be needed, wrote Routh, would be determined this month, when the main crop began to be dug.

No preparations, however, even if preparations had been made on double the scale urged, could in fact have saved the Irish people from the fate which lay before them. Before the depots could be closed or the public works shut down, almost in a night every potato in Ireland was lost. "On the 27th of last month," wrote Father Mathew to Trevelyan on August 7, "I passed from Cork to Dublin and this doomed plant bloomed in all the luxuriance of an abundant harvest. Returning on the third instant I beheld with sorrow one wide waste of putrefying vegetation. In many places the wretched people were seated on the fences of their decaying gardens, wringing their hands and wailing bitterly the destruction that had left them foodless."

"I shall never forget," wrote Captain Mann, a coast guard officer employed in relief service, "the change in one week in August. On the first occasion, on an official visit of inspection, I had passed over thirty-two miles thickly studded with potato fields in full bloom. The next time the face of the whole country was changed, the stalk remained bright green, but the leaves were all scorched black. It was the work of a night."

Disaster was universal. The failure of 1845 had, to some degree, been partial; the loss, though serious, had been unequally distributed, and the blighted areas "isolated and detached." With the exception of the potatoes, the harvest had been above the average, and though distress was greatly intensified, thanks to the relief scheme the people in many districts had been better off than usual. In the summer of 1846 the situation was very different. The harvest generally was poor, and the people were at the end of their resources. Every rag had already been pawned to buy food, every edible scrap had gone. The people were weakened and despairing.

THE gravity of the impending catastrophe was felt by Lord John Russell and his government; reports of the universal failure of the potato were being confirmed by every mail, and new measures for Irish relief had been in course of preparation for some weeks.

The new plans were the work of Trevelyan. He prepared a memorandum, dated on August 1, 1846, in which he detailed last season's relief plans, set out the respects in which they had failed, and outlined a plan to meet the coming crisis. This memorandum formed the basis of the new scheme, and Trevelyan, who possessed the administrative

abilities which Lord John Russell's colleagues on the whole lacked, now became virtually dictator of relief for Ireland.

The new relief scheme, briefly, fell under two main heads. First, though public works were again to be undertaken, and on a large scale, the British government would no longer, as last year, bear half their cost. The whole expense was to be paid by the district in which the works were carried out. The cost was to be met by advances from the Treasury, repayable in their entirety in ten years, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ percent interest, and the money for repayment was to be raised by a tax levied on all poor-rate payers in the locality, a momentous and controversial innovation. The expense was designed to "fall entirely on persons possessed of property in the distressed district," who were, after all, responsible for the poor on their estates.

Second, the government would not import or supply any food. There were to be no government depots to sell meal at a low cost or, in urgent cases, to make free issues, as had been done during last season's failure. No orders were to be sent abroad, nor would any purchases be made by government in local markets. It was held that the reason why dealers and import merchants had so signally failed to provide food to replace the potato last season had been the government's purchases. Trade, said Trevelyan, had been "paralysed" on account of these purchases, which interfered with private enterprise and the legitimate profits of private enterprise; and how, he asked, could dealers be expected to invest in the very large stocks necessary to meet this year's total failure of the potato if at any moment government might step in with supplies, sold at low cost, which would deprive dealers of their profit and "make their outlay so much loss"?

This section of the scheme was received with consternation, and Routh, with unaccustomed boldness, wrote from Dublin, "As for the great question of leaving the country to the corn dealers they are a very different class of men from our London, Liverpool and Bristol merchants. I do not believe there is a man among them who would import direct a single cargo from abroad."

Such, very broadly, were the outlines of the scheme devised by Trevelyan for the government of Lord John Russell to meet the total failure of the potato. In the course of relieving last season's failure, some very painful lessons had been learned. Then the whole laboring population of Ireland, wherever they had the chance, had rushed to throw themselves on the government works; the scheme had, to a large extent, been swamped; there had been confusion and waste; and very large sums of public money had melted away. Yet last year's failure had been only partial; the

prospect of relieving a total failure by the same methods was impossible to contemplate. Trevelyan declared that the Exchequer itself would not be equal to the occasion.

Therefore, the first object of the new plans was to "check the exorbitant demands of last season"; they were, in fact, designed not to save Ireland but to protect England. The scheme was to be in force for a year and no longer; writing to Mr. Labouchère, appointed chief secretary for Ireland by the Whigs, Trevelyan spoke of "the year of relief" and laid down, in a Treasury minute, "No advances . . . will in any circumstances be made for carrying on . . . works after the 15th August 1847."

Trevelyan anticipated that there would be what he called a "breathing time" about the second week in August, when the potatoes from the new crop became fit to eat. Last year there had been such a pause while the crop was hurriedly dug and every potato conceivably edible eaten before it rotted. He intended to use this "breathing time" to overhaul the relief organization, so that the departments would be ready "to put our whole machinery in motion at an early date."

THROUGHOUT August, 1846, Trevelyan worked very hard indeed. He spoke of being at the Treasury until 3 A.M., "dead beat," and of working weekdays and Sundays alike. An official of the Board of Works summoned over to London was told "to come on Sunday and knock at the private entrance in Downing Street below the Treasury." Every detail of the new relief scheme was controlled by Trevelyan, and all Commissariat and Board of Works, Ireland, letters, as well as all private letters, were by his instructions sent up to him unopened. It was, he wrote, "the most difficult and responsible task that has ever fallen to my lot."

All these exertions were in vain. It was too late for preparation. Disaster was upon Ireland now. No breathing time occurred; the "influx of early potatoes," wrote Routh, on August 13, 1846, "due to the desire to realize something before that something shall be wholly lost . . . failed on account of the rapid progress of the disease," and the notification that the government depots were to close brought frantic protests. Already, in the west, the government meal was all that stood between a swarming population and starvation.

Outside government circles, closing the food depots at the moment of failure appeared inexplicable. The *Times*, no advocate of relief for Ireland, found it impossible to understand why "the authorities cut off supplies with the undis-

puted fact of an extensive failure of this year's potato crop staring them in the face," and Catholic Archbishop John MacHale, known as "the Lion of St. Jarlath's," told Lord John Russell, "You might as well issue an edict of general starvation as stop the supplies."

But Trevelyan and the British government were not to be shaken in their determination. A quantity of meal, rather under 3000 tons in all, the residue of Sir Robert Peel's scheme, remained in the depots, and permission was given to distribute this to starving districts, but in the smallest possible quantities, and then only after a relief committee had been formed and a subscription raised to pay for it. No free issues whatever were to be made. Nevertheless, Commissariat officers in Ireland did give food away; a Major Wainwright, for instance, was detected giving a quantity of meal to starving persons in Oughterard, County Galway, early in August and was reprimanded from Whitehall.

Closing the public works was even more difficult. A Treasury minute of July 21, 1846, directing all works to be closed, except in certain unusual cases, had had little effect; on the excuse that works were not finished, or that extraordinary distress existed in the neighborhood, a large number continued. The Chancellor of the Exchequer now ordered that all undertakings must be shut down on August 8, irrespective of whether or not they were completed and of the distress in the district.

Angry demonstrations followed. In Limerick on August 5, on being told their employment was to end, laborers tore up the stretch of road they had just laid; in Cork about August 18 a mob of 400 laborers, declaring they were starving, marched into the town carrying their spades and demanding work; however, they dispersed "quietly" on being addressed by the sub-inspector of police, who added a note to his report that "employment is very much needed."

DURING a bad year in Ireland the condition of the people invariably took a sharp turn for the worse after October 1; vegetables and gleanings were finished, and in normal years this was the moment at which the people became dependent on the potato — and if the crop was poor, this was when they began to starve. And now there were no potatoes at all.

Trevelyan renounced a basic principle of his scheme: orders for Indian corn were sent to the United States. But on October 14 the American packet brought a discouraging report to Liverpool. Orders for the new crop of Indian corn, to be exported in the spring, were ten times the quantity

obtainable; the French government in particular was buying very largely. As for rye, the Prussian government had bought up all available supplies in August and September. Nevertheless, the British government continued to take refuge behind the promise that ample supplies would arrive in December or January.

If, however, by a miracle the promised "ample supplies" of Indian corn had arrived in Ireland, the Commissariat would have been quite unable to deal with them. Milling was an insoluble difficulty; either there were no mills or, as in Westport and other places, the mills were occupied by merchants milling grain for their own account and for export, protected by the government's tenderness for private enterprise, while the Indian corn for the starving remained unground. In September an additional misfortune occurred; during a spell of exceptionally hot weather streams all over Ireland went dry, and small country mills were unable to grind.

Eventually the government Indian corn was milled in the Admiralty mills at Deptford, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, the naval mills at Malta, and in hired mills at Rotherhithe and Maldon, Essex, and taken by Admiralty steamer to Ireland.

Trevelyan was then struck by the idea of hand mills; why should not the people grind the Indian corn themselves? he asked. True, the grain of Indian corn was so hard that in the Southern states of America it was milled more than once, but Trevelyan borrowed a hand mill from the museum at India House; a quern, a Celtic hand mill, from the west of Ireland; and another from Wick, in the Shetlands; and "by putting all three into the hands of skilful workmen" hoped "to produce something." A "manufactory of hand-mills" was actually established by Captain Mann at Kilkee, County Clare, early in November; each hand mill cost the impossibly large sum, for the Irish destitute, of fifteen shillings, but a number were bought out of charitable funds and distributed free.

Yet there was a simpler solution: why should not the people eat Indian corn unground? On October 9 a memorandum was sent out to relief committees informing them that "Indian corn in its unground state affords an equally wholesome and nutritious food" as when ground into meal. It could be used in two ways: the grain could be crushed between two good-sized stones and then boiled in water, with a little grease or fat, "if at hand." Or it could be used without crushing, simply by soaking it all night in warm water, changing this, in the morning, for clear, cold water, bringing to the boil, and boiling the corn for an hour and a half; it could then be eaten with milk, with salt, or plain. Boiling without crushing

was the method particularly recommended. "Ten pounds of the corn so prepared is ample food for a labouring man for seven days. . . . Corn so used," continued the memorandum, blandly, "will be considerably cheaper to the Committee and the people than meal, and will be well adapted to meet the deficiency of mill power. . . ."

Unground Indian corn is not only hard but sharp and irritating—it even pierces the intestines—and is all but impossible to digest. Boiling for an hour and a half did not soften the flint-hard grain, and Indian corn in this state eaten by half-starving people produced agonizing pains, especially in children.

Autumn was now passing into winter. The nettles and blackberries, the edible roots and cabbage leaves on which hundreds of people had been eking out an existence disappeared; flocks of wretched beings, resembling human scarecrows, had combed the blighted potato fields over and over again until not a fragment of a potato that was conceivably edible remained. Children began to die. In Skibbereen workhouse, more than 50 percent of the children admitted after October 1, 1846, died; the deaths, said the workhouse physician, were due to "diarrhoea acting on an exhausted constitution." This was probably bacillary dysentery.

At this moment of suffering, unprecedented weather added greatly to the misery of the people. The climate of Ireland is famous for its mildness; years pass without a fall of snow; in the gardens of the south and west semitropical plants flourish, and tubers of the genus *Dahlia* can be left to winter in the ground without damage from frost. In 1846, at the end of October, it became cold, and in November snow began to fall. Six inches of snow and drifts were reported at the early date of November 12 from Tyrone.

The winter of 1846–1847 was "the most severe in living memory," and the longest. Frost was continuous; icy gales blew "perfect hurricanes of snow, hail and sleet," with a force unknown since the famous "great wind" of 1839; roads were impassable, and transport was brought to a standstill. In the autumn and winter of 1846–1847 the wind came from the northeast; it had blown across Russia, and it was icy. The whole continent of Europe that winter was gripped by bitter cold, and

in England, by the middle of December, the Thames was a mass of floating ice.

To the Irish people the abnormal severity of the winter brought disaster. One of the compensations of the nineteenth-century Irish peasant's life was warmth. The climate was normally mild, and the possession of a supply of peat almost universal; a turf fire burned in the Irish cabin night and day, and in normal times did not go out perhaps for a century. Since potatoes do not require cultivation during the winter, the Irish peasant was not forced to go out in bad weather; he spent the cold, wet days indoors, and though he was dressed in rags and his children were naked except for a single garment, they endured little hardship.

Now he had to go out in his rags to labor on the public works, be drenched with rain and driving snow and cut by icy gales; and more often than not, he was already starving. Laborers began to "faint with exhaustion," and a Board of Works engineer told Trevelyan that "as an engineer he was ashamed of allotting so little task-work for a day's wages, while as a man he was ashamed of requiring so much." After the end of November Routh's reports contained a rapidly increasing number of cases of deaths on the works from starvation aggravated by exposure to cold, snow, and drenching rain.

The people became bewildered. They had taken in very little of what was happening; at this period Irish was spoken in rural districts and English barely understood, while in the west English was not understood at all. No attempt was made to explain the catastrophe to the people; on the contrary, government officials and relief committee members treated the destitute with impatience and contempt; the wretched, ragged crowds provoked irritation, heightened by the tra-



"Famine Funeral at Skibbereen." Courtesy of ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

ditional English distrust and dislike of the native Irish.

Trevelyan had reached the conclusion that everything that could and should be done for Ireland had been done, and that any further step could only be taken at the expense of the rest of the United Kingdom. "I deeply regret the primary and appalling evil of the insufficiency of the supplies of food in this country," he wrote on December 22, "but the stores we are able to procure for the western division of Ireland are insufficient even for that purpose, and how can we undertake more?" In a private letter to Routh he wrote, "If we were to purchase for Irish use faster than we are now doing, we should commit a crying injustice to the rest of the country."

The outcome of this policy was such a tragedy as overtook the district of Skibbereen. Starvation in Skibbereen had been reported as early as September, and on December 3 two Protestant clergymen from the district, Mr. Caulfield and Mr. Townsend, crossed to London and saw Trevelyan at the Treasury. They told him the government relief scheme was failing in Skibbereen. The sole employment in Skibbereen was on the public works, but only eightpence a day was paid, which was not sufficient to feed a family; sixty to seventy persons who would otherwise die of hunger were fed daily with soup at Mr. Caulfield's house. The two clergymen implored the government to send food. No food was sent.

On December 15 Mr. Nicholas Cummins, the well-known magistrate of Cork, had paid a visit to Skibbereen and the surrounding district and had been horrified by what he saw. He appears to have written to the authorities, but without result, because on December 22 he addressed a letter to the Duke of Wellington, who was an Irishman, and also sent a copy to the *Times*. It was published on December 24, 1846.

"My Lord Duke," wrote Mr. Cummins.

Without apology or preface, I presume so far to trespass on your Grace as to state to you, and by the use of your illustrious name, to present to the British public the following statement of what I have myself seen within the last three days. Having for many years been intimately connected with the western portion of the County of Cork, and possessing some small property there, I thought it right personally to investigate the truth of several lamentable accounts which had reached me, of the appalling state of misery to which that part of the country was reduced. I accordingly went on the 15th instant to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland which I visited, as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. . . . Being aware that I should have to witness scenes of frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the

spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes which presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearances dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horsecloth, their wretched legs hanging about, naked above the knees. I approached with horror, and found by a low moaning they were alive — they were in fever, four children, a woman and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the detail. Suffice it to say, that in a few minutes I was surrounded by at least 200 such phantoms, such frightful spectres as no words can describe, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on.

In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavour to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neckcloth was seized from behind by a grip which compelled me to turn, I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant just born in her arms and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins — the sole covering of herself and baby. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found, lying upon the mud floor, half devoured by rats.

A mother, herself in a fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about twelve, perfectly naked, and leave it half covered with stones. In another house, within 500 yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the dispensary doctor found seven wretches lying unable to move, under the same cloak. One had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to move either themselves or the corpse.

Routh blamed the landlords. The proprietors of the Skibbereen district, he told Trevelyan, "draw an annual income of £50,000." There were twelve landowners, of whom the largest was Lord Carbery, who, Routh declared, drew £15,000 in rents; next was Sir William Rixon Beecher, on whose estate the town of Skibbereen stood; Sir William, alleged Routh, drew £10,000, while the Reverend Stephen Townsend, a Protestant clergyman, drew £8000. "Ought such destitution to prevail with such resources?" Routh inquired, but suggested no action, and officially the appeals for Skibbereen were answered by a Treasury minute written on behalf of the Lords of the Treasury by Trevelyan on January 8, 1847. "It is their Lordships' desire," ran the minute, "that effectual relief should be given to the inhabitants of the district in the neighbourhood of Skibbereen . . . the local Relief Committees should be stimulated to the utmost possible exertion; soup kitchens should be established under

the management of these Committees at such distances as will render them accessible to all the destitute inhabitants and . . . liberal donations should be made by Government in aid of funds raised by local subscriptions." These counsels of perfection closed the discussion.

As if starvation were not enough, a new terror assailed the Irish people. The government had been warned in the autumn of 1846 that after famine "there will follow, as a natural consequence, as in former years, typhus fever or some other malignant pestilence"; and fever, on a gigantic scale, was now beginning to ravage Ireland.

The Irish people spoke of "famine fever," but in fact two separate diseases were present, typhus and relapsing fever, both conveyed by the common louse and both already familiar in Ireland.

Typhus is a horrifying disease and was regarded by the Irish people with terror. Rickettsia attack the small blood vessels of the body, especially those of the skin and brain, and the patient becomes all but unrecognizable; the circulation of his blood is impeded, his face swells, and he turns the dark congested hue which has given typhus its Irish name of "black fever."

The organisms of relapsing fever enter the human bloodstream through the skin, like Rickettsia, and once infection has taken place the progress of the disease is rapid; within a few hours high fever and vomiting begin, continuing for several days. A crisis, with profuse sweating, follows, succeeded by extreme exhaustion. One crisis, however, does not indicate the end of the attack: six to seven days later there is a relapse; microscopic examination shows the organisms to be swarming in the blood once more; high fever and vomiting are again followed by a crisis; and should the patient survive, the pattern may be repeated three or four times before the attack finally comes to an end.

Never had conditions been so fatally favorable to the rapid spread of lice as in the famine winter of 1846-1847. The people were filthy. They had sold every stitch that would fetch the fraction of a penny, and they were wearing the same rags day after day, and night and day. Their bedding had been sold, and they slept covered with rags and old coats; to heat water to wash themselves or their clothes was out of the question; they were eating their food half or wholly raw, because they had no money to buy fuel; indeed, after months of starvation, even the strength to fetch water had disappeared.

The abnormal severity of the winter drove the

people to huddle together for warmth; a fire or even a light in a cabin attracted neighbors and passersby; the traditional hospitality of the Irish poor provided a welcome, and all lay down to sleep in the warmth, side by side, on the cabin floor.

Hosts of beggars and homeless paupers tramped the roads, drifting from place to place without a fixed destination, filthy, starving, and louse-infested, often with fever actually on them. "Whole families were to be seen lying in fever by the roadside"; the contemporary name for the epidemic was "road fever." Yet the poor Irish, however distressed themselves, never refused admission to the poorest and most abject mendicant. The Irishman, wrote the Central Board of Health, "thinks himself accused if he refuses admission to a begging stranger."

The total of those who died during the fever epidemic and of famine diseases will never be known, but probably about ten times more died of disease than of starvation. Among the upper classes, the percentage of those who caught fever and died was high; in Cavan upper-class mortality was estimated at 66 percent; around Ballinrobe 70 percent who took the fever perished; and in Sligo, Roscommon, Newry, Tuam, Leitrim, Tyrone, Lowtherstown, and almost every district in Ireland mortality among the upper classes was reported to be proportionately much higher than among the poor. The reason probably was that



"After the Eviction." Courtesy of ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

the constant occurrence of fever cases in their midst had brought the poor Irish some degree of immunity. No legal register of deaths existed at the period, and though the government asked repeatedly for estimates of the number of deaths, they were told an estimate was impossible. Too many had died for funeral services to be said over the bodies, and corpses had been burned at night, leaving no trace.

But horrors taking place in Ireland were only one aspect of the fever epidemic. As the terrible months of the autumn and winter of 1846-1847 went by and to starvation was added pestilence, the minds of the Irish people turned in an unprecedented direction. Before the potato failure, to leave Ireland had been regarded as the most terrible of all fates, and transportation was the most dreaded of sentences. But now the people, terrified and desperate, began to flee a land which seemed accursed. In a great mass movement they made their way, by tens of thousands, out of Ireland, across the ocean to America or across the sea to Britain. Yet they did not leave fever behind; fever went with them, and the path to a new life became a path of horror.

THE famine emigration, the exodus from Ireland in which hundreds of thousands of Irish fled from their country because to remain was death, is historically the most important event of the famine.

It was the famine emigrants, leaving their country with hatred in their hearts for the British and the British government, who built up communities across the ocean, above all in the United States, where the name of Britain was accursed. Their descendants continued to be Britain's powerful and bitter enemies, exacting vengeance for the sufferings their forbears endured. It is estimated that about a million and a quarter emigrants from Ireland crossed the Atlantic to North America during the years of the potato blight, and there was an even larger emigration across the Irish Channel to Great Britain, to Liverpool, Glasgow, and the ports of south Wales.

The Irish famine emigration is unlike most other emigrations because it was of a less civilized and less skilled people into a more civilized and more skilled community. Other emigrations have been of the independent and the sturdy in search of wider horizons, and such emigrants usually brought with them knowledge and technical accomplishment which the inhabitants of the country in which they settled did not possess. The Irish, from their abysmal poverty, brought nothing, and this poverty had forced them to become habituated

to standards of living which the populations among whom they came considered unfit for human beings. Cellar dwellings, whether in English towns or the cities of North America, were almost invariably occupied by the Irish. Poverty, ignorance, and bewilderment brought them there, but it must not be forgotten that cellar dwellings resembled the dark, mud-floored cabins in which over half the population of Ireland had been accustomed to live under British rule.

The vast majority of emigrants to British North America landed at Quebec and went up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, a distance of 180 miles. But there was very little desire on the part of Irish emigrants to settle in British North America; with an almost frantic longing they wished to go to the United States. In 1847 the United States, with its nearly 23 million inhabitants and its rapidly developing territories, was immeasurably in advance of Canada.

Material advantages were not the only magnet which drew the Irish emigrant away from Canada to the United States. The native Irishman had become convinced that no justice or opportunity could exist for him under the Union Jack, and he shrank from the British North American colonies.

To offset the attractions of the United States, the British government consistently made the passage to British North America cheaper than to United States ports, and in addition transported poor emigrants who declared their intention of settling in Canada free, in barges, up the St. Lawrence into the interior. The urgent need of the British North American colonies for population was not, however, the British government's only reason for encouraging Irish emigration. The fear of an enormous poverty-stricken Irish migration into Britain was always present, and eighteen years before the famine, in 1827, a parliamentary committee had asserted that the choice was whether the Irish were to be enabled to emigrate to the North American colonies by fares' being kept down or "to deluge Great Britain with poverty and wretchedness and gradually but certainly to equalize the state of the English and Irish peasantry."

Cheap passages did not result in emigrants' settling in British North America. Advantage was taken of the low fare to cross the Atlantic to Quebec in a British ship, and often the emigrant, by alleging that his intention was to settle in Canada, procured free transport up the St. Lawrence before making his entry into the United States by the simple method of walking across the border.

In Canada in the spring of 1847, intelligent officials and citizens apprehensively awaited the immigration which would fall on them as soon as

the St. Lawrence was clear of ice. The reports reaching Quebec of the frightful state of Ireland indicated a very large Irish immigration destitute and in bad health. The idea, however, that fever, known to be raging in Ireland, constituted a danger crossed no one's mind. What was called "ship fever" was a well-known disease, recognized as being typhus but considered to arise from overcrowding and dirt in the confined space of a ship.

Regulations at Quebec required that all ships with passengers coming up the St. Lawrence should stop at the quarantine station on Grosse Isle, thirty miles down the river, for medical inspection; those vessels which had sickness on board were then detained, and the sick taken to the quarantine hospital. Grosse Isle, a beautiful island lying in the middle of the majestic St. Lawrence, had been selected as the site for a quarantine station in 1832, at the time of a cholera epidemic; it is small, and its peculiar charm lies in the number of trees and shrubs which grow down to the water's edge and are mirrored in the St. Lawrence, so that the island seems to float. The brief coastline is diversified by a number of tiny rocky bays; in the interior large trees grow from green turf, and there is a remarkable variety of wild flowers. Near the river the quarantine buildings, which still exist, are low and white and do not detract from the beauty of the landscape; on rising ground above them a small white church nestles in green trees. "A fairy scene," exclaimed an emigrant as he approached the island. In this island paradise an appalling tragedy was to take place.

On February 19, 1847, Dr. Douglas, the medical officer in charge of the quarantine station at Grosse Isle, asked for £3000 to make preparations for the coming immigration, pointing out that during the previous year the number admitted to the quarantine hospital had been twice as large as usual and that reports from Ireland indicated that the state of the immigrants this year would be worse. Far from getting £3000, Dr. Douglas was assigned just under £300. He was allowed one small steamer, the *St. George*, to ply between Grosse Isle and Quebec and given permission to hire a sailing vessel, provided one could be found for not more than £50 for the season.

The citizens of Quebec, however, were so uneasy that at the beginning of March, 1847, they sent a petition to the secretary of state for the colonies, Earl Grey, in which they pointed out that the number of Irish immigrants was annually rising, that the present distress in Ireland must mean a further large increase, that they viewed with alarm the probable fate of poor Irish immigrants in the rigorous winter climate of Canada, and that there was also the possibility of

such immigrants' bringing disease. They begged the Canadian government to take action.

There was one man who might have been able to convince the Canadian government that a catastrophe was approaching, Alexander Carlisle Buchanan. He was the chief emigration officer, he was esteemed in official circles, his reports were studied, his opinion carried weight. Nevertheless, Buchanan, though he anticipated a very considerable increase in sickness, "did not make any official representation to Government" because, as he wrote, "it was a subject that did not come within the control of my department." The government, therefore, received no official warning that the emigration from Ireland was likely to present any problem, beyond being unusually large.

THE opening of the St. Lawrence was late in 1847; "the merry month of May started with ice an inch thick," reported the *Quebec Gazette*, and the first vessel, the *Syria*, did not arrive until May 17. Less than a week later, the catastrophe had taken place and was beyond control. The *Syria* had 84 cases of fever on board, out of a total of 241 passengers; nine persons had died on the voyage, and one was to die on landing at Grosse Isle. All its passengers were Irish, had crossed to Liverpool to embark, and had spent one night at least in the cheap lodginghouses of Liverpool. In Dr. Douglas' opinion, 20 to 24 more were certain to sicken, bringing the total for the *Syria* to more than 100, and the quarantine hospital, built for 150 cases, could not possibly accommodate more than 200.

Dr. Douglas now told the Canadian government that he had "reliable information" that 10,600 emigrants at least had left Britain for Quebec since April 10. "Judging from the specimens just arrived," large numbers would have to go to the hospital; and he asked permission to build a new shed, to cost about £150, to be used as a hospital. On May 20, he received authority to erect the shed, provided the cost was kept down to £135.

Four days after the *Syria*, on May 21 eight ships arrived with a total of 430 fever cases. Two hundred and five were taken into the hospital, which became dangerously overcrowded, and the rest had to be left on board ship. "I have not a bed to lay them on or a place to put them," wrote Dr. Douglas. "I never contemplated the possibility of every vessel arriving with fever as they do now." Three days later, seventeen more vessels arrived, all with fever; a shed normally used to accommodate passengers detained for quarantine was turned into a hospital and instantly filled. There were now 695 persons in hospital and 164 on board ship waiting to be taken off; and Dr.

Douglas wrote that he had received a message that twelve more vessels had anchored, "all sickly."

On May 26 thirty vessels, with 10,000 emigrants on board, were waiting at Grosse Isle. On May 31 forty vessels were waiting, extending in a line two miles down the St. Lawrence; about 1100 cases of fever were on Grosse Isle in sheds, tents, and laid in rows in the little church; an equal number were on board the ships, waiting to be taken off; and a further 45,000 emigrants at least were expected.

By July, more than 2500 sick were on Grosse Isle, and conditions were appalling. "Medical men," wrote Dr. Douglas, were "disgusted with the disagreeable nature of their duties in treating such filthy cases." Many doctors died; Dr. Benson of Dublin, who had experience in fever hospitals in Ireland, arrived on May 21 and volunteered his services, but caught typhus and died six days later. Each of the medical officers was ill at some time, and three other doctors died of typhus in addition to Dr. Benson. At one period, twelve out of a medical staff of fourteen were ill; of the two other doctors, one left because he was afraid of catching typhus and one was summoned to a dying parent, leaving Dr. Douglas virtually single-handed. Patients on the ships were often left for four or five days without any medical attention; under the Passenger Act of 1842 ships were not compelled to carry a doctor, and only one doctor besides Dr. Benson happened to have been a passenger.

Nurses, too, were unobtainable, and the sick suffered tortures from lack of attention. A Catholic priest, Father Moylan, gave water to sick persons in a tent who had had nothing to drink for eighteen hours; another, Father McQuirk, was given carte blanche by Dr. Douglas to hire nurses, as many as possible, from among the healthy passengers. He offered high wages and told the women, speaking as their priest, that it was their duty to volunteer, but not one came forward. The fear of fever among the Irish, said Dr. Douglas, was so great that "the nearest relatives abandon each other whenever they can." The only persons who could be induced to take charge of the sick were abandoned and callous creatures, of both sexes, who robbed the dead.

The state of the emigrants as they landed was frightful. Very many of them had passed the voyage in a state of starvation. The official weekly issue of seven pounds of provisions was intended to guard against absolute destitution, but "it never could have been expected to be enough to sustain an adult through the voyage," reported the Senate Committee of the United States on Sickness and Mortality in Emigrant Ships. Passage brokers at Liverpool made a practice of displaying a loaf of bread in their offices to the

starving Irish "to delude the poor into the belief that they will be fed at sea."

On the voyage, water often ran short, casks leaked; dishonest provisioning merchants bought cheap casks which had previously been used for wine, vinegar, or chemicals that made the water they contained undrinkable. When a government inquiry was held into the disaster at Grosse Isle, Alexander Carlisle Buchanan testified that during the summer of 1847 "the provisions of the Passenger Act appear to have been very generally observed by the masters of Emigrant vessels," and he was no doubt correct. But the Passenger Act of 1842 reduced requirements to such a bare minimum that very little had to go wrong for the emigrant to suffer severely, even if he were fortunate enough not to fall a victim to typhus.

By the middle of the summer of 1847, imposing a quarantine for fever had been abandoned as hopeless. The line of ships waiting for inspection was now several miles long; to make quarantine effective, 20,000 to 25,000 contacts should be isolated for whom there was no room on the small island. Therefore, to carry out the quarantine regulations was, wrote Dr. Douglas, "physically impossible," and at the end of May passengers on ships with fever were allowed to stay after the fever cases had been removed and to perform their quarantine on board, the period to be fifteen days instead of ten. Dr. Douglas believed that a simple washing down and airing would make the holds healthy. "After ablutions with water," he wrote, "by opening stern ports and bow ports . . . a complete current of air can pass through the hold, in fact a bird can fly through it." So the passengers remained in the holds, with disastrous consequences.

So great was the number of sick that "a fatal delay of several days" occurred before fever cases were taken away; meanwhile, sick and healthy were cooped up together, and fresh infection took place. The *Agnes*, for instance, which arrived with 427 passengers, had only 150 alive after a quarantine of fifteen days.

In a wooded hollow, one of the most beautiful of the miniature valleys of Grosse Isle, once the site of the emigrant cemetery, a four-sided monument commemorates those who died. On the first side the inscription runs:

In this secluded spot lie the mortal remains
of 5,294 persons, who, flying from pestilence
and famine in Ireland in the year 1847,
found in America but a grave.

A second side bears the names of Dr. Benson of Dublin and of three other doctors who died while attending the sick; the third, the names of two doctors who died on Grosse Isle during the cholera

epidemic of 1832-1834; and the fourth records that the monument was erected by Dr. Douglas and eighteen medical assistants who were on duty during the epidemic of 1847.

Over 100,000 emigrants left the United Kingdom for British North America in 1847. By the end of that year, it is estimated, 20,000 had died in Canada — 5300, at the lowest estimate, on Grosse Isle, and 14,706 in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto. A further 1120 died in the province of New Brunswick, and 25,000 persons at least had been in Canadian hospitals. Crossing the Atlantic exacted a fearful toll, and 15,000 emigrants perished during the voyage, the majority from typhus. "If crosses and tombs could be erected on the water," wrote one of the commissioners for emigration in the United States, "the whole route of the emigrant vessels from Europe to America would long since have assumed the appearance of a crowded cemetery."

THE flow of emigrants, "practically all of them Irish," from British North America across the border into the United States provoked angry resentment. United States officials at river and lake ports and captains of United States ferryboats turned back poor Irish emigrants; steamboats plying at St. John's and on Lake Champlain refused them as passengers; the United States authorities at Ogdensburg sent them back; and the official in charge of the ferry at Lowiston was sent to prison for landing Irish emigrants on the United States shore. Nevertheless, thousands of poor Irish did cross the border, and those who went from Canada were able-bodied men who left their wives and young children, their parents and aged relatives behind them, to be maintained by the British government and the generosity of the inhabitants of British North America. If the men established themselves in the United States, their families joined them; if not, the families remained a permanent charge on British charity.

The poor Irish emigrant was excluded and feared and, by a section of the populace, persecuted as well; but the generosity and the sympathy of the citizens of the United States for nations in distress were already strong, and when the tragedy taking place in Ireland became known, shiploads of food and thousands of dollars began to pour across the Atlantic.

The first organizers of the United States aid for Ireland on a large scale were the Quakers, the Society of Friends; and, headed by Jacob Harvey, a prominent citizen of New York, an Irishman, and a Friend, they became the main channel for the transmission of relief.

Family feeling is stronger in Ireland than anywhere else in Europe, and sending money home was already a characteristic of the Irish emigrant. "I am proud to say," wrote Jacob Harvey, "that the Irish in America have always remitted more money, ten times over, than all the foreigners put together!" He estimated that the total amount sent home by Irish emigrants in America during 1847 amounted to a million dollars, or £200,000 at the then prevailing rate of about five dollars to the pound sterling.

The response of the citizens of the United States to the appeal for starving Ireland was "on a scale unparalleled in history." A great public meeting was held in Washington on February 9, 1847, under the chairmanship of the vice president of the United States, at which it was recommended that meetings should be held in every city, town, and village so that a large national contribution might be raised and "forwarded with all practicable dispatch to the scene of suffering." Meetings all over the country, from Albany to New Orleans, followed; on several occasions, Nicholas Cummins' letter describing the state of Skibbereen was read, and large sums were collected. New York, for instance, sent more than \$30,000, and Philadelphia, in spite of the anti-Irish riots of 1844, more than \$20,000, with an additional sum of \$3800 which had been raised in 1846. Mayors and chief collectors of customs at the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, with members of the Senate, volunteered to receive local contributions and forward them to Ireland, placing them "in such hands for distribution as they, in their discretion, may think advisable." The contributions were entrusted to the Friends, who acted, among other bodies, as agents for money collected for Ireland by Tammany, the central organization of the Democratic Party of the United States. The Catholic churches in New England sent \$19,000, and the Catholic church in Brooklyn \$13,000. Other contributions included \$20,000 sent by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston to Archbishop Crolly of Armagh on March 1, 1847, and a further \$4000 later; the historian of the Catholic diocese of Boston estimates that a total of \$150,000 was subscribed in the diocese for Irish relief.

"Donation parties" for Ireland were held undenominationally; concerts and tea parties were organized; and young ladies in select New York boarding schools devoted their recreation time to making "useful and beautiful articles" which were sold for Ireland.

A high proportion of contributions were in kind, not in cash, encouraged by an announcement made early in February that the British government would pay the freight on all donations of

food, and that on United States roads and canals no tolls on provisions for Ireland would be charged. In many states, South Carolina for instance, railroads volunteered to carry packages marked "Ireland" free. The amount of freight paid by the British government on the donations of food consigned to the Society of Friends amounted to the considerable sum of £33,017 5s. 7d. Cities and towns in the United States chartered vessels to go to Ireland. Newark, New Jersey, sent the brig *Overmann* at the end of March to the Committee of the Society of Friends in Cork to distribute "without distinction of religious sect or location," and the Irish Relief Committee of Philadelphia sent the bark *John Walsh* to Londonderry, the brig *St. George* to Cork, and the brig *Lydia Ann* to Limerick, to be disposed of at the discretion of the Committee of the Society of Friends.

On July 29, 1847, the treasurer of the New York Irish Relief Committee wrote to the Society of Friends in Dublin, "I think there is now an appearance of an end being brought to this glorious demonstration of a nation's sympathy for poor suffering Ireland." Transport of food across the United States in winter was not possible, because the canals, which were then the main arteries of communication, froze; and in the autumn of 1847 the collection of subscriptions for Ireland ceased. Generosity had been astonishing; Cincinnati, for example, had expected to raise \$6000 but had sent \$30,000, and New York contributed to the value of more than \$200,000. About £16,000 in cash was forwarded to the Central Relief Committee of the Friends in Dublin, and the food consigned to their committees in Dublin and Cork amounted to nearly ten thousand tons. In addition, large quantities of clothing were dispatched, on which no value was put by the donors in the United States.

To arrive at any accurate total is impossible; while the Society of Friends formed the main channel, large sums in donations and from collections in Catholic churches were also forwarded to Catholic bishops in Ireland. A modern United States authority estimates the total value of gifts at a million dollars, a sum worth many times its value today. This was in addition to money remitted by Irish emigrants themselves.

But while American generosity to Ireland during the famine has rightly become a tradition, it should not be overlooked that money was subscribed in England. Queen Victoria personally gave £2000. The British Association for the Relief of Extreme Distress expended about £391,700 in Ireland, and the Society of Friends raised £42,906; other societies in England subscribed £70,916. The final total, not including money raised in

Ireland, was more than £505,000, amounting at the rate of exchange at the time to over \$2,500,000.

THE famine had brought about a change in the attitude of the British government toward Ireland. It was impossible any longer to deny that something was dangerously wrong with the state of Ireland, and while there was little to choose between the rebellious people and the irresponsible extravagant landlords—as Lord John Russell remarked, "a plague on both your houses"—England, for her own safety, could not abandon Ireland entirely. Therefore, though direct responsibility for Irish relief was to cease, Lord John wished to lay a "ground work" for "permanent improvement," and on July 17 he wrote, "What we must chiefly look for is advance of money for good profitable works, be they drainage, harbours, railroads, reclamation of waste lands, or what not. In short we must give very little for relief and much for permanent improvement—that is my programme for next year." The government had about a million pounds in hand already earmarked for Ireland, which it proposed to devote to works of permanent improvement.

A substantial financial concession was also given to Irish property owners when, on July 8, Sir Charles Wood announced that half the money advanced by the British government to finance public works and soup kitchens would be forgiven, a sum of £4,500,000. It seemed that a ray of hope for Ireland was becoming visible, especially as, during the summer of 1847, the position of Lord John Russell's government was strengthened by victory in a general election. But with the ill luck which dogged Ireland at this moment, Great Britain was overtaken by a serious financial crisis, one of the most serious the country had ever experienced, and the Treasury found itself dangerously short of money.

"The falling off in the Revenue," wrote Lord John on September 10, "still above one million sterling in two months, damages all my views of being able to help Ireland out of the savings of the loan." Once again urgent domestic affairs in Great Britain pushed Ireland into the background. "I have been so worried about the state of trade in the city," Lord John told the Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "that I have little time to write or think on other matters," and he warned him, "I fear you have a most troublesome winter ahead of you . . . and here we have no money."

Charles Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, flatly refused financial help for Ireland. "I have no money," he told Clarendon. He would refrain

from pressing Ireland for repayments due on money already advanced, but no fresh money would be forthcoming. "The more bent I am on throwing present expenditure on them, the more lenient I am disposed to be as to what is expended already," he wrote. "I have the most perfect understanding on this subject with Trevelyan."

From this point onward, good intentions on the part of the British government became increasingly difficult to discern. Making every allowance for the depleted state of the Treasury, and bearing in mind the large sums already expended on Irish relief, sums representing many times their value today, it is still hardly possible to explain, or to condone, the British government's determination to throw the Irish destitute on the local poor rate, the able-bodied men being sent to the workhouse to discourage applications.

The Irish Poor Law Extension Act of 1847 guaranteed that all the expense of relief was to be borne by the already hard-pressed landlords. The property of Ireland was to maintain the poverty of Ireland. Relief operations under the Soup Kitchen Act, by which England had helped to finance the issue of more than three million rations daily, had been rapidly brought to an end. By August 15, Commissariat depots had been closed, the meal and grain being sold not cheaply but at current market prices, and remainders not being given away but picked up by government steamer.

If the new Poor Law was to be effective, the workhouses must be cleared and filled with able-bodied men who were destitute; but to clear the workhouses proved impossible. The Poor Law guardians were unwilling to turn the helpless out; at Galway, for instance, they indignantly refused, while at Tralee, the immense distressed district which contained two estates under the Court of Chancery, the workhouse inmates had no clothes to put on and no shelter to which to return, for landlords customarily took advantage of destitute persons' being forced to enter the workhouse to pull their cabins down.

The Treasury had no intention of acting, nor any doubt what should be done — taxes must be collected, force must be used. "Arrest, remand, do anything you can," wrote Charles Wood to Clarendon on November 22; "send horse, foot and dragoons, all the world will applaud you, and I should not be at all squeamish as to what I did, to the verge of the law, and a little beyond."

By the middle of December, 1847, the destitute, half naked, and starving were besieging the workhouses. From Tralee on December 15, Mr. Dobree of the Commissariat reported that the able-bodied were "coming up in masses to be refused," 700 to 800 at a time. The workhouse, which held 1400, was full; "the labouring class have no visible means

of existence." Ballina workhouse on December 11 had 500 more inmates than it had been built to contain; Kilrush on December 14 had 500 to 600 too many; Galway on December 19 had 500, of whom 200 were fever cases; Erris was "out of control," with three quarters of the population urgently requiring relief.

The sufferings of the people began to approach the horrors of the winter of 1846-1847; the country, generally speaking, was ruined, pauperism was spreading, there was no employment, and though the yield of the potato crop was superb, the quantity planted was inadequate — only 20 percent of that of previous years, because of the failure to provide seed potatoes. Dead bodies were found lying by roadsides and in fields; men who had tramped many miles to a workhouse only to be refused admittance died at the gates; a man turned away from Tipperary workhouse died after lying outside the gates for twelve hours.

THE spring of 1848 was cold in Ireland; throughout February there were falls of snow, and the country people believed that snow would prevent the reappearance of blight. In 1847 the potato crop had proved superb, and now potatoes were planted all over Ireland in what Lord Clarendon described as a "frenzy of confidence."

Severe sacrifices were made to obtain seed potatoes: clothes, bedsteads, tables, and chairs were sold, and a Poor Law inspector reported that small occupiers, "already reduced to a state of all but pauperism, are straining every nerve to plant potatoes as largely as possible as a last desperate venture." Potatoes were "stuck in everywhere they could be planted and everyone's hopes were raised at the idea of a return to the old system." Landlords looked forward to rents' being paid, the people to having enough to eat. Reports coming in to the Board of Works in Dublin estimated the amount of land put down to potatoes, compared with the previous year, as twice as much in some districts, in others three, four, five, and even ten times as much. Almost no green crops — cabbages, beans, carrots, kale — had been sown; the resident magistrate at Ballinasloe reported that the "small farmers have abandoned attempts at any other kind of crop and have staked all they possessed or could borrow" on potatoes.

Through May and until halfway through June, the weather was favorable. But from the middle of June, 1848, the terrible story of 1846 was repeated, blow after blow. The weather changed and became continually wet; by the middle of July the catastrophe had begun. "We were all in the greatest spirits at the approach of plenty,"

wrote Father John O'Sullivan, parish priest of Kenmare, on July 16, "but blight has made its appearance. On the morning of the 13th, to the astonishment of everyone, the potato fields that had, on the previous evening, presented an appearance that was calculated to gladden the hearts of the most indifferent, appeared blasted, withered, blackened and, as it were, sprinkled with vitriol, and the whole country has in consequence been thrown into dismay and confusion."

For the Irish people, "the famine" will always mean these years of concentrated disaster in which blight first appeared and in rapid succession the partial failure of 1845 was followed by the total failure of 1846 and the second total failure of 1848. The history of what then occurred is deeply engraved in the memory of the Irish race; all hope of assimilation with England was then lost, and bitterness without parallel took possession of the Irish mind.

THE treatment of the Irish people by the British government during the great potato famine has been described as genocide, race murder. The British government has been accused, and not only by the Irish, of wishing to exterminate the Irish people, as Cromwell wished to "extirpate" them and as Hitler wished to exterminate the Jews. The 1840s, however, must not be judged by the standards of today, and whatever parsimony and callousness the British government displayed toward Ireland were paralleled seven years later by the treatment of her own soldiers which brought about the destruction of the British Army in the Crimea.

The conduct of the British government during the famine is divided into two periods. During the first, from the date of the partial famine in 1845 until the transfer to the Poor Law in the summer of 1847, the government behaved with considerable generosity. An elaborate relief organization was set up, public works were started on a scale never attempted before, and what was for the time a very large sum of money indeed, more than eight million pounds, was advanced. Not enough was done, considering the size of the catastrophe, but it is doubtful if any government in Europe at that date would have done more.

But during the second period, after the transfer to the Poor Law in the summer of 1847, the behavior of the British government is difficult to defend. Lord John Russell and his advisers, in particular Sir Charles Wood and Trevelyan, were aware of the state of the Irish Poor Law. They knew that most of the distressed areas were bankrupt, that the worst had never been anything else, that in those districts where poverty, destitution,

and starvation were greatest the workhouses were badly equipped or not equipped at all, dirty, understaffed, and disorganized. They knew that in the most distressed areas, taxes for the relief of the poor in normal times had been virtually uncollectable, while in others they had to be collected with the aid of police, troops, and sometimes ships of war, and even then were only partially gathered. Yet, with these facts before them, the government threw the hordes of wretched destitute on their local poor rates, refusing assistance when the second total failure of the potato occurred in 1848. Since Britain was passing through a financial crisis, the justification of the government's actions was expediency, but it is difficult to reconcile expediency with duty and moral principles.

The most serious charge against the British government, however, is not the transfer to the Poor Law. Neither during the famine nor for decades afterwards were any measures of reconstruction or agricultural improvement attempted, and this neglect condemned Ireland to decline. A devastating new disease had attacked the potato; nothing to equal the total destruction of 1846 had been seen before; yet no serious effort was made to teach the people to grow any other crop, and when Lord Clarendon tried to effect improvement by means of "agricultural instructors," his scheme was ridiculed, Charles Wood writing contemptuously of Clarendon's "hobby." The Irish small tenant was inevitably driven back on the potato: he was penniless, starving, ignorant; the only crop he knew how to cultivate was the potato; generally speaking, the only tool he owned and could use was a spade. He had no choice. Yet when the potato failed totally again in 1848, the government exploded in fury. "In 1847," Lord John wrote, angrily, "eight millions were advanced to enable the Irish to supply the loss of the potato crop and to cast about them for some less precarious food. . . . The result is that they have placed more dependence on the potato than ever and have again been deceived. How can such people be assisted?"

As nothing was done to improve agriculture, so nothing was done to improve the system under which land was occupied in Ireland. Tenants at will remained tenants at will; twenty years after the famine, Isaac Butt was still writing, "The vast majority of the occupiers of land in Ireland are at this moment liable to be turned out at the pleasure of their landlords"; and improvements carried out by the tenant continued to become the property of the landlord.

These misfortunes were not part of a plan to destroy the Irish nation; they fell on the people because the government of Lord John Russell was

afflicted with an extraordinary inability to foresee consequences. It has been frequently declared that the parsimony of the British government during the famine was the main cause of the sufferings of the people, and parsimony was certainly carried to remarkable lengths; but obtuseness, shortsightedness, and ignorance probably contributed more.

To take only a few instances, it did not occur to Lord John Russell and his advisers that, by forcing the famine-stricken applicant for relief to give up every possession, they were creating fresh armies of paupers, even though Lord Clarendon had inquired if it were wise to compel a man to become a pauper, when he was not one already, in order to be saved from starvation. It was not, apparently, anticipated that refusing to assist the famine-stricken small tenants with seed would result in holdings' being left unsown, nor that, unless some means of subsistence were provided, men with families who had lost their winter food must crowd on the public works.

Even the self-evident truth that Ireland is not England was not realized by the government in Whitehall; the desolate, starving west was assumed to be served by snug grocers and prosperous merchants and to be a field for private enterprise; bankrupt squireens living in jerry-built mansions with rain dripping through the roof became county gentry, and plans for sea transport of corn were made as if the perilous harbors of the west coast were English ports.

Much of this obtuseness sprang from the fanatical faith of mid-nineteenth-century British politicians in the economic doctrine of *laissez-faire* — no interference by government, no meddling with the operation of natural causes. The government was perpetually nervous of being too good to Ireland and of corrupting the Irish people by kindness and so stifling the virtues of self-reliance and industry. In addition, hearts were hardened by the antagonism then felt by the English toward the Irish, an antagonism rooted far back in religious and political history; and at the period of the famine, irritation had been added as well. The discreditable state of Ireland, the subject of adverse comment throughout the civilized world, her perpetual misfortunes, the determined hostility of most of her population, even their character provoked intense irritation in England. It is impossible to read the letters of British statesmen of the period — Charles Wood and Trevelyan, for instance — without astonishment at the influence exerted by antagonism and irritation on government policy in Ireland during the famine.

It is not characteristic of the English to behave as they have behaved in Ireland; as a nation, the English have proved themselves to be capable of

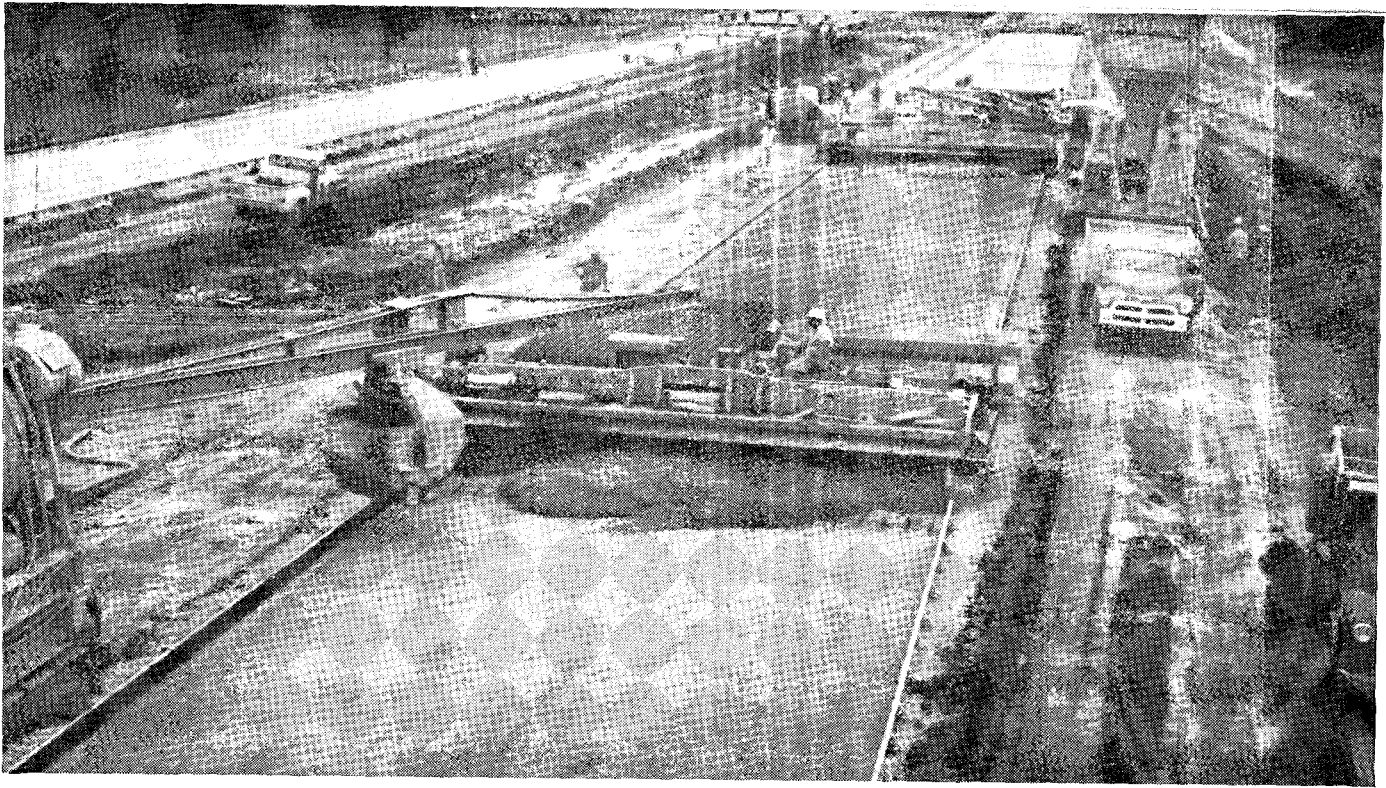
generosity, tolerance, and magnanimity — but not where Ireland is concerned. As Sydney Smith, the celebrated writer and wit, wrote: "The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots."

How many people died in the famine will never precisely be known. It is almost certain that, owing to geographical difficulties and the unwillingness of the people to be registered, the census of 1841 gave a total smaller than the population in fact was. Officers engaged in relief work put the population as much as 25 percent higher; landlords distributing relief were horrified when providing, as they imagined, for 60 persons to find more than 400 "start from the ground."

In 1841 the population of Ireland was given as 8,175,124; in 1851, after the famine, it had dropped to 6,552,385, and the census commissioners calculated that, at the normal rate of increase, the total should have been 9,018,799, so that a loss of at least 2,500,000 persons had taken place. Between 1846 and 1851, nearly a million persons emigrated, and it therefore appears that, roughly, about a million and a half perished during the famine, of hunger, diseases brought on by hunger, and fever. Between 1848 and 1864, however, thirteen million pounds was sent home by emigrants in America to bring relatives out of Ireland, and it is part of the famine tragedy that, because no adequate measures of reconstruction were undertaken, a steady drain of the best and most enterprising left Ireland, to enrich other countries.

Time brought retribution. By the outbreak of World War II Ireland was independent, and she would not fight on England's side. Liberty and England did not appear to the Irish to be synonymous, and the Free State remained neutral. Many thousands of Free State Irishmen volunteered, but the famous regiments of southern Ireland had ceased to exist, and the "inexhaustible nursery of the finest soldiers" was no longer at England's service.

There was also a more direct payment. Along the west coast of Ireland, in Mayo especially, on remote Clare Island, and in the dunes above the Six Mile Strand are a number of graves of petty officers and able seamen of the British Navy and Merchant Service, representatives of many hundreds who were drowned off the coast of Ireland because the Irish harbors were not open to British ships. From these innocents, in all probability ignorant of the past, who had never heard of failures of the potato, evictions, fever, and starvation, was exacted part of the price for the famine.

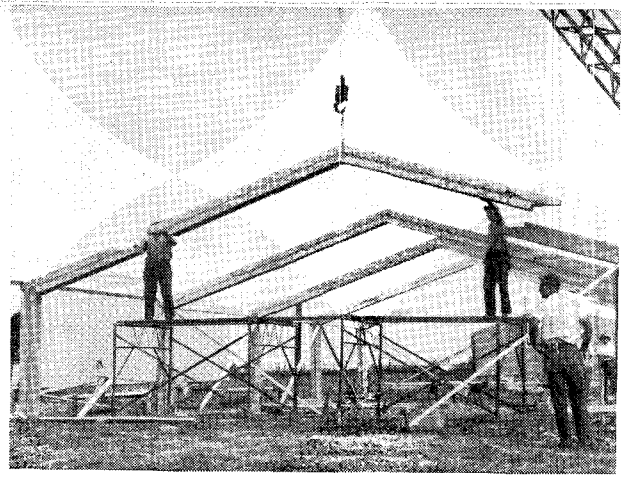


Expert aid on the nation's new Interstate System highways, as well as on streets and roads, is provided to help insure the safest, most durable concrete pavements possible.

Helping to build the world's tallest apartments. The twin 60-story circular towers of Chicago's famous Marina City are dramatic examples of the application of modern concrete research and engineering.



Bringing farmers new ideas in building. Here a barn is assembled of precast concrete frame units that reduce cost and give greater durability and fire safety. Idea is one of many developed by PCA research.



How the cement industry's nationwide service program enables America to build better

The design and construction of modern concrete pavements and structures depend on the knowledge and skill of the user. And each year, research and engineering further extend the applications of this most versatile of building materials.

To put this data into the hands of architects, engineers and builders is a vital job of the Portland Cement Association—PCA—which is supported by the voluntary contributions of its members, more than 75 competing manufacturers of portland cement.

To provide personal help to cement users, large and small, PCA maintains a staff of 375 field engineers. They work out of 35 district offices, serving 48 states and British Columbia.

Each field man is an authority on the use of concrete—and a busy man! On a typical day, you may find him helping a ready-mix concrete producer design a mix for a special project—or consulting with highway engineers on pavement designs for a modern expressway.

Later, he might be discussing prestressed concrete with the architect of a new office building—or attending a citizens' meeting about a proposed new sewage plant.

Backing him up are engineers and other specialists at PCA headquarters and laboratories. PCA's \$10,000,000 Research and Development Laboratories are the world's largest devoted entirely to the study of portland cement and concrete. And to provide people with helpful information on every use of concrete—more than 500 publications and 85 films are available.

Each day, the service program of the cement industry benefits practically every American—in safer, more economical and lasting concrete construction of every kind.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

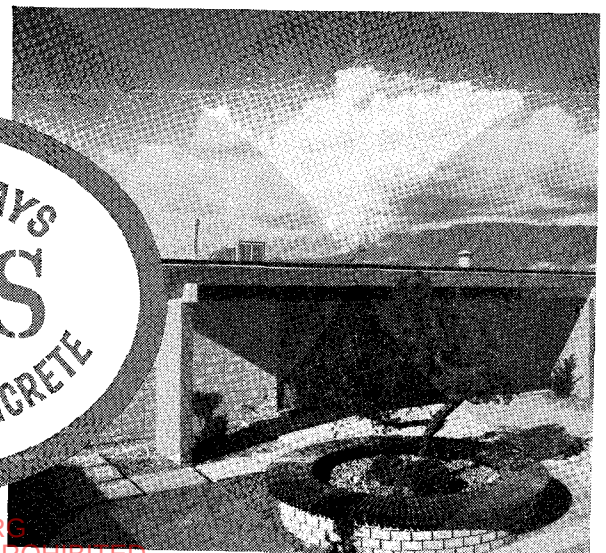
Headquarters: 33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

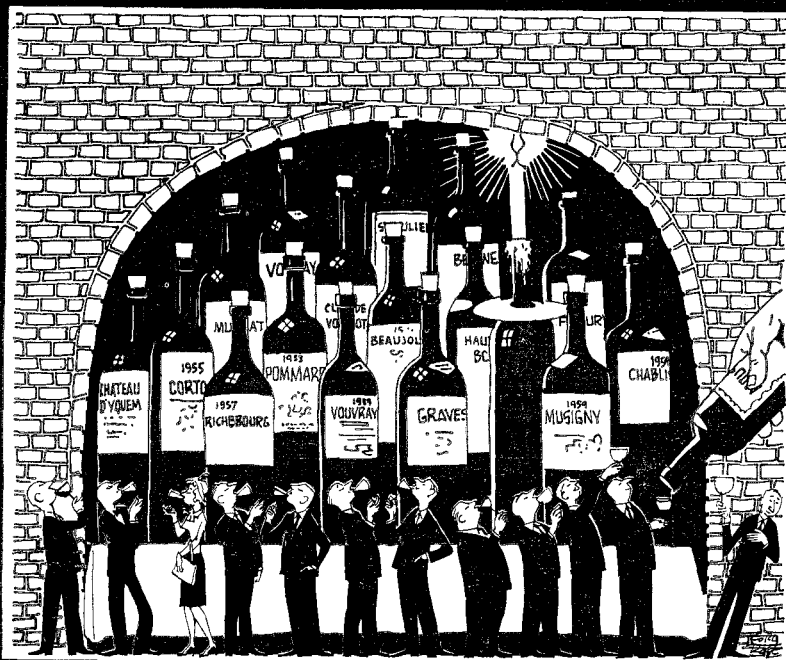
*A national organization to improve and extend the uses of
portland cement and concrete*

Helping hurricane fighters plan better defenses. After famous "Carla" struck, for example, a team of PCA field men worked with local engineers and officials to check the effectiveness of concrete seawalls.



Up-dating builders and architects on ways to more beautiful homes, publications provide details on striking new decorative and structural uses of concrete.





Living

A LONDON TASTING

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

An annual tasting of French wines that presents no fewer than 196 varieties would seem to be covering its field of inquiry with some thoroughness. It was, at any rate, the widest assortment ever uncorked in my experience, and I must say that the scene itself and what was modestly listed as its "Buffet Fare" were even more beguiling than the wines. The tasting is held each fall in London in the vast cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue & Co., beneath London Bridge Station. It was especially interesting as an example of doing extraordinarily well, brilliantly, something that another sponsor might have fozzled sadly through parsimony and inexperience. But Lebègue is an old firm, bringing French wines into England for upwards of a century, and its head, Guy Prince, is a descendant of its founder.

The Lebègue cellars are laid out in long aisles, under a succession of arches, with tall racks of bottles on each side. The wall and ceiling surface is white brick, giving a fine lift to the illumination, which is entirely

from candles, thousands of them, in iron chandeliers overhead and in rows along the wine and luncheon tables. There is much more light than one would expect — a steady, warm yellow ambience.

How to provide for 800 to 1000 guests at a festival of this sort, without crowding or imposing any sense of haste on the company, is no mean feat; this Lebègue achieves by spreading the tasting over three days and asking the guests who accept the invitation to name their preferred day for coming. The result is that the usual turnout on any one day is around 300, a number easily taken in stride by the ample serving and catering staff. The guest list seemed a lively mixture of dealers and well-known amateurs, the civil service, peers and politicians, the press, as well as a handful of the producers of some of the more celebrated château wines.

The tasting is really a luncheon occasion, the first guests arriving shortly after noon and the last leaving around three o'clock. The buffet fare proved to be just about ideal for the occasion, perfect in every respect. Food of this sort served at room temperature is encountered all too infrequently, and I append

the all-British menu in its entirety:

Shellfish

ORKNEY LOBSTERS

Hams, Meats and Game

YORK TRIPLE PEAT-SMOKED HAM

WILTSHIRE TREACLE CURED HAM

SADDLE OF SOUTHDOWN LAMB

BARON OF SCOTCH BEEF

GAME PIE

English Cheeses

DOUBLE GLOUCESTER

BLUE CHESHIRE

CHEDDAR

STILTON

Sweet

FRUIT SALAD WITH DEVONSHIRE CREAM

I have never developed the vocabulary of wine tasting, although it is always a pleasure to sit down with a couple of old friends on a Sunday noon and work one's way slowly through a comparison of four white wines, accompanied by a suitable cheese and souffléed crackers (recipe on request). So it was that the spaces for comments in my Lebègue catalogue went unmarked, while after the Wiltshire ham item on the menu I set down the word "strong," in distinguishing it from its delicate York competitor.

For the rest, the Orkney lobsters

were excellent and identical with Maine's, but the beef and lamb were far beyond anything generally available on this side of the Atlantic. The saddle and the baron are spectacular cuts, endowing any buffet with a lavish quality, especially when two or three examples of each are offered together. I lack enough anatomical information to describe a "baron" precisely, and the dictionary is doubtless correct but not quite enlightening; at any rate, it seemed to be some thirty inches in length, weighing fifty to sixty pounds and

affording in its midsection a vast area of sirloin which had been roasted to an even redness throughout, instead of being rare in the center and well done at the edges.

We were too late for the game pie, but having sampled one in the grill-room of the Savoy, I count this as a small loss. I am willing to assert that an aged Vermont cheddar is better than its British prototype, while the Stilton, with all its devotees and its distinctive flavor, is usually too crumbly. The Double Gloucester, on a direct challenge, becomes a

matter of apologies, yet everything on Lebègue's menu combined most agreeably under a quotation from Proverbs: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

So, feeling incompetent to venture as a taster, I restricted myself to three glasses of wine, which I drank unabashed: a 1959 Chassagne-Montrachet with the lobster, 1953 Château Margaux with the meat, and a golden 1958 Château d'Yquem for the finale. It was a lovely affair, every drop and morsel of it.

A Few Words for the Sponsor

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ROBERT FONTAINE is the author of books, a play, and many light articles for the ATLANTIC and other magazines.

I am often confronted with television polls that claim fifty-six million people were watching this show and forty-eight million people were watching that show. I don't believe it. I have gone into this thing pretty thoroughly and scientifically, and from my efforts I have deduced that almost no one is watching any program.

As everyone knows, most of the surveys check on two or three hundred people and ask them what they are watching. These people are not watching anything, but they hate to be caught at it. It lowers their status. So they say the first thing that pops into their heads, like *Ed Sullivan* or *Dinah Shore*.

To show you how wrong a survey can be, I once discovered that all thirty-six people I contacted were watching the same thing, a local algebra lesson. This was because they were all in a bar and the television set could only get the one station. By extension, this would indicate that one hundred million people in America were watching an algebra lesson.

Now, we all know that television belongs to the people; it is an educational medium. It is intended to educate us as to the correct beer, shaving cream, deodorant, and cigarettes to buy. My fieldwork shows that not only is television being watched by just a few thousand people, but even those people do not know what they are watching

or who is sponsoring the program.

I will cite examples sworn to before a notary public to prove these revolutionary points. My surveys were conducted mostly among my family and friends, because I could trust them and I knew when they were trying to put something over on me. For instance, if I called my son-in-law, John Kurtz, and he said he was watching Leonard Bernstein, I knew immediately that he was just showing off. If he was watching anything, it was a buxom blonde displaying a weather map. I know my son-in-law. Those other pollsters do not.

I called my father one night and said, "Is your TV set on?"

My father said, "My TV set is always on. You know that. We use it for a night-light."

"What are you watching?"

"I'm not watching anything. I'm out on the porch getting some fresh air."

"If some real survey called you, Papa, what would you say you were watching?"

My father thought a moment. "I'd say I was watching *I Love Lucy*."

"That's off the air."

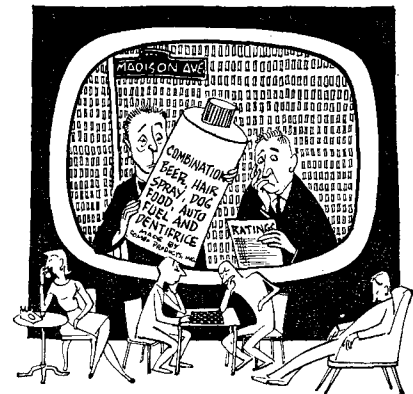
"I don't care. I still like it."

My father-in-law is a little different. His TV set is always on, too, because he likes to sleep in front of it. After dinner he yawns, settles down in a chair, turns on the television, and sleeps through four hours

of shows. If any pollster awakened him, he could tell immediately what he was sleeping through, a factor that would certainly throw off the final figures.

In my wife's case, she seldom watches anything, but she is always going to watch something. She turns on the set in time for *Alfred Hitchcock*, and then she remembers she has not called Ann in weeks. She telephones for two hours, and if, when she hung up, she were asked what she had watched, she would say *Alfred Hitchcock* because that's what she intended to watch.

What it amounts to is that there are millions of TV sets turned on all over the country, and nobody is



watching them. The people who turned them on are out on the patio drinking beer, or are in the swimming pool, or have gone to the movies. They do know, by heart, what programs are on, and if you ask them later what they watched, they will think of something just to please whoever bothered to ask them.

It is like reading books. Pick any book off the top of the best-seller lists and ask anybody if he has read it. You will hunt far and wide to

find a single person in America who has not read it—or, that is, who does not *claim* to have read it. I never met a living soul over eleven who did not insist he had read *Lolita*, for example. The same snob-bishness prevails on television. People who are really playing poker all night will unabashedly insist they watched *Ed Sullivan* last night.

But, to make things worse, not only does hardly anyone watch television; hardly a soul among those who do watch knows who sponsors the program. As everyone knows, millions of dollars are spent by television advertisers to impress a product on people. But you can ride a day's journey on an Arab stallion before you can find anyone who remembers who sponsors the program he watches all the time.

If I ask my father who sponsors some show, he will say, "I don't know. Some kind of beer, I think."

"What kind of beer?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I drink Bass Ale, myself. What's it to me what the sponsor drinks? He ought to be glad I watch his show."

I have even asked relatives who sponsors the *U.S. Steel Hour* or the *Alcoa Hour*. They had not the slightest idea. They would not even guess. Nor did they know who put up the money for the *Telephone Hour*. One person said Tasty Yeast, and two others said Standard Oil of New Jersey.

My mother, for a fine example, believes that all the programs she actually watches are sponsored by Finnegan's Pharmacy, which is a small drugstore at the corner of the street where she lives. She often wonders where Finnegan gets the money to pay for such stars as Fred Astaire and Red Skelton.

This proves that my mother is one of the handful of people in America who pay any attention whatever to the commercials. She watches the ones at the station break. Finnegan always comes in before every big show and just after the station identification and announces that all his drugs are pure, his white coat is fresh every day, and he is open until 9 P.M. on Sundays. Naturally, my mother believes he sponsors the program. She can identify with Finnegan. She sees him every day. While the big commercials are on, she takes a shower, makes an egg salad sandwich, washes my father's hair, or does some of her ironing.

It would be useless to go into this any further. If what I have said is taken to heart, it may completely revolutionize advertising. It will be bound to do it when I state my final discovery. My relatives and friends can only identify the sponsor with the utmost conviction when the show is terrible. They feel so annoyed that they wait patiently for the commercial, and then they concentrate and carefully memorize the name. Thereafter, they avoid the product like the plague.

Egg Throwing

BY B. F. SYLVESTER

B. F. SYLVESTER lives in Omaha, where he was for many years the city editor of the WORLD HERALD. He has written on a variety of subjects for the ATLANTIC.

There was a news dispatch some time ago to the effect that Prince Philip of England was unperturbed when Buenos Aires teen-agers spattered him with eggs. He asked that they be told not to do it again, as he did not have an unlimited number of suits.

A small item, this, but it invited rumination. Do we not see here a portentous trend in the old exercise of throwing things at the stage villain? The locale is changing from the Bijou to world capitals, the new villain is the high politico on the goodwill circuit, the egg is replacing the tomato, and the throwers are children.

What happened to the tomato? The main factors are not far to seek. 1) On the average, this fruit, vegetable, berry, but not girl, weighs five ounces and has a circumference of nine and a half inches, making it too bulky for little hands and presenting problems of supply. 2) A missile of short range, it is unsuited to the outdoor demonstration of today. 3) It is seasonal, costing up to fifteen cents, which means a sizable bite out of Buster's allowance.

On the other hand, or in the same hand, the egg, double-A large, for those who care enough to send the very best, weighs three ounces and fits comfortably in a subteen palm and sells for five cents. Dirties and checks, for pelting lesser dignitaries,

My conclusions, then, are these: 1. Hardly anyone is watching television.

2. Most of the few who are are asleep.

3. Those who are awake do not know what they are watching.

4. Those who know what they are watching do not know who is sponsoring the show unless it is really terrible. Then they know and never forget.

I believe I've done my part. It is up to the industry to do the rest.

are available for two and a half cents, while smalls, for practice, can be had at the farm for seven cents a dozen.

The egg is a natural projectile at both ends and thus is far superior in range and accuracy. It has another advantage: the fallout is more devastating than the impact. It lends itself to scientific refinement, and we can look forward to a still better throwing egg. Even the best we have today could stand a little flattening in the middle, as was done with the football, which once looked like an egg but now looks like a Vienna roll and is easier to throw.

Another question arises. What was protocol at Buenos Aires? Would it have been permissible for Philip to duck? Hardly. British royalty is schooled from childhood in old codes of official behavior which new times do not change. We can see a little prince now, the target of his mates at egg-receiving drill. Unperturbed, he stands his ground and meets the egg head on as the fellows gather around and murmur, "Well met!"

In Philip's case, we dissent. Though consort of Queen Elizabeth II, he should have some lingering rights to be himself. We say, give him a basket of dirties and checks and let him fling right back.



IS IT LOW-BROW TO USE PAUL MASSON'S FINE BRANDY IN A BOILERMAKER?

Not necessarily. A lot depends on how you make your boilemaker; there are several systems: 1) Fill a tall, well-chilled glass with premium beer and float a jigger of Paul Masson's rich amber brandy between the collar and the brew*. 2) Set a shotglass inside a larger glass; fill shotglass with brandy; fill larger outer glass with beer as shown; drink without dribbling**. There are some who claim this version is called a depth bomb; not with our brandy, it's not.) Dribbling is low-brow. 3) Chill an entire bottle of beer in the refrigerator; while waiting for the beer to cool, fill

a small snifter with Paul Masson Brandy and savor the rich aroma and light smooth flavor of our brandy. Leave the beer in the refrigerator. This recipe has several clear-cut advantages. It permits you to enjoy the pure taste of our brandy at its magnificent best; it economizes on the beer bill and guarantees you'll have a bottle on tap for your next boilemaker. If you know of a better recipe, please send it along to us and we'll give it a try; in exchange, we'll send you our free booklet with brandy recipes from Alexanders to Gimlets. Fair is fair.



* a neat trick

**an even neater trick

Dear Paul Masson Recipe Expert, Dept. A-2, Saratoga, California

- ☐ Here is a recipe for boilemakers I think is better than any of yours. Please send me your free booklet of brandy recipes.
- ☐ I don't know of any better boilemaker recipes, but I'd like your free booklet anyway.

Very truly yours,

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA 80-84 PROOF BRANDY

Pakistan Post Office

BY ALEX PAGE

After a recent lecture assignment at the University of Karachi, ALEX PAGE returned to the University of Massachusetts, where he is teaching English literature.

I took a stack of letters to a mailbox in Karachi one morning. As I dropped them into the airmail slot, there was loud, happy laughter from six or seven Pakistanis lounging near the box, and I even heard a Pakistani Bronx cheer or two. Armed with hindsight, I see why.

None of those letters ever reached its destination. No doubt, any one of those delighted spectators could have foretold that fate; one may, indeed, have had a hand in it. If you deposit a letter with an uncanceled stamp in a mailbox — especially an airmail stamp — the chances are absolutely first-rate that the stamps will be removed and other uses found for the letter's remains. After all, the postal carrier who empties the mailbox makes a pitiful wage (about \$12 a month), and an uncanceled stamp has a certain stated value. If the carrier should, despite his better judgment, carry the letters in their inviolate state to the post office, the man charged with canceling them there would regard a definite percentage as his supplemental income.

All this took me a little time to discover. Then I began to do what everyone else did — take the letters to the post office in person and witness their cancellation *coram populo*. It was still disconcerting to find a huge pot of glue stationed at every window. The glue was used to affix those stamps that had somehow lost their gum in their brief lives. One could not help speculating on the number of previous owners those stamps could boast. And there was the picture of one such previous owner chiding his friends for taking no heed of his letters — chiding them in vain, for his follow-ups would bite the dust the same way.

I confess to an indignant citizen's rage when I first discovered this state of affairs. I then thought of composing a sharp letter of protest to the postal complaint department. But it was made clear to me that such letters also have a way of not reaching their destination, albeit for different reasons.

So I faithfully took all letters to the post office. I stopped there once a day for thirty minutes, rarely less. I don't mean to sound peevish, for there was a kind of pleasure in that half hour. I became an old customer; my business was the same day after day.

If the letters I took to the window were already stamped, they were closely examined both by the



official immediately in charge and by the supervisor. This was routine. The letters usually said "U.S.A." The employee invariably asked, "Is to America, yes?" Then he set to canceling the stamps, in direct line with my vision.

Now, he knew perfectly well why he had to do this publicly, and I knew that he knew. Yet this air suffused with heavy suspicion was somehow perfumed by his artistry in placing the cancellation stamps just right. This could take time. He had to aim, reconsider his aim, decide on the most economical placement of each throw, and yet, under my steely glance, make sure that

each stamp was canceled, including any embedded in the center of a cluster. As I say, it took time.

Once the stamps were all canceled, the letter was casually thrown on a pile of similarly treated letters. The understanding was that, since the stamps were no longer marketable, normal postal processes might take effect. This was an assumption not lightly to be made. People said that if your glance was too steely, if suspicion oozed in too-heavy globs, or if you had been too fussy over getting the right change, the affronted official might discard the letter anyway, on principle, and not for mere pelf. The human element ranked high. Trust did not exist, but one had to be genial about its lack.

The plot was compounded whenever I had to make purchases of stamps or air letters, or do anything that involved a monetary transaction. Let me quote from the *Ready Reckoner*, put out by Pakistan's Ministry of Finance to assist people in making swift calculations on the three currencies more or less in simultaneous use: "The exact equivalent should be worked out at the rate of 100 paisa to 1 rupee or 16 annas or 64 pice or 192 pies." If I point out that "paisa," "pice," and "pies" are pronounced almost exactly alike, if I allude to the historical fact that a certain government official (now self-employed) caused coins to be stamped "pice" when they should have been stamped "paisa," and if I add that there were then in circulation some twenty coins differing in size, shape, edging, and color, will it not be called a marvel that I tarried as little at the post office as I did? That, indeed, anything fiduciary ever happened?

The *Ready Reckoner* was available, but it was not used. Whatever occurred occurred in the mind of the postal employee. And some strange things did.

THE HERON by Robert Nye

The moon is in her shroud. A breathless heron
Like a sickle dipped in moonlight, knee-
deep among streaming stars, a taciturn
And wistful fisher, starves out of her trance
And combs into thin air stiffly askance.

The moon is rising. O heron, heron
Where is there more to drown in than the Sea?

GUARDIAN

Meet the man who services your car. He's a typical mechanic at your nearby General Motors dealership. He's conscientious . . . capable. It's part of his job to help keep your car in top condition for many miles of service.

Included in GM dealerships across the country are 150,000 trained servicemen. In the past nine years they have logged more than 16,700,000 hours in the 30 General Motors Training Centers located all across the country. Continuous education in the latest service techniques keeps them up to date with mechanical and engineering advances to provide you the finest care for your car.

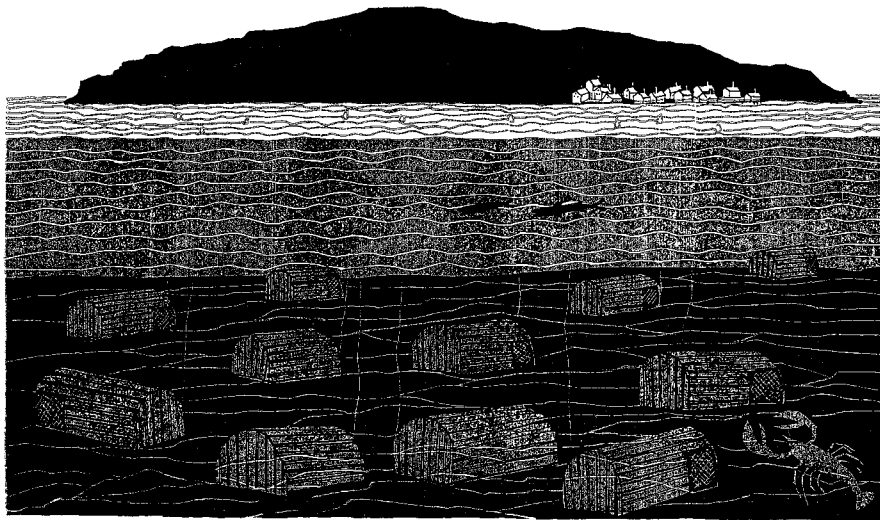
Servicemen like this are an important asset of GM dealers, the independent merchants whose people serve customers in their communities. So, too, GM employees, shareholders and suppliers comprise General Motors greatest asset—its people.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You



pleasures and places



WINTER ON MONHEGAN

BY R. J. SIEGLER

We could see the island now, black bluffs bursting the ocean's strength. Spray flew forty feet, fell back to coat the unfeeling rocks with salt-white ice. This is winter, and this is Monhegan, ten miles off the coast of Maine, broadside and unmoving against seas that ran 3000 miles to strike it.

In a frothy backwash the *Laura B.*hipped up to the dock, her crew swapping friendly insults and advice with the reception committee ashore. My wife and I looked about. Here is a lovely land, fashioned for the delights of a summer's day, the heady air a distillate of spruce and salt. But this is winter, the air conditioner gone amuck in a fury of surf and a cloud of snow. Islanders greet us in mild surprise. They have the anchor of home thrust deep into the heaving sea, but what brings us here? This is the season of work, of hand-to-hand combat with the elements for a livelihood. Now the tide of life for forty-five men, women, and children on Monhegan Island is rising and falling on the numbers of lobsters trapped and the price they bring.

Above the harbor are the houses, uniformly neat, uniformly weathered-shingle gray. The air seems

warm after the mainland, after the one-hour trip out. This warmth is just a few degrees above illusion. The sea is unfreezing, and the island gains by the fact; but out on the water the wind is bitter, bitter, bitter. Lobstermen pile on layers of wool topped with a windproof yellow slicker, the badge of their trade. Even so, spray freezes on eyebrows and eyelashes, and is beaten off the slickers in tinkling shards.

But of the seventeen adult males on the island last winter, fourteen were lobstermen. Move inshore? Unthinkable. Rugged independence is a state of Maine trademark, but on Monhegan Island it is worn like epaulets. You want winter lobster? Winter lobster you get. We've got colder water, deeper water, and our product is the best. True. A premium price is paid for it.

In the early dark the boats return. Lamps are lighted in the cottages above, where the women are mindful of the arrivals. After the routine of tying up to the moorings, sluicing down the cockpits, placing the day's catch in the half-submerged holding "cars," the men come ashore in little skiffs. They haul these above tide line. They

clump homeward stiffly, in heavy black hip boots, still balancing against the heave and toss of a little boat on a big sea.

All of the buildings are on the inland side, facing across to tiny, barren Manana Island 400 feet away. This gut forms the anchorage, partially protected on the north by ledges. Here, in 1614, Captain John Smith dropped anchor and chronicled the event: "Monhegan is a round high isle and close by it is Mananis betwixt which is a small harbor where wee ride."

Smith was just another admiring visitor in a long line that probably extended back to Norsemen. Runic characters are found on Manana (along with a bona fide hermit and a beacon), and while they have not been deciphered, there is more evidence than not that they were inscribed on the rock and were not created merely by weathering.

For Monhegan offered undeniable advantages to the ancient mariner: timber for ship repairs, fresh water for his casks, a deep anchorage out of sight of prying eyes on the mainland, lobsters and clams and mussels for a change in diet. Portuguese cod fishers were regular callers in the sixteenth century, and the island has been host to Spanish and French freebooters and English explorers. Today it still has a link to blue-water shipping as the pilot pickup point for vessels headed north to Penobscot Bay ports.

Some of the 1962 residents believe another chapter is being written now; that the permanent settlement is shrinking and will continue to dwindle to oblivion. In 1961 no children were born among permanent residents. Llewellyn Oliver, the 58-year-old bachelor schoolmaster and librarian, says classes in his one-room white schoolhouse have declined steadily in the last dozen years. He has had as many as twelve at one time. This year there are six youngsters in four classes.

High school students, of course, must go ashore. Some of them return home to stay; many of them do not. For those who do, there is little choice — summer hotel waitressing for the girls, lobster fishing for the boys.

The island summer is short, frantic, and profitable. There are two boats arriving each day (compared with one boat three times a week the rest of the year); the hotels are

booming; and every home that will take a boarder is asked to take two. "In August we go mad," says an island wife.

To each newcomer Monhegan is a personal discovery. The natural beauty and simplicity fill a void in all us creatures of the world, whether artist, photographer, poet, or Magellan from Podunk. What does one do on a wooded island a mile and a half long by a half mile wide on a January day? Walk out either end of the lone dirt road, past summer cottages hung with a rainbow of buoys; past hauled-up dories, red bottoms up; past stacks of silvery traps. Then pick a footpath. These spread through heather and yew and forest like a spider web, end to end and back to front. You may walk through a cathedral-like wood of perfectly splendid mast spruce before you are guided out of the tunnel to the apex of a 400-foot promontory. Below lies a limitless blue sea; above stretches an endless azure sky.

Go on to the next bluff. It looms ahead, a study in black rock and white snow patches, bearing a crest of wind-sculptured spruce. Beyond is another, and another. Careful now, the rocks are icy, and a fall into the boiling maw below would be fatal.

In January we saw deer, "planted" and protected. The island is singularly devoid of wildlife, although clouds of birds, shooting like campfire sparks through the cavernous vault of the spruces, are there in all seasons.

We spent hours in a fish house, watching a man stuffing bait bags. The herring bait is another cost in a long procession that causes fishermen to mutter, "If you can afford to lobster, you can afford not to." A boat represents about \$7000 afloat. Add to that \$1500 in line and buoys for a 300-trap layout. Traps are built in spring, when fishing slacks off, and cost from \$7 to \$8 each.

With Christmas behind, everyone is caught up in the community excitement pointing toward January 1. New Year's Eve means only the night before the lobstering season legally opens. This has sometimes been referred to, in capital letters, as Trap Day, but not by the islanders. Said one scornfully, "You'd think we had a parade or fired a cannon or something just because it's the day we start." Nevertheless, the tensions are evident, and sometimes this has a



Something special
from one status seeker
to another.

Lord Calvert
America's Whiskey of Distinction

BLENDING WHISKY, 86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. HOUSE OF CALVERT, N.Y.C.



Why drink Cognac?

It would be cheaper never to acquire a taste for fine brandy. But why not indulge yourself a little? You deserve it. How about applying the same philosophy to your trip to Europe? Go First Class on a Holland-America ship. Meet interesting people. Eat gourmet meals. Let us pamper you shamelessly. Revel a bit. After all, how often do you take a real vacation? This time go all out. Go "first" on Holland-America. It's that much *more* fun.

Holland-America Line

Pier 40, North River, New York 14, N. Y.

"Candid, modest
and witty
autobiography"*



Among Friends

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By **HENRY KNOX
SHERRILL**

With candor and humor one of America's great churchmen, formerly Rector of Trinity Church in Boston, Bishop of Massachusetts and Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church tells his own story. "The book is fundamentally a serious account of important events and issues, but it is enlivened by a great many amusing anecdotes." — *LISTON POPE, N. Y. *Times Book Review*.

Illustrated. \$6.50

Atlantic-Little, Brown

"Unique... a remarkable biography."*

This "exhaustive, meticulous, scholarly examination" (*Time*) of Chekhov's life reads like a nineteenth-century Russian novel and illuminates Chekhov's personality more clearly than any previous biography.

*MARC SLONIM,
Front Page,
N. Y. *Times*
Book Review



CHEKHOV

A BIOGRAPHY
By **ERNEST J. SIMMONS**

Illus. Index, Bibliographical Survey. \$10.00

ATLANTIC • LITTLE, BROWN, Boston

boomerang effect, so that no one will turn a wheel until George — or somebody else — goes first.

As the men go off about their business, the women stare into the face of winter, waiting and counting incoming boats. Social life is meager. There are no interconnected telephones. Says Mrs. Marion Cundy, sturdily, "I like the quiet of winter, but I'm always glad to see people begin to arrive in spring." We talked in her warm little front room at a round oak table whose hub was a kerosene lamp. Framed on the wall was a prized possession, a color photograph of Marion in a group of lobster diners. It appeared in a national magazine a few years back.

Mrs. Cundy is one of the leaders of a Thursday night sewing circle. Their handiwork, readily sold to the summer hordes, helps keep the island church in paint and repair. They even have a resident pastor, the Reverend Miss Gertrude Anderson, a retired missionary. Her cottage is weathered to the universal camouflage gray, but inside, blaring like trumpets from the walls, are the gorgeous hangings and art reflecting the minister's twenty years in Burma. About a dozen adults turn out for the Sunday evening service, when schoolmaster Oliver plays the organ.

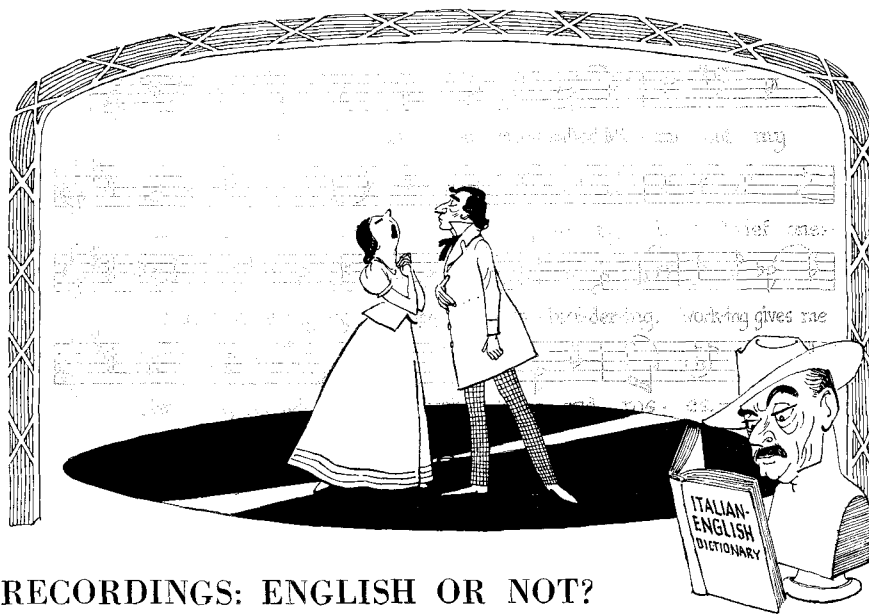
The island has a well-stocked store, boasting one of the two telephones with service to the mainland. Many groceries are brought in by the *Laura B.*, along with the mail. A small tanker comes in occasionally. Then one of three or four trucks on the island, a refugee from a wrecker's yard, bounces around on deliveries.

We stayed at the one island home that would accept winter boarders. Late afternoons we sat in the warm living room, lavishly hung with island paintings. When our host arrived after the ritual of making right his boat and pulling the skiff above high water, his first act was to start the diesel generator in the basement. At the first thump-thump and heavy muffled beat, the house lights sprang into being. We would look at one another and smile in this sudden wealth of vision.

"Someday," our hostess said, "we're going to move the generator out of the house. It makes me feel as if I'm on board ship."

Indeed, that is one of the many charms of Monhegan — at any season.

they shall have music



RECORDINGS: ENGLISH OR NOT?

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Aside from the question of whether it ought to be given at all, the most perennial of all operatic controversies is whether opera ought to be given in English. It may not be quite true that the ancient Britons, painted blue, used to debate the matter while listening in the hills to the Roman legionaries singing songs around their campfires. But the issue has recurred through the centuries with remarkable persistency. It cropped up in the early 1700s when Joseph Addison, writing in the *Spectator* about the Italian opera which had newly come to London, dryly observed that "there is no question but our great-grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand." It had a pretty good airing in 1960 at the Metropolitan Opera, when the management, stung by criticisms of its *Marriage of Figaro* production, polled the audience on what language it wanted to hear the opera in (6129 voted for the original Italian, 2952 for English translation, while 22 staged a write-in vote for German). And it comes up again in the face of two new recordings which

are presented with style, skill, and success in their original tongues — and which might have been of even greater moment had they been performed in English.

The first of these is Puccini's opera *La Bohème*, sung in Italian by an all-American cast — Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, Mary Costa, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi — and directed by a thoroughly Americanized conductor, Erich Leinsdorf. The only Italian home flavor is provided by the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus (RCA Victor LSC 6095, stereo; LM 6095, monaural: two records).

If this were the only recording of *La Bohème*, or one of a handful, no one would dream of suggesting the possibility of a change of language. In point of fact, though, it is at least the tenth recording — all of them in Italian, and nearly all of substantial merit.

In many ways the oldest of all *La Bohème* recordings still reigns supreme, for the incomparable fifteen-year-old performance directed by Arturo Toscanini, with Licia Albanese and Jan Peerce in the leading roles, remains a uniquely incandescent experience. And yet the newly issued Leinsdorf recording, which is conducted almost as briskly, sung

almost as glowingly, and engineered with far more fidelity, is very satisfying to hear. It has a feeling of freshness, lightness, and youthfulness that is a tribute to both Leinsdorf's skills and those of his American-born and -trained singers. Indeed, it is while listening to these prevailingly young voices, performing with musical tastefulness and dramatic restraint, that one is tempted to ask, "Why not in English?"

When the question was put, this baldly, to George R. Marek, vice president and general manager of the RCA Victor Record Division, the answer was, "Because it is indefensible artistically and because there is no evidence that translated opera would have any commercial success." Refutation of the second point is difficult to offer, except to note that French and German audiences respond to Italian opera recordings in their own languages — even when the German translation of Rodolfo's "*Che gelida manina*" in *La Bohème* is "*Wie eis-kalt ist dies Händchen*."

The most celebrated effort to give *La Bohème* in English was that made by the Metropolitan Opera in 1952, when it introduced an English version by Howard Dietz in which "*Che gelida manina*" was rendered as "I'll hold your hand in my hand." It was not a success, perhaps because its atmosphere smacked more of uptown Broadway than of Thirtieth Street, and it was soon dropped.

A somewhat similar attempt to drive an entering wedge for recordings of Italian opera in English is being made by Angel, with its release of a one-record set of highlights from *Madame Butterfly* (or should one say *Mrs. Butterfly*?) as presented by a cast from the Sadler's Wells Opera of England conducted by Bryan Balkwill, with Marie Collier, soprano; Charles Craig, tenor; and Gwyn Griffiths, baritone (Angel S-35902, stereo; 35902, monaural). The recording falls short on two counts. The translation employed is an example of stilted librettese, 1907 vintage, and the singers, while of reasonable competence, lack star-caliber appeal. Yet, despite these shortcomings, it is a revelatory experience to listen in complete comprehension to the opening dialogue between the concupiscent and care-free naval lieutenant and the American consul who is trying to talk him

out of a sham marriage with an innocent Japanese girl, or to observe the dramatic nuances of a "One fine day," which becomes for once not only a soaring melody but an understandable expression of human hope and heartbreak. And one is tempted to wonder whether record audiences would be completely unresponsive to a full-length *Butterfly* in a tasteful translation — or whether they would ignore a Tucker-Moffo-Merrill *Bohème* in English, in favor of the nine others in Italian.

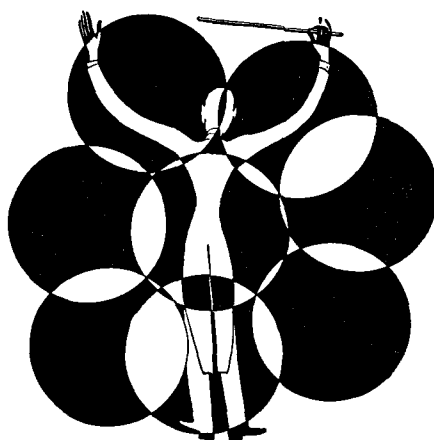
If anything, the arguments in favor of an English-language recording of Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew* would seem even more compelling, for its original German text goes snugly into English with very little change of musical contours or dramatic stress, the English translation for the most part being that of the King James Version, with all its majesty and sonority. Yet of nine existing recordings of the *St. Matthew Passion*, all cling to the German text, except for a single outdated and inferior version, released chiefly because one of the participants was the late, much-admired contralto, Kathleen Ferrier.

The newest *St. Matthew Passion* — once again, in German — is issued by Angel (S-3599E/L, stereo; 3599E/L, monaural: five records) and is conducted by Otto Klemperer, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Peter Pears and Nicolai Gedda, tenors; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Walter Berry, bass; and the Philharmonia Orchestra and Choir. Klemperer's concept of this work is of a slowly moving musical arc, giving the effect more of a stately memorial service than a moving human drama. It is beautiful, but it also is somewhat ponderous and static, and might have gained power and emotion from translation — especially since most of the singers on Klemperer's roster happen to be well acquainted with English. Bach, after all, once said that he wrote his music for the glory of God and the edification of his neighbors. Surely neither cause would suffer from the judicious use of translation.

Fortunately, fanciers of recordings in English do not have to depend upon translations for their supply. The belated, and still far from universal, discovery by the record industry that Handel wrote other vocal masterpieces besides *Messiah* has

opened up new possibilities, as is witnessed by a stirring new recording of *Saul*, in its original English, by Mogens Wöldike, conducting the Copenhagen Boys Choir and Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with a cast headed by Thomas Hemsley, bass, as Saul; Helen Watts, alto, as David; and Herbert Handt, tenor, as Jonathan (Vanguard BGS 5054/6, stereo; BG 642/4, monaural: three records).

Although *Saul* has been virtually ignored by the record makers until now (the only previous effort was a



truncated German version issued ten years ago), it is a work of boldness and imagination, with human figures who come poignantly to life in their music and powerful choruses that emphasize the universality of the biblical story. The Copenhagen Boys Choir performs admirably ("boys" is to be understood in a convivial rather than a chronological sense, judging by the number of well-matured basses on hand), and the soloists handle their roles with style, if not consummate ease. And their words are understandable, which is not invariably true of the choir.

The oldest of all English musical masterpieces still to hold the stage probably is Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas*, which is the subject of a new recording by Janet Baker, soprano, and Raimund Herincx, bass, with the St. Anthony Singers and English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Anthony Lewis (London L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60047, stereo; OL 50216, monaural). The libretto of *Dido*, which was written originally to be played at a girls' boarding school, is no literary masterpiece, being filled with those "Away, away!" — "No, no, I'll stay!" passages which help impede the acceptance of opera in any language. But it is a terse, compact, and musically vivid work,

culminating in one of the English language's great musical laments, Dido's "When I am laid in earth." This is a well-recorded performance that lays particular emphasis upon ensemble quality. It also happens to be the only readily available version of the opera, since the famous old HMV recording with Kirsten Flagstad and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is no longer active in Victor's catalogue.

John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, which was first played in London in 1728 and killed off Italian opera in England for a generation, is known most widely nowadays as the spiritual and musical progenitor of Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's modern satiric masterpiece *The Threepenny Opera*. The most complete and authentic recording of the original *Beggar's Opera* ever made has been issued by the Library of Recorded Masterpieces (BO 1/2, stereo or monaural: two records). Concurrent with the release of the record album is the publication, by Argonaut Books, Inc., of Larchmont, New York, of a handsome facsimile of the 1729 London edition of the words and music.

To make his recording, Max Goberman, director of the Library of Recorded Masterpieces, utilized this original edition and assembled a cast headed by William McAlpine, tenor, as Macheath, and Mary Thomas and Doreen Murray, sopranos, as Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit. The spoken dialogue is included, being recorded, if anything, a shade too loudly. Most of the singing is smooth and breezy; Gay's "opera" was a compilation of popular airs of the time (including the "Lillibullero" beloved of Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy*), and they tend to wear thin after a while. But *The Beggar's Opera* remains a lively, lusty work after nearly 250 years, and it is unlikely to have a more faithful or friendly performance than this.

The most significant of recent English language recordings, however, stems not from the eighteenth century but the twentieth. This is a coupling of two compositions by Igor Stravinsky, *Les Noces* and *Renard*, (Columbia MS-6372, stereo; ML-5772, monaural). Both of these are vocal works whose vocalism, to put it mildly, assumes unusual forms. Both are translated into English, which means that the explosively rhythmic wedding ritual of *Les Noces*

and the wily barnyard shenanigans of *Renard* are presented with the fullest possible comprehensibility.

All questions of language aside, the release strikes this listener as one of the great Stravinsky records. The instrumental scoring of *Les Noces* is for percussion battery and four pianos, and the pianists in this recording are four American composers, Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, and Roger Sessions, gathered together in homage to the old master. The singers involved (Mildred Allen, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Loren Driscoll, tenor; and Robert Oliver, bass) perform with tremendous gusto and spirit. And the English language, as used in this recording, demonstrates a flexibility and an expressiveness that would seem to entitle it to take on further musical challenges.

There was a time when it would have been as unthinkable to record Stravinsky without using French or Russian as to record Puccini out of Italian. The success of this recording raises the possibility that listeners who are just about sated with the tenth *Bohème* or the ninth *Butterfly* or even the eighth *Marriage of Figaro* might conceivably find new stimulation in listening to such works sung by first-class artists in English. To traditionalists within the industry the idea may seem unthinkable. But, other times, other customs. And, one may hope, customers.

Record Reviews

Berlioz: *Romeo and Juliet* (two versions)

Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra with Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Cesare Valletti, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass-baritone; and New England Conservatory Chorus; RCA Victor LDS-6098 (stereo) and LD-6098: two records

Pierre Monteux conducting London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus with Regina Resnik, contralto; André Turp, tenor; and David Ward, bass; Westminster WST 233 (stereo) and XWN 2233: two records

On paper, the Battle of the Romeos shapes up as an exciting contest, with two complete performances of a work usually heard only in excerpts, two able casts of singers, two fine

orchestras, and, above all, two conductors renowned for their Gallic skills and sympathies. In the event, the competition is won quickly and clearly by the Victor set, whose recorded sound has so much more body and resonance than the thin-textured Westminster that further comparisons are almost academic. It might be noted, though, that Munch's approach to this dramatic symphony has more bite and incisiveness than Monteux's, and that the voices at his disposal are at least as good. In the best moments of *Romeo and Juliet*, Berlioz attained a Shakespearean grandeur and passion, and Dr. Munch stays right with him. One of the retired conductor's last Boston recordings, this is also one of his finest.

Coleridge-Taylor: *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*

Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting Philharmonia Orchestra and Royal Choral Society with Richard Lewis, tenor; Angel S-35900 (stereo) and 35900

This is a monument to musical Victorianism. When *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast* first was heard in London in 1898 it was regarded as bringing new freshness and spontaneity to British choral music. Today, when the chorus intones "You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, How the handsome Yeadizze, Danced at Hiawatha's wedding," it all sounds pleasantly old-fashioned — as old-fashioned as Longfellow's poem, and not nearly so catchy. But Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the son of a West African father and an English mother, knew how to turn out a choral tune, however corny his underlying musical sentiments may have been. He probably would have enjoyed this straightforward, resounding performance and wished that the same forces would go on to his two sequels, *The Death of Minnehaha* and *Hiawatha's Departure*, an eventuality which seems most unlikely.

Strauss: *Also Sprach Zarathustra*

Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2609 (stereo) and LM-2609

From its first rumble to its final pizzicato, this is more an exercise in spectacular stereophony than in Nietzschean philosophy — a veritable ear-popper of a performance, with no sound too big, no sound too small. Reiner, of course, is an old

hand at Richard Strauss, and the enormous breadth and range of the sound which the engineers have accorded him may have the virtue of attracting even listeners who have regarded this massive score as something of a bore. Listening to the Chicagoans' massed brass and percussion, they may be prepared to admit that at least it is a *crashing* bore.

Flute Concertos of Eighteenth Century Paris

Jean-Pierre Rampal, Samuel Baron, Harold Bennett, Lois Schaefer, and Paula Robison, flutists; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichordist; and David Boyer, cellist; Connoisseur Society CS-362 (stereo)

The repertoire of this record is unusual; its speed even more so. For this is a twelve-inch LP that turns at the once despised 45-rpm speed, with approximately twenty minutes of music to a side. It is the contention of Connoisseur Society, a new company, that 45 rpm offers top fidelity and freedom from distortion. To prove it, the society has issued, in an unusually elaborate album, three concertos by Joseph Bodin de Boismortier for an ensemble of five flutes, and three "Concerto Comiques" by Michele Corrette. The music is lovely, if of no great depth, and is elegantly played. The sound at 45 rpm is crystal clear, though there is nothing to prove it would not have been equally so at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$.

Rodgers and Hammerstein: *South Pacific*

Original cast production with Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza, "electronically rechanneled for stereo"; Columbia OS-2040 (stereo)

Like the ancient alchemists who strove to transmute lead into gold, modern sound engineers stay up late in the lab dressing up old monaural recordings with a patina of artificial stereo. The rechanneling process has been applied to Toscanini recordings, among others; Columbia here extends it to a famous show album, moving the voices of Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza from speaker to speaker, and giving the whole production a broader, and also a boomier, sound. Whatever commercial benefits may accrue, artistically the gain is nil; the original 1949 recording still performs admirably on a modern stereo setup. With or without electronic hocus-pocus, *South Pacific* is pure gold.



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

ONE of the ordeals of my young life was having to play golf with my father-in-law. All during my boyhood on the Jersey coast I had been a tennis fan, not tall enough to be a winner at singles, but fast and accurate enough to get my share of silverware in doubles. Then I married into a golfing family: my wife had been taught by Jim Barnes, and early in our courtship I watched her make a hole in one; my brother-in-law hit the ball a country mile; and Unkie, my father-in-law, who had never taken up the game until he had passed fifty, was unbeatable. Unkie played left-handed with a gentle swing and no more pivot than was necessary to hit the ball 150 yards. He was short but straight; his approaches frequently saved him a putt, and on the tee or green he was imperturbable. Because he was hard of hearing, he was impervious to the teasing or overpraise which was thrown at me. (This was long before the days of Stephen Potter, but my in-laws were already masters of some of the more famous ploys, such as, "Why do you keep on doing *that*?" "What?" "You keep lifting your head just before you hit it." "Oh!")

My golf was anything but imperturbable. I used the driver as if I were going to kill the ball, finishing my stroke on the tips of my toes and with the ball slicing away at a sharp angle over the rough and into the trees. I was a congenital three-putter. And I always lost my temper. Everything that was quick and fiery in my tennis temperament unfitted me for my contests with Unkie, and he knew it. He always arranged the handicaps the night before over the martinis, and invariably he stung my pride, so that instead of playing him even, I gave him two strokes, sometimes three, on the long holes. While the martinis were flowing I never realized what a mental hazard this would be. But come the day when I would be struggling so hard for my five and Unkie patting his straight way along for a six, the pressure would be on, and

as I hacked my way up to the sevens and eights, the fury of exasperation would complete my downfall.

The crisis came one Christmas Eve when we were opening presents after a sumptuous dinner with the in-laws. Unkie had been given a putting set so he could practice on the library rug, and this prompted him to do a takeoff on Ted playing golf. Very funny, very funny. But the bile did not subside. And when I got back to Boston, I asked my friend Jim White if he knew of any professional who gave lessons in the winter. He did, and so in the late afternoons after work I went to school before a mirror and under the instruction of a soft-spoken Scot named Thomson. "It's like playing a violin, laddie," he'd say. (Motions of playing a violin.) "See, the same rhythm, slow back on your right heel, and dinna slug it as you come down." All through that February and March and up until the links were open, I tried to follow that Scotch persuasion.

In my three decades of golfing I have seen some rare sights: I have seen Gene Sarazen sink a 3-iron for a two on a 536-yard hole, and the same Sarazen take an eight on Myopia's seventeenth when he drove into the rough by the stone wall. I have seen Johnny Farrell sink a forty-footer that had to go in to win and Arnold Palmer come through with those magnificent birdies in a closing rush. I have even seen E. Weeks make a hole in one. But the finest sight in my experience occurred at Eastward Ho, that once-famous course on Cape Cod, where Unkie and I had our first match after my schooling. We had gone through the usual preliminaries the night before, and over the martinis I had conceded him strokes on the three longest holes. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." I got my par four on the first hole, which was accepted as a fluke; a bogey five at the second, which was good enough in the wind; another par; and when I hit a spoon shot ten feet from the cup

on the fourth, Unkie, who had been watching my swing, broke down. "What in God's name has happened to you!" he shouted across the fairway, and the praise was so grudging that I wished I could have had it framed. It was one of those dream rounds, and of course at the nineteenth hole I had my triumph before the handicap went up. I owe a good deal to that kindly Scot who gave me my adult education on the driving range, but the most priceless thing he taught me was never — well, hardly ever — to lose my temper.

Afterword. Years later, when the fierceness of our feud had abated and Unkie's pat shots had shortened to less than a hundred yards, so that he couldn't carry across the water holes at Pine Valley (the club wag, instead of betting Unkie that he couldn't break 100, bet him that he couldn't even finish the course. And he didn't), I happened to notice that Unkie was carrying sixteen irons in his bag. "Good Lord, Unkie," I said. "What do you want with all that hardware?"

"Weeksie," he answered, with one of his rare, sweet smiles, "haven't you realized that one of the pleasures of life is always having more possibilities than you can enjoy?"

SUCH EXQUISITE TORTURE

What makes golf such exquisite torture is the long delay between shots and the realization, so tense in tournament play, that you must get up close to that pin or lose the hole. The fierce concentration with which a master like Arnold Palmer recovers from the rough and goes down in one putt is not always appreciated by the spectator. England's best writer on golf was Bernard Darwin, grandson of the famous evolutionist, who wrote for the London *Times* and who played well enough to be a member of a Walker Cup team. His American counterpart is CHARLES PRICE, whose superbly illustrated, dramatically written **THE WORLD OF GOLF** (Random House, \$12.50) will be relished this Christmas season by pro and hacker alike.

His book begins, as it should, with the establishment of golf on the moors of Scotland. I love the old pictures — the earliest photograph of St. Andrews goes back to 1858; the description of the early caddies, who doubled as valets and pimps; and the stories about Old Tom and Young Tom Morris, both of whom won the British Open, the son four in a row by the time he was twenty-one. Then the game was exported to America, and the first course laid out in a cow pasture in Yonkers. Newport and Shinnecock Hills got into the act, and as the play moved north or west the irascible Charlie Macdonald was consulted for the new layouts. Mr. Price's lively record of the American pioneers is complete save for one glaring omission:

he seems never to have heard of the Myopia links at South Hamilton, Massachusetts, on which were played three of our first ten Open Championships.

The author is at his best in his character portraits: take, for instance, his profile of Walter J. Travis. Travis never swung a club until he was thirty-five; he never hit the ball far, but he was a deadly putter. In four years he won the National Amateur, and four years after that became the first American to win the British Amateur. The account of his treatment throughout that tournament makes the blood run cold. Thus began the American supremacy which was to be upheld by young Francis Ouimet, by those two great pros Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen, by the incomparable Bobby Jones, by the "Hawk," nickname for the machinelike Ben Hogan, and today by Arnold Palmer. The pages on Bobby Jones are, I think, the finest in the book, and not least because of what he did after his retirement, both as the inspiration for the Masters and by his design of the steel-shafted matched irons. For its action writing and photography, this book will delight anyone who has suffered through the exquisite torture of golf.

YEAR'S END

Browsing at the year's end I came on **LONDON PERCEIVED**, the text by V. S. PRITCHETT, the photographs in color and halftone by EVELYN HOFER (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$15.00). A handsome and illuminating book if there ever was one, it will be the pride and envy of every amateur photographer. Mr. Pritchett takes his text from the entry Henry James made in his notebooks when he had decided to give up Boston. London, he wrote, "is not a pleasant place; it is not agreeable, or cheerful, or easy. . . . You may call it dreary, heavy, stupid, dull, inhuman, vulgar at heart and tiresome in form. . . . But . . . for one who takes it as I take it, London is on the whole the most possible form of life."

With that as his cue, he pokes into the pubs and clubs, the palaces and markets, the parks and a hundred private spots where London is in character. His comments are witty, astringent, and knowledgeable, and he has been blessed with an artist who catches the very spirit of the place, the gaiety, the gloom, the humor and beauty of a great capital.

Ever since his articles first appeared in the *New Yorker*, A. J. LIEBLING has ranked in my mind as one of the most informed and penetrating critics of the American press. In his new and surprising essays, **BETWEEN MEALS** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95), I find him in the fresh and mellow mood of

a bon vivant. He calls his book *An Appetite for Paris*; he has been wining and dining there since the heroic age of the First World War; and his account of his companions at the table, gourmets as insatiable as M. Mirande or M. Perès, his descriptions of the restaurants they visited, of the incredible meals they gloated over, and of the actors or pretty women whom they still had strength to appreciate afterward are so succulent and ineluctably Parisian and so funny that I urge them on others even when the taste buds are overworked.

Good short stories have been in scant supply recently, and for those who like them I recommend **TALE FOR THE MIRROR** by **HORTENSE CALISHER** (Little, Brown, \$5.50), who is writing about our world of today with what seems to me a remarkably true feeling for people. Her stories are, many of them, centered in New York and in the suburbs nearby. She is very good with her transplanted Southerners, as witness her leading story, "The Rehabilitation of Ginevra Leake"; she touches the heart with her young lovers in that poignant piece "The Night Club in the Woods"; she is very acute in her family relationships; and she has a way of tucking into her scenes a description of character or a comment on life so telling, so beautifully compressed that it lights up the whole page and we must reread it.

MIODRAG BULATOVIĆ is a thirty-two-year-old Montenegrin whose chance for a formal education was blasted by the war but who has managed nonetheless to assert himself as the most promising of the young novelists in Yugoslavia. His latest book, **THE RED COCK FLIES TO HEAVEN** (Bernard Geis, \$4.95), has been published in several foreign editions and has now been translated into English by E. D. Goy. Mr. Bulatović is a morbid Brueghel. To the broad humor and coarse vitality of the peasant world he adds an undertone of violence and a symbolism sometimes clear and sometimes murky. This story of a Balkan wedding is told in a series of vignettes; the 220-pound bride and her scared little mouse of a husband, whom she threatens to squash, are minor characters in the drunken brawl. The commanding figure here is old Elija, the uncle of the bridegroom and a well-to-do farmer who has arranged the affair and who, under the fumes of the brandy, lapses into a strange and powerful confession. Tramps, gravediggers, a defiled corpse, the village idiot, and a pathetic little consumptive with the symbolic red bird under his arm wander in and out of the merriment like the stray thoughts of Salvador Dali, but there are earthy, even plaintive scenes here which are drawn from life.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

UPTON SINCLAIR's novels are not read as they once were, and his social ideas seem quaintly utopian and out of date, yet the man himself remains a precious symbol of some fine old-fashioned American virtues — idealism, practical optimism, a tireless energy in serving humanity himself rather than letting George do it. His **AUTOBIOGRAPHY** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$6.95), written in his eighty-second year, is the fruit of a sunny and amiable old age, with a kind word for nearly all the people he knew or fought with. To produce a personal summing-up free from rancor and meanness would be a remarkable human accomplishment in any case, but it is all the more remarkable when so much of that life has been spent in controversy and muckraking.

Mr. Sinclair was born of impoverished Baltimore gentry, and his early life shuttled between the extremes of hardship at home and opulence amid the rich relatives who from time to time bailed out the Sinclairs when things got too desperate. Seeing at first hand this harsh contrast of social classes, he very early decided against the rich and concluded that money (which for him meant capitalism) was the root of all evil. From the purity of this socialist conviction he has never departed. Even the rise of Communism, which he opposed and opposes, has not troubled him with any doubts about the compromises socialism must make when it comes to power. Mr. Sinclair is the kind of idealist who would never have to worry about coming to power himself. He can even smile now over his embattled but foredoomed campaign to win the California governorship in 1934.

Once, though, he did put his socialist ideas into practice, and the result was disaster. A utopian colony founded by him in 1906 in Englewood, New Jersey, went up in flames six months later. Mr. Sinclair was lucky to escape with his shirt, and with half his hair burned away.

At only one moment in this autobiography does his faith in his own ideas seem even slightly shaken. At the age of thirty-two he fell so violently in love that the experience was like a spasm of physical pain. The love was not requited; and,

musings on this small tragedy, Mr. Sinclair lets the words escape that this is an old old story "for which neither socialists nor suffragists have any remedy." But the moment passed and left no mark upon his thinking. As a novelist he had no hankering for that part of life which neither socialism nor suffragism can cure.

Perhaps he was a little too prim in his idealism to venture into those troubled depths. A food faddist and convinced teetotaler who has never touched a drop of alcohol in his life, he recites several times in this book a list of writers whose lives were marred by heavy drinking—Eugene O'Neill, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner. These were unhappy cases, no doubt; but, weighing this imposing list against Mr. Sinclair's own name, one is tempted to recall Lincoln's reply to a complaint against Grant's drinking: "What brand does he use? I'd like to send some to my other generals."

It is enough for Upton Sinclair that his writings have served some social purpose. With becoming modesty, he closes this story of his life by asking what he has accomplished in his many years, and answers that if he had not written *The Jungle* in 1906, the meat that now comes to our tables would probably not be as clean as it is. Could Shakespeare boast that much?

RUSSIAN VOICES

Ever since Stalin's death in 1953 our political experts have had to sift conflicting evidence about the thaw in Soviet society. The apparent liberalizing of Soviet letters has seemed just as confusing, the winds blowing now hot and now cold and sometimes hot and cold together. Amid all this uncertainty, at least one result is certain—that we are now getting more Russian writers in English translation, though I am not sure, from a strictly literary point of view, that this is always an unmixed blessing.

DISSONANT VOICES IN SOVIET LITERATURE (Pantheon, \$5.95), edited by **PATRICIA BLAKE** and **MAX HAYWARD**, is a very interesting and valuable sampling of Russian writings from 1918 to the present, though its title is bound to lead to false expectations. One editor, Mr. Hay-

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR YOUR GUESTS SAY:

"How Can You Afford to Own an Original Renoir?"



A STARTLING NEW WAY TO ENJOY THE PAINTINGS OF RENOIR, REMBRANDT, PICASSO, VAN GOGH, UTRILLO, CEZANNE, AND OTHERS in your own home!

Now, due to an amazing new process, you can own magnificently framed, large-sized re-creations of the world's greatest masterpieces—so close to the originals that *only an expert could tell them apart!*

AMERICA'S FOREMOST ART BOOK PUBLISHER PRESENTS "NEAR ORIGINALS"

Produced under the direct supervision of Harry N. Abrams, Inc., these remarkably beautiful re-creations are not flat prints—but superb reproductions *on canvas*, faithful to the rich *texture* as well as the magic color of the originals. You can actually reach out and *feel* the brush strokes! Each "Near Original" reflects the high quality and infinite care which have made ABRAMS America's leading publisher of fine art books. Each comes, ready to be hung, in an exquisitely sculptured and antiqued frame—many with gold—which, alone, is worth the surprisingly low cost of \$29.95. And with each painting you get—at no additional cost—a reflector light and name plate, enabling you to display your masterpiece exactly as it would appear in a world-famous museum!

WHAT IS THE SECRET?

The process of creating a "Near Original" involves the close collaboration of some of the world's leading photographers, platemakers and fine art authorities. At every step, the reproduction is checked against the priceless original to be sure of absolute fidelity—in color, in size, in every detail . . . "Near Originals" are stretched and framed exactly like oil paintings—even the artist's three-dimensional brush strokes are impressed on the canvas!

NOW YOU CAN LIVE WITH GREAT ART AND "MAKE YOUR HOME MORE BEAUTIFUL!"

"Near Originals" have been selected not only because of the beauty and world-wide fame of the original masterpieces—but with a particular eye to the requirements of *home decoration*. So that you may soon know the thrill of having friends wonder whether that can possibly be a genuine masterpiece lighting up your home—write *today* for a FREE, color-illustrated catalogue of 36 available "Near Originals" to:



HARRY N. ABRAMS, INC.

(DEPT. 21) 6 WEST 57th STREET — NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

***Pure Americana,
from a cherry tree
to a Brooklyn poet***

**THE DUKE
OF STOCKBRIDGE**

by Edward Bellamy. When he wove this tale in installments for the Berkshire Courier in 1873, the not-yet-famous author of *Looking Backward* refuted fallacies 100 years old, and created what Samuel Eliot Morison recently called one of the "greatest historical novels." Editor, Joseph Schiffman. John Harvard Library. Belknap.

\$5.00

**THE LIFE
OF WASHINGTON**

by Mason L. Weems. Myth-maker or not—"the most imaginative and racy of all Washington's biographers" gave us a great national folk symbol when his immortal cherry tree anecdote appeared in 1806. Here, the complete 9th edition text. Editor, Marcus Cunliffe. John Harvard Library. Belknap.

\$4.50

MARK TWAIN

The Development of a Writer by Henry Nash Smith. Relating Mark Twain's dilemmas to those of 19th century American culture, Mr. Smith charts the full drama and tragedy of his literary career in this major examination of his work. Belknap.

\$4.75

**THE EVOLUTION
OF WALT WHITMAN**

The Creation of a Book

by Roger Asselineau. An intensely personal writer constantly threatened by despair, Whitman became a symbol of the American dream. This critical study of his masterpiece, *Leaves of Grass*, completes Asselineau's distinguished two volume work, the first half of which examined Whitman's personality. Belknap. Vols. I and II.

each \$7.50

ask your bookseller

H **ARVARD**
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge 38,
Massachusetts

ward, promptly warns us against hoping for anything like political dissent from these authors. Soviet writers, despite the thaw, are not at liberty to denounce their own government; and from the pieces in this book, I would guess that most of these writers would not use that liberty even if they had it. Their voices are dissonant only in their struggle to produce a live literature against the dead weight of official literary policy. Any real work of art dealing with the individual complexities of life is bound to seem anarchic in a society ruled by a single rigid philosophy. Plato knew this very well when he expelled the poets from his utopia.

Some of the selections in this book seem to have no bearing upon our questions about the present thaw. A fine narrative sketch, "Without Love," by Pasternak dates from 1918, and a poem by Esenin (for a while the husband of Isadora Duncan) from 1924, well before the glacier of the Stalin period set in. But both works are rightly included, since they serve to place the present situation of the Soviet writer in its proper context, which since 1918 has been a continuous involvement with the fate and meaning of the Revolution itself. To try to measure Soviet writers by the Party edict of this or that year is senseless.

The most encouraging sign of a thaw, to my mind, is the rediscovery of Isaak Babel, one of the finest short-story writers of this century and one of the most tragic victims of the Stalin regime. Denied publication in 1937, Babel perished ten years later in a concentration camp. In his "Reminiscences of Babel," Konstantin Paustovsky is shown as still having to battle for this ill-starred author as late as 1960. His memoir is unusually sophisticated and sensitive on the matters of Babel's style and craft—preoccupations that were once denounced as decadent and formalistic.

In a bulky war novel, **THE LIVING AND THE DEAD** (Doubleday, \$5.95), **KONSTANTIN SIMONOV** deals with the large movements of men and armies on the vast Russian front in July, 1941, when the Red Army, reeling from defeat after defeat, was in a state of virtual collapse. The story centers upon one man caught in this rout, Vanya Sintsov, a young political commissar who is cut off behind

the German lines and has to fight his way through to rejoin the Red Army in Moscow. At the end, no longer a political journalist, he is fighting with the army as it pushes its way back into the territory lost to the Germans. The war is just beginning for him now, but he can look forward to it without dismay; both he and the Red Army have survived their baptism of fire.

Despite all the fireworks and shooting, this novel is so deficient in characterization that it drops with the hollow sound of a dud. A few villains appear, and they are as instantly recognizable as the bad guys in a grade C movie; the hero and his wife are unfailingly heroic, and they never for a moment live as individuals. "In wartime," one character remarks, "there is no room for personal feelings." Mr. Simonov has followed this advice to the letter, and instead of a novel about real human beings, he has produced an immense recruitment poster for the Red Army.

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO has received so much publicity in this country as the idol of the Russian beatniks that many people have expected his dissent to resemble that of our own blue-jeaned and bearded younger poets. True, he has inveighed against Stalinists, but that would seem to be pretty safe policy under Khrushchev; and he has denounced anti-Semitism, which is probably a more dangerous line for poets in Russia than it is here; yet he is always careful to hedge his dissent with a clear declaration of his own loyalty as a Communist. One poem ends with his clutching the Party card to his breast like a sacred relic.

Political considerations aside, how good a poet is Yevtushenko? It is difficult to judge a poet in translation, but in **SELECTED POEMS** (Dutton, \$3.00), the translators, Robin Milner-Gulland and Peter Levi, S.J., have given an English version that leaves little doubt about the genuine poetry of the original. This young poet has strength and vigor, and a particularly fresh and vivid touch when dealing with simple everyday life—growing up in a small town, dances at weddings, an old village schoolmaster walking in the snow. So far, his seems to be the most vibrant and promising voice among the younger generation of Soviet writers.

Most of the stories of **Ivo Andrić**, the Yugoslav novelist who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1961, take place within the Turkish Empire from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century. It is easy to understand why this vanished civilization, so refined in its pleasures and so intricate in its corruption, should capture any novelist's imagination. Yet Mr. Andrić has other game in view. The Turks, who were among the most efficient builders of empire in history, often used methods so extreme and nightmarish in their cruelty that they do not reappear until modern totalitarianism. Mr. Andrić's material has thus both the fascination of the exotic and the menacing immediacy of the present.

Two new books — **THE VIZIER'S ELEPHANT** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75), a collection of three novellas, and a single longer story, **THE DEVIL'S YARD** (Grove, \$3.95) — should enhance the growing reputation of this impressive writer. The novella form is particularly suited to his talents. Mr. Andrić likes to spin his yarns in the leisurely and devious pattern of the folk narrator. His stories are usually gathered from the deep places of popular memory; and he himself compares them to the Bosnian trout, an elusive fish that only rarely rises to the surface. Like a good angler, Mr. Andrić knows how to wait and let the fish come to him. The result is that he appears not so much to be telling the story himself as letting the voice of folklore speak through him.

In "The Vizier's Elephant" a cruel Turkish governor brings a small elephant as a pet into a Bosnian town, and the townspeople conspire frantically and absurdly to poison the beast. The elephant becomes weirdly funny as it takes on a kind of human and malign individuality. "Anika's Times," about a peasant woman whose beauty provokes both passion and crime, calls to mind the raw power of similar tales by the great Sicilian writer Verga. Coming closer to the present, "Zeko" tells the story of a little man who escapes his wife's domination and rises to heroism during the German attack upon Belgrade in 1940. Mr. Andrić's hand loses none of its skill in dealing with strictly contemporary material.

Good as these three tales are, *The*

Devil's Yard excels them in psychological depth and complexity. The scene is a large and noisome prison near Istanbul in the last days of the Ottoman Empire, presided over by a strange warden, Karadjos, who can justify the existence of this place only if he can prove that each prisoner is really guilty. To extract confessions he mingles with inmates, learns their weaknesses, teases and bullies them. In the end victim and executioner are united in a secret complicity.

To heighten the brutal impact of his story, Mr. Andrić counterposes to Karadjos, the man of power, the figure of Djamil, a young and ineffectual dreamer who has been arrested because he read too many books. Obsessed with the past, Djamil has come to identify himself with a figure out of history, the younger brother of a sultan centuries ago who led an abortive revolt against the throne. But this obsession makes him guilty, and in the end he is executed for crimes that took place only in his own mind. Mr. Andrić draws no moral, but the parallel with modern totalitarianism hardly seems forced.

DR. PANGLOSS

The nuclear powers, we are told, have now assembled enough explosives to kill every man, woman, and child in the world, not once but many times over. So long as this situation persists, we are all condemned, as responsible citizens, to go on reading and pondering books about the balance of terror lest we be accused of hiding our heads in the sand. **MAX LERNER'S THE AGE OF OVERKILL** (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) is refreshingly different from the usual book about the bomb because it is concerned with the broader historical perspectives in which the present nuclear impasse has to be set.

Mr. Lerner's subtitle is *A Preface to World Politics*; he believes that our world today is in a prefatory stage to a new kind of politics — or else is doomed. The dominant image for political thinking, which has been with us since Machiavelli, is that of sovereign nation-states contending with each other for power by means of guile or force. Marxism introduced another scheme of political thought that sought to subordinate this jockeying for political power to

In science — a notable variety

SARTON ON THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE

Essays by George Sarton

Reflecting Sarton's concept that the history of science is a core of truth unifying all knowledge this fascinating collection ranges from chapters on "Leonardo da Vinci" and "Maimonides" to "Iconographic Honesty" and "notes on the reviewing of Learned Books."

Editor, Dorothy Stimson.

\$7.50

THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE

by Morton Grosser

The dramatic scientific history of two remarkable predictions, independently arrived at by Leverrier, a French astronomer, and Adams, a mathematician at Cambridge and the international furor they touched off.

\$4.95

ESSAY ON CLASSIFICATION

by Louis Agassiz

Published two years before the *Origin of Species* Agassiz' *Essay* gave classical biology its most articulate expression in the 19th century. *Editor, Edward Lurie.* John Harvard Library. Belknap.

\$5.00

THE CONCEPTS AND THEORIES OF MODERN PHYSICS

by J. B. Stallo

Propounding the relativity of knowledge, this 19th century prophet denied the validity of all absolute concepts. *Editor, P. W. Bridgman.* John Harvard Library. Belknap.

\$4.75

ask your bookseller

H **ARVARD**
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge 38,
Massachusetts

1963 WARNING from The Wall Street Journal

During the next three months, you will need to keep up to the minute on news affecting your future and the future of your business.

Because the reports in The Wall Street Journal come to you DAILY, you get the fastest possible warning of any new trend that may affect your business and personal income. You get the facts in time to protect your interests or to seize quickly a new profit-making opportunity.

To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the United States, The Journal is printed daily in eight cities from coast to coast. You are promptly and reliably informed on every major new development regarding Prices, Taxes, Consumer Buying, Government Spending, Inventories, Financing, Production Trends, Commodities, Securities, Marketing and New Legislation.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for three months for \$7. Just send this ad with check for \$7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. AM-1

You name it—we find it!

Out-of-print books at lowest prices! Fast service. Send your wants—no obligation. Satisfaction guaranteed.
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003.A Beverly Hills, Calif.



You do a world of good by sending \$1 Food Crusade packages to hungry people through CARE, New York 16.

more basic economic factors, and ultimately to the historical destiny of the working class. In fact, however, where Communism has come to rule, it has fallen back upon Machiavellian calculations. But neither Machiavelli nor Marx, in Mr. Lerner's view, represents a satisfactory solution for the challenges of politics now. The nations must learn to think beyond the power principle altogether, relinquishing their sovereignty to a world body. This, as he sees it, is the supreme challenge of the atomic age.

Mr. Lerner, an erudite professor and skillful journalist, blends both talents in this book. His range is wide; he seems to have read all the books; and what he gives us is a very readable and intelligent survey course in contemporary politics. Mr. Lerner's brilliance, to my mind, has often been marred by an undue facility and a tendency to gloss over difficulties. His present tone, however, though hopeful, is more sober and chastened. His last chapter, invoking Freud and Jung, poses the ultimate question in terms of human psychology. The renunciation of power will require a change not only in politicians but in all mankind. The root of politics, at last, is man himself.

TWO FOR THE FILMS

Pity the poor Irish author writing in a backward country where no large film industry could tempt him into doing those large glossy historical novels that have been such a common commodity with us for years. Well, all that may be changed now; for the American invasion of Irish literature seems to have taken place in **WALTER MACKEN'S THE SILENT PEOPLE** (Macmillan, \$5.95), a melodrama about nineteenth-century Ireland that from its very first scene, when the handsome young hero spills the squire from his horse, sets our mind's eye galloping across that big panoramic screen. The story proceeds to follow point by point our own Western epics. The war between homesteaders and cattlemen has become the battle of Irish tenants against English landlords; there are the night riders forced to take justice into their own hands to protect the tenants; the voice of reason and moderation (usually the territory judge in our Westerns) is now Daniel O'Connell, M.P.; and

finally, the action moves inexorably to the grand climactic scene, the frightful potato famine of 1848. For director you would have to name John Ford, but every reader can have the pleasure of doing some private casting of his own.

Yet, though the pattern is fixed, there is a welcome change in costume, landscape, and dialect. Mr. Macken, who has written at least one good play and some unusually haunting short stories, is too good a writer, however fixed upon Hollywood his mind may now be, to lose touch altogether with the raciness of Irish speech. And this lush dream-like landscape you won't find on the range in New Mexico or Oklahoma.

Since the novel, as the most flexible of literary forms, has been at times nearly all things to all men, I suppose there is no point in insisting that **AMERICA AMERICA** by **ELIA KAZAN** (Stein and Day, \$4.95) is really just a script for a movie. (The author himself has announced he will direct it.) If one forgets such niceties of classification and relinquishes one's usual novelistic requirements, the book does indeed come very much to life, and even Mr. Kazan's literary clumsiness carries a sweaty and grunting power.

The story revolves about that old consuming dream of the immigrant to get to America. Stavros, a Greek boy living in Anatolia under the Turkish dictatorship, finally reaches New York after incredible hardship, many adventures, and at the end, some dirty scheming on his own part. In the course of his odyssey, some of the bloom of his idealism has rubbed off. The American dream, Mr. Kazan seems to be suggesting, has had to be pursued at the price of many seamy and brutal things that we might like to forget.

With brutal and seamy realities, Mr. Kazan has a practiced and a skillful hand. All the Turks here are vividly cruel, and most of the Greeks as wily and devious as Odysseus. Mr. Kazan has a good ear for sharp staccato dialogue. But his chief talent, really that of a director, is his ability to set scene after scene before us in sharp visual focus. Those cinema addicts who might have feared that this book portended a change in professions on Mr. Kazan's part need have no fear; in taking his pen in hand he has never really once laid down his camera.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

In *THE QUEENS AND THE HIVE* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50), Dame Edith Sitwell has succeeded in combining historical accuracy with poetical invention. It is dangerous to accuse a biographer — and essentially the book is a biography of Elizabeth I — of any invention at all, but that practiced by Dame Edith is of a peculiar and delightful sort. In telling the story of the struggle for possession of the crown of England among Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, and Mary of Scotland, the author constantly employs images, metaphors, and comparisons that can be paralleled in her poetry and that are altogether outside the habit, and probably the abilities, of more conventional scholars. These bees, flames, golden lions generate a light which falls strangely on familiar facts, not distorting, but revealing what was never noticed before. Frankly romantic in its love of pageantry and eloquence, the book conjures up the splendid, devious Elizabethan court with an enthusiasm that makes all these old plots and counterplots seem new. A series of appendixes contain information too peripheral for the main text and too fascinating for complete omission. Having gone to great trouble to discover the ingredients of an effective necromancer's brew, Dame Edith quite rightly passes the recipe along to interested amateur chefs. It requires, among other items, a bat drowned in blood and the skull of a parricide. "Taking all things into consideration," observes Dame Edith, "as the purpose of evoking the dead was to gain a fortune, I cannot but think that it would have been cheaper, and less trouble, to become a member of the Stock Exchange."

THE ART OF INDOCHINA (Crown, \$5.95) is the latest volume in the "Art of the World" series, and as usual with these books, it is admirably illustrated. Dr. Bernard Philippe Groslier, the author, protests that lack of historical records and the limitations of the archaeological and anthropological research done so far in Thailand, Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia cause deplorable gaps in his work. This diffidence

must spring from a bad case of scholar's conscience, for despite the gaps, the text contains enough well-organized information to keep a serious reader busy for weeks. The not so serious reader can dream happily over the colored pictures of Angkor.

Edward O. Thorp, assistant professor of mathematics at New Mexico State University, gives hope to unsuccessful gamblers in *BEAT THE DEALER: A Winning Strategy for the Game of Twenty-One* (Blaisdell, \$4.95). Mr. Thorp described his adventures at Las Vegas some months ago in the *Atlantic*, without telling exactly how his system works. He now explains the whole thing, and reduces parts of the system to diagrams that even a dolt could carry in his memory. As a realist, he includes a dryly funny chapter on how to spot a cheating dealer and what to do about him — which turns out to be, quit.

Adorned by mad rhymes and untrammelled by meter, the verses of OGDEN NASH can cope with any subject worthy of disrespect. A quick riffle through *EVERYONE BUT THEE AND ME* (Little, Brown, \$3.95),

his latest collection, reveals Mr. Nash clobbering history, football, gracious living, and television announcers who put syllables in here ("moderen") only to take them out there ("ornch"). He also deals with progress, which "may have been all right once, but it went on too long."

MARTHA BACON's novel *A MASQUE OF EXILE* (Clarkson Potter, \$4.50) can be taken seriously, as a parable of our uncertain times, or lightly, as an extremely witty account of the affairs of a group of people who are all, in one way or another, misplaced. Even the setting is subtly awry — a Rhode Island mill town gone to seed but not, like most of its kind, willing to admit it. The clergyman has lost his faith, the mill owners are rapidly losing their money, the two English children have lost their country because Hitler's war makes it unsafe to stay there, and the reader knows, as they do not, that when they go home nothing will be what they remember. When this crew of emotional gypsies undertakes to stage *The Tempest* in the garden, the affair becomes a riot in which manslaughter and a hurricane are mere walk-ons.

Announcing the second annual DELTA PRIZE NOVEL AWARD

FOR A WORK OF OUTSTANDING FICTION TO BE PUBLISHED
SIMULTANEOUSLY IN HARDCOVER AND PAPERBACK

The judges of the 1962 Delta Prize Novel contest—Mary McCarthy, Walter van Tilburg Clark and Leslie Fiedler—have regretfully concluded that no manuscript submitted in last year's competition achieved the overall standards of literary excellence they wish to establish for this prize.

The editors of Delta Books are therefore pleased to add last year's unawarded \$5,000 prize to the 1963 award, bringing it to \$10,000. The same judges have graciously consented to serve again, more than ever convinced of the need to discover and encourage fresh creative talent.

1963 PRIZE: \$10,000

DEADLINE: JUNE 30TH

For rules and details write DELTA BOOKS, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



YEHUDI MENUHIN

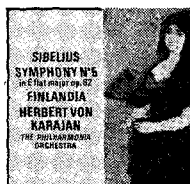
Any FIVE Albums only \$1⁰⁰

plus a small shipping charge

When you become a trial member of the Angel Division of the Capitol Record Club and agree to buy only six future selections from the several hundred available Angel and Capitol albums to be offered you during the next 12 months.



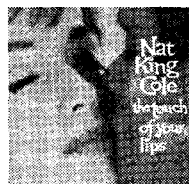
389. BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D. Yehudi Menuhin in a thrilling performance. Constantin Silvestri conducts.



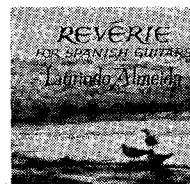
789. SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY NO. 5 and FINLANDIA. Herbert von Karajan conducts The Philharmonia Orchestra.



790. LALO: SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE, OP. 21. Leonid Kogan, violin. Kyrii Kondrashin leads Philharmonia Orch.



368. NAT KING COLE: THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS. Not So Long Ago, I Remember You, Illusion, Funny, 8 more.



422. LAURINDO ALMEIDA: REVERIE FOR SPANISH GUITARS. 11 classical works by Ravel, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, others.



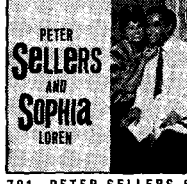
417. FRANK SINATRA: SWINGIN' SESSION! All time favorites. Always, Paper Moon, Blue Heaven, 9 more gassers.



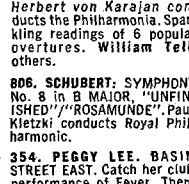
747. CALLAS PORTRAYS PUCCINI HEROINES. Favorite arias from operas Manon Lescaut, Butterfly, Bohème, others. Monaural only.



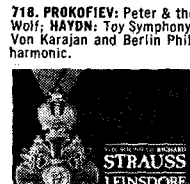
804. BRAHMS: CONCERTO #2 IN B FLAT MAJOR. Richter-Haaser, piano, von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic.



791. PETER SELLERS AND SOPHIA LOREN: Love and wit by England's dizziest comedian and Italy's loveliest.



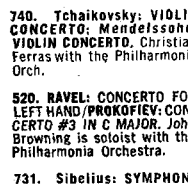
354. PEGGY LEE: BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of Fever, Them There Eyes, Yes Indeed, 12 more.



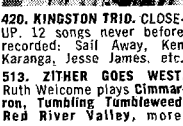
474. THE SOUND OF RICHARD STRAUSS. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra: Salome's Dance, more.



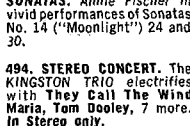
802. VON KARAJAN: Mozart Symphonies. No. 38 in D Major ("Prague"); No. 39 in E Flat Major. Philharmonia Orchestra.



740. Tchaikovsky: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Mendelssohn: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Christian Ferras with the Philharmonia Orch.



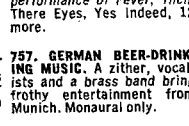
420. KINGSTON TRIO: CLOSE-UP. 12 songs never before recorded: Sail Away, Ken Karanga, Jesse James, etc.



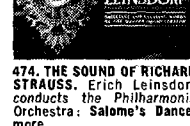
798. Beethoven: PIANO SONATAS. Annie Fischer in vivid performances of Sonatas No. 14 ("Moonlight") 24 and 30.



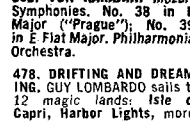
757. GERMAN BEER-DRINKING MUSIC. A zither, vocalists and a brass band bring frothy entertainment from Munich. Monaural only.



780. CHOPIN WALTZES. Malczynski plays 14 delightful pieces. Minute Waltz, other favorites.



324A & 324B. JUDY GARLAND AT CARNegie HALL. Best-seller from coast to coast! Enjoy the "greatest evening in show business history". 28 exciting songs—as only Judy can sing them! (2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)



793. ENGLISH BALLETS OF THE 20TH CENTURY. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts Royal Philharmonic in 3 selections.



779A & 779B. THE MIKADO Gilbert and Sullivan. Hear the biting wit and enchanting music of the Savoyards in a brilliant new album. Sir Malcolm Sargent leads the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and the Pro Arte Orch. (2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

ANGEL DIVISION, CAPITOL RECORD CLUB
 Dept. 2113, Scranton 5, Pa.

Rush me the FIVE albums I have listed by number in the boxes below. Bill me only \$1.00 plus a small shipping charge.

Enroll me in the following division under the terms set forth to the right. However, I may select records from any division I wish.

☐ **GREAT CLASSICS** ☐ **POPULAR BEST SELLERS**

NO RISK—SEND NO MONEY! If not delighted with my albums, I can return them within 7 days and all charges will be canceled.

☐ **STEREO:** Check here if you want all records in STEREO. You will be billed \$2.00 with your stereo membership. The Club sells stereo records for \$1 more than monaural.

MR. _____
 MRS. _____
 MISS _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

• To join through an authorized Angel-Capitol Record dealer, write his name and address in the margin. • Canada: Slightly higher prices. Mail to—41 Berta Road, Toronto 15, Canada.

Simply — here's how the Club works

1. Each month you will receive the Record Club magazine which describes new selections.
2. From the several hundred available Angel and Capitol Albums to be offered you during the next 12 months, you need purchase just six. You can resign any time after that.
3. Depending on the records you buy, you pay only the Club price of \$3.98 or \$4.98 (occasionally \$5.98), plus a small shipping charge.
4. After you buy these six, you choose a 12" FREE BONUS ALBUM every time you buy two more records.

506. LATIN AFFAIR. George Shearing plays Juana Palangana, Mambo Batahu, latinizes American favorites.



324A & 324B. JUDY GARLAND AT CARNegie HALL. Best-seller from coast to coast! Enjoy the "greatest evening in show business history". 28 exciting songs—as only Judy can sing them! (2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

780. CHOPIN WALTZES. Malczynski plays 14 delightful pieces. Minute Waltz, other favorites.

773. Beethoven: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1: SONATA NO. 27. Solomon, piano. Herbert Menges conducts.

776. KURT WEILL IN BERLIN. Songs from the master tunesmith's hit shows, including Threepenny Opera.

ANGEL DIVISION
Capitol Record Club
Dept. 2113
Scranton 5, Pa.

753. VIENNESE DANCES #2. The Philharmonia under Vienna-born Henry Krips plays 6 scintillating waltzes.

503. BIG PIANO/BIG BAND/ BIG SOUND. Lee Evans thrills with Trolley Song, Blow Gabriel Blow, 11 others.

700. SOVIET ARMY CHORUS & BAND. 200 thundering male voices sing Russian folk ballads and army songs.

793. ENGLISH BALLETS OF THE 20TH CENTURY. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts Royal Philharmonic in 3 selections.



486. VIKING! Hollywood Bowl Symphony plays the Scandinavians: Grieg, Halvorsen, Sinding, Jarnfelt.

523. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: SCHEHERAZADE. Erich Leinsdorf, the Concert Arts Symphony capture the magic of its bewitching melodies.

361. STAN FREBERG PRESENTS THE UNITED STATES. Offbeat fun! Yankee Doodle Go Home plus 9 other spoofs.



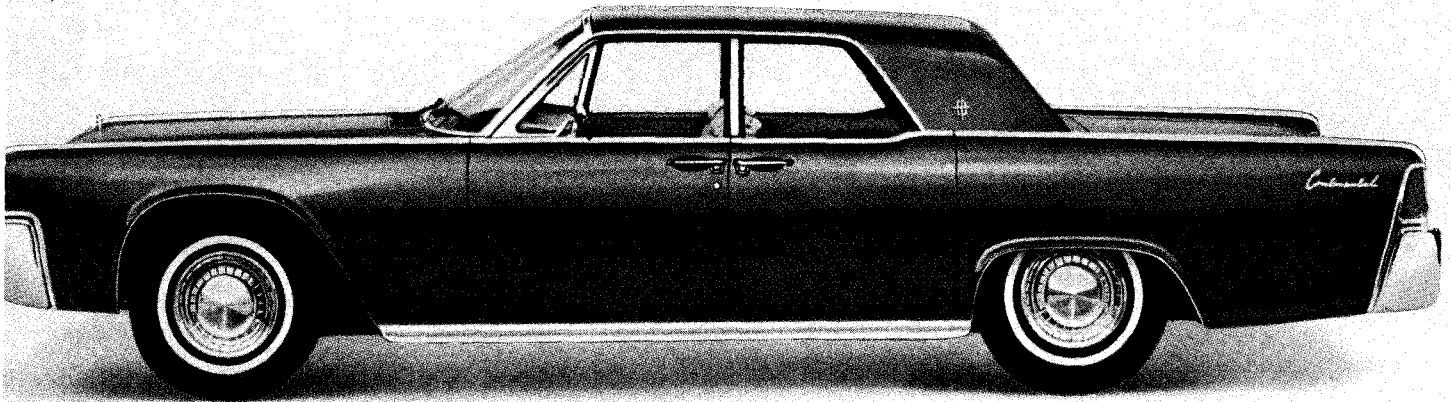
779A & 779B. THE MIKADO Gilbert and Sullivan. Hear the biting wit and enchanting music of the Savoyards in a brilliant new album. Sir Malcolm Sargent leads the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and the Pro Arte Orch. (2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

729. Berlioz: SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE. A striking interpretation by Herbert von Karajan and the Philharmonia. Monaural only.

805. THE MERRY WIDOW — HIGHLIGHTS. Famed Sadler's Wells Opera Company with favorite scenes from Franz Lehár's immortal operetta.

392. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also Kai Windling, J. J. Johnson, Gerry Mulligan and others in 11 "cool" tunes. Monaural only.

702. THE SCOTS GUARDS VOL. I. The Regimental Band and Massed Pipes in gay marches, reels, strathspeys. Monaural only.



SIX THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY DOLLARS*

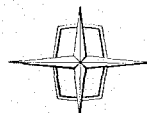
This is the manufacturer's suggested retail price for a 1963 Lincoln Continental sedan, complete with all standard equipment. Included at no extra cost are: automatic transmission; power steering and brakes; power windows and power side vent windows; power door locks and 6-way power seat; heater and defroster; push button radio, rear seat speaker and power antenna; and, of course, white sidewall tires.

The price is probably less than you would expect. For no other car in the world is constructed to such standards of excellence and includes so many luxuries and performance features as standard equipment. We do not produce a lesser version, because we refuse to compromise a single one of the Continental's standards, the highest in the world. There simply cannot be a

"second best" car that bears the name Lincoln Continental.

The Continental is available in the four door sedan and the only four door convertible made in America. Unlike other cars, it offers no lower priced models. It is powered by the largest and most precisely made engine of any passenger automobile.

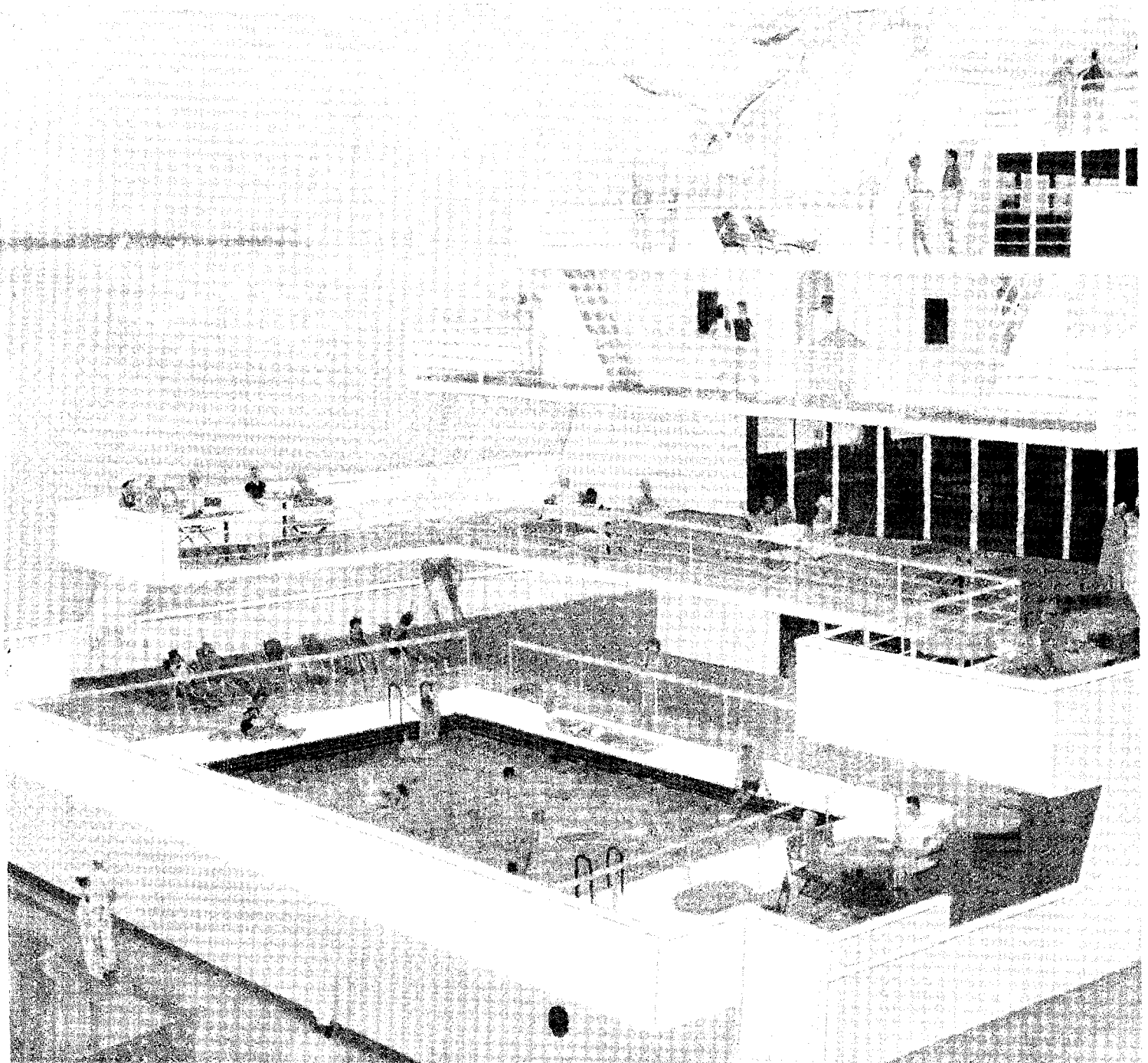
This is the Lincoln Continental for 1963. Divide its original price by the years of comfort and service you can enjoy, consider its high resale value...the Continental is truly economical.



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Product of  Motor Company Lincoln-Mercury Division

*This is the manufacturer's suggested retail price shown for a 1963 Lincoln Continental sedan equipped as described above. State and local taxes if any, license, title fees, and delivery charges are not included.



A great new ship...a great new itinerary

Meet the *Santa Magdalena*, a 20,000-ton beauty. She's brand new. She's unique. And when she sails on her maiden cruise in February, her passengers will discover how much fun *complete* cruising can be.

This lady is more than just a happy-go-luxury cruise liner. She's going places . . . different places. The Caribbean. Through the Panama Canal. Across the Equator and down the fabled Pacific Coast of South America, providing a style of cruising and touring never before available in this fascinating area.

The *Santa Magdalena* has accommodations for 127 passengers. She is the first of four new, all-first-class "Santas" that will sail from New York every Friday on 19-day cruises to the Caribbean and Pacific Coast of South America. See a Travel Agent.



GRACE LINE CRUISES

THE MOST FAMOUS NAME IN CARIBBEAN-SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES

3 Hanover Square or 628 Fifth Avenue
(Rockefeller Center), New York • Digby 4-6000